

High Times



December '79

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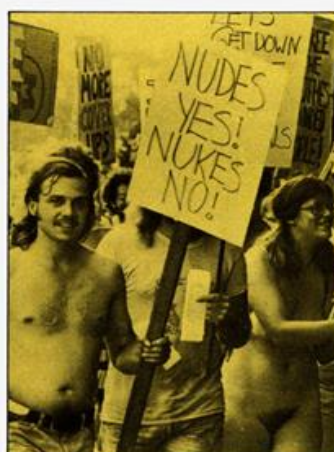
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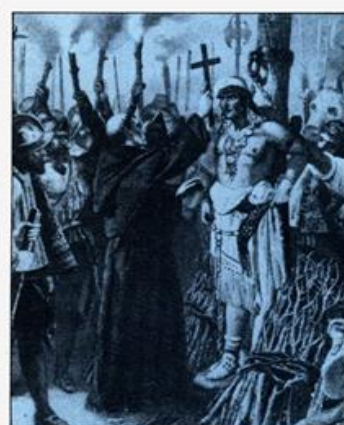


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December 1979 • No. 52 • *High Times* is published monthly by Trans-High Corporation • Mail subscriptions (payable in U.S. funds) to Box 965, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735 • Subscriptions in the United States: 12 issues for \$18, 24 issues for \$33 • In Canada: 12 issues for \$27, 24 issues for \$49 • In South America, West Indies and Caribbean: 12 issues for \$33 • In Europe: 12 issues for \$45 • In Africa, Asia and Middle East: 12 issues for \$52 • Send all mail to *High Times*, Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003 • Offices at 116 East 27th St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (no mail to this address) • Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices • Manuscripts must be accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope • All contributions will be carefully considered, but the publisher and editors assume no responsibility for loss or injury to unsolicited material • Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

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can you be bribed?

You get \$35.21 in bribes when you try 10 DAK ML90 high energy cassettes risk free for only \$2.19 each. Your bribe is bigger than your purchase!

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The new DAK ML90 starts another new technology. A technology of protection from Hi frequency loss and of extreme reliability.

Later we are going to offer you valuable bribes, just for testing these cassettes. risk free; so read on!

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Imagine yourself just finishing recording the second side of a 90 minute cassette and horrors, the cassette jams. Tape is wound around the capstan, your recorder may be damaged and you've just wasted 90 minutes of your time and perhaps lost a great recording off FM.

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When we first started, 12 years ago, DAK's cassettes failed, just like many others. So we installed over \$20,000 worth of high speed duplication equipment at our factory and set out to design the perfect cassette.

MOLYSULFIDE

Failure after failure. For six years we substituted, remade, tested and retested until we positively linked the major cause of cassette failure to the slip sheets, or liners in the cassette. Evidently, 3M and TDK were hot on our heels, because they have now also come out with new liners.

We developed polyester slip sheets with raised spring loaded ridges to guide each layer of tape as it winds. We coat the liners with a unique formulation of graphite and a new chemical, molysulfide.

Molysulfide reduces friction several times better than graphite and allows the tape to move more freely within the cassette. The molysulfide is tougher and makes the liner much more resistant to wear.

Hi frequency protection! Tape is basically plastic, and as it moves within the cassette internal friction causes the build up of static electricity, much as rubbing a balloon against your hair, or scuffing your shoes on a carpet in dry weather.

Static electricity within the cassette was drastically reduced by the low friction of the molysulfide and easily bled off, so that its tendency to erase very high frequencies was drastically reduced. A very important consideration for often played tapes.

MAXELL IS BETTER

Yes, honestly, if you own a \$1000 cassette deck like a Nakamichi, the fre-

quency responses of Maxell UDXL or TDK SA are superior to DAK and you just might be able to hear the difference.

DAK ML has a frequency response that is flat from 40cps to 14,500 ± 3 db. Virtually all cassette recorders priced under \$600 are flat ± 3 db from 40cps to about 12,000cps, so we have over 2000cps to spare, and you'll probably never notice the difference.

No apology. We feel that we have equaled or exceeded the mechanical reliability of virtually all cassettes and offer one of the best frequency responses in the industry. Maxell UDXL is truly the Rolls Royce of the industry, and DAK is comparable to the 100% US made Cadillac or Corvette!

Price DAK manufactures the tape we sell. You avoid paying the wholesaler and retailer profits. While Maxell UDXL 90s may sell for \$3.50 to \$4.50 each at retail, DAK ML90s sell factory direct to you for only \$2.19 each complete with deluxe boxes and index insert cards.

YOU WIN

You are paying less for the 10, 90 minute cassettes than you would pay for the comparable bribes we are offering if you went to a Radio Shack store.



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FREE CATALOGUE "HOW TO RECORD" BOOKLET



six foot cords for \$1.89 each.

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Yours Free

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DAK unconditionally guarantees all DAK cassettes for one year against any defects in material or workmanship.

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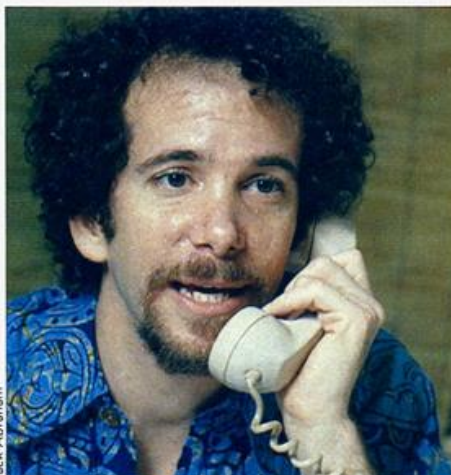
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Opinion



Jack Abraham

SANTA'S LAST RIDE

What does Santa Claus know about dope? The jolly fat man is used to breaking every customs law on the books. (He flies but never uses airports, smuggles toys across international boundaries, never has the right ID. A real scofflaw!) But this Christmas he got stopped at the Mexican border and they tore his sleigh apart. In one of a number of copiously filled brown sacks were 20 pounds of Acapulco gold. The dogs sniffed it out.

The U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) took Santa into the back room for questioning. Nobody could ascertain what language he spoke. Nor his nationality. They discovered he was an international refugee—part of a small, homeless band known as sleigh people. But since his name was Santa, he might have been Mexican.

So he could be "turned back" across the border.

The "turn-back procedure" has proved extremely effective against Mexicans who won't talk. The DEA turns them back to the Mexican Federal Judicial Police (MFJP), the State Department's allies in the International Narcotics Control program (INC)—what has become known as the drug war.

When Santa was turned back to the MFJP, he received the same treatment as thousands of other prisoners. The federales took Santa from his cell and stripped him of his red suit, making remarks that he was a puto, a "homosexual." They blindfolded him by tying a sheet over his head, then commenced beating him with rifle and pistol butts. They tied Santa over a bench and threw water on his body to aid the conduction of electricity from the cattle prods burning his genitals.

By the third day of torment, the federales were shooting off guns next to his ears and squirting Coca-Cola into his nose while they held his mouth so he couldn't breathe. On the fourth day of Christmas the federales gave to Santa four electric shocks, three Coca-Colas, two rifle butts, a cartridge and the third degree.

On the fifth day of Christmas Santa confessed to masterminding an international dope ring called "The Midnight Express." Everybody in Mexico confesses to the MFJP, guilty or not. The method is called la calentada, which means "the heatup." We, the taxpayers, fund this activity to the tune of \$12 million a year, hoping that it will stop the flow of heroin into the United States.

The Mexican field operation is run by Carlos Aguilar Garza (see High Times, "U.S. Torture in Mexican Prisons," Jan. '79). During the three years he has run the campaign, thousands of poor campesinos have confessed under la calentada. Hundreds of these coerced confessions, including a number that resulted in deaths and mutilations of the prisoners, have been documented by civil rights and legal associations in Mexico. Many of the Mexican agents cited as torturers have been trained by the DEA, although there is no proof that DEA agents taught them that. But according to several Mexican federal agents who admitted their own participation in these crimes against humanity, DEA agents are fully aware of the systematic violation of human rights by their Mexican counterparts. In fact, the period during which there was the highest incidence of recorded torture in Mexico was when the DEA worked most closely with the MFJP. The DEA angrily denies they know anything about this, which is a lie.

Last year an inordinate amount of attention was given to the spraying of paraquat on marijuana, which is part of the Mexican antidrug effort. The fact that through this program we are funding one of the major human-rights violations on this continent has been completely suppressed.

The responsibility for this cover-up lies heavily with Lester Wolff (D.-N.Y.), head of the House Select Committee on Narcotics, which oversees U.S. economic participation in the Mexican drug wars. The Wolff committee has been silent, even though it is a violation of legislative constraints on foreign appropriations to subsidize a program that breaks international law and Mexican constitutional law.

Wolff told me in a telephone conversation at the beginning of this year that he "did not know as much as [he] would like to" about human-rights violations in Mexico, but that if I supplied him with the facts he would "hold their feet to the fire." Wolff received the facts, but never even struck a match. Ironically, the Mexican drug war has drawn applause instead of approbation. In September 1978, the International Chiefs of Police convention held in New York City awarded Mexico a plaque for its contribution to the war on drugs. Accepting the plaque on behalf of the Mexican attorney general was Gen. Arturo Durazo Moreno, who is Mexico City's police chief, the personal bodyguard to the president, and considered by top U.S. intelligence sources to be a "notorious trafficker in hard drugs." The award specifically cited the "humanitarian concern" with which Mexican police enforce the law.

The many Americans who have been tortured in Mexico by these same Mexican police might think this international law-enforcement group is a little bit crazy. But as the Marx brothers said not so many Christmases ago, "Everybody knows there's no such thing as Sanity Clause."

—Craig Pyes

Craig Pyes, who spent six months in Mexico investigating the drug war, is now editor of High Times.

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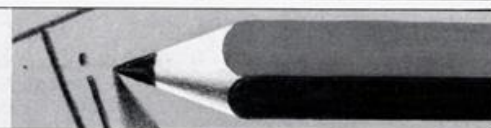


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Letters



VITAMIN BY-BLOW

In case any readers out there get a chance to chew on some real Bolivian coca leaves, here's some recent data released by Harvard University on the plant's nutritional value compared to 50 other Latin American plants:

1. Coca proved to be higher in calories, protein, carbohydrate, fiber, ash, calcium, phosphorous, iron, vitamin A and riboflavin.
2. Coca was lower in fixed oil content, water, thiamine, niacin and ascorbic acid.
3. Ingestion of just 100 grams of Bolivian coca leaf would satisfy the recommended daily allowance for calcium, phosphorous, iron and vitamins A, B₂ and E.

However, the Harvard report goes on to warn, "the leaves also contain toxic alkaloids (cocaine) and possibly pesticide residues." —J. Johnson, Jacksonville, Fla.

LATIN ALTERNATIVE

Those of you who have run into bummers in parts of Latin America should check out Costa Rica. Costa Rica is democratic, has socialized medicine, great scenery—mountains, beaches and ladies—and the reefer is tasty and only \$20 a ki. Puerto Limón and Punta Cahuita are the places to check out, especially if you're into Afro-Carib culture, food and "reefah" (as shown in this photo). Limón is a nonstop



party town, and Cahuita has some of the best beaches in the world—they both offer dope that puts anything you can get stateside to shame. I would welcome an article on Costa Rica—it would be enlightening to the poor fools who head straight to Panama and Colombia.

—Ricardo S., Portland, Ore.

DOLPHIN DEFENSE

I'd like to clear up some misinformation about dolphins appearing under the item titled "Potted Porpoises" [High Times, "Adviser," July '79]. The article states that some accidentally stoned dolphins "got real laid-back in the water, so limp that

the fishers quickly landed their legal limit of dolphin just by scooping them out of the drink." They must have been the more fishlike dolphins (piscine) and not the mammals, as stated in the article. In round figures, the legal limit for dolphin is exactly zero, due to the Marine Mammal Protection Act.

Dolphins, or at least the foremost intelligent species, may indeed get off on stray bales of Colombia's finest—they're certainly intelligent enough to appreciate it. However, as we like to believe of humans, they are also intelligent enough not to let the high cloud their sound judgment.

In the mid '60s, John Lilly gave Atlantic dolphins 300 milligrams of LSD. While tripping on that rather large amount of pure Sandoz, given without their knowledge or consent, they never panicked and never got themselves into any trouble. They didn't act in any manner that would have seemed unusual to a casual observer, though it did make them extremely talkative. If acid couldn't cause the type of behavior described in the article, then how could grass have?

Also, the article's claim that fish don't get off on grass because their brains are too simple is ridiculous. People have been catching fish for millennia by giving them psychoactive plants, then scooping them up as they float on the water and make no attempt to escape.

—Dan Mercer, Cincinnati, Ohio

PIPE DREAM

These noble slabs are average-grade Nepalese. While not quite the mind looter of its headier relative, Royal Nepalese, it does



provide some fine mental meanderings across various space-time continua and is recommended without hesitation.

—1st Armored Division GIs,
West Germany

(continued on page 12)

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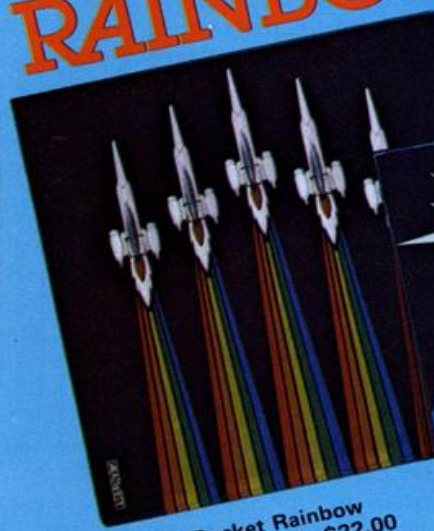
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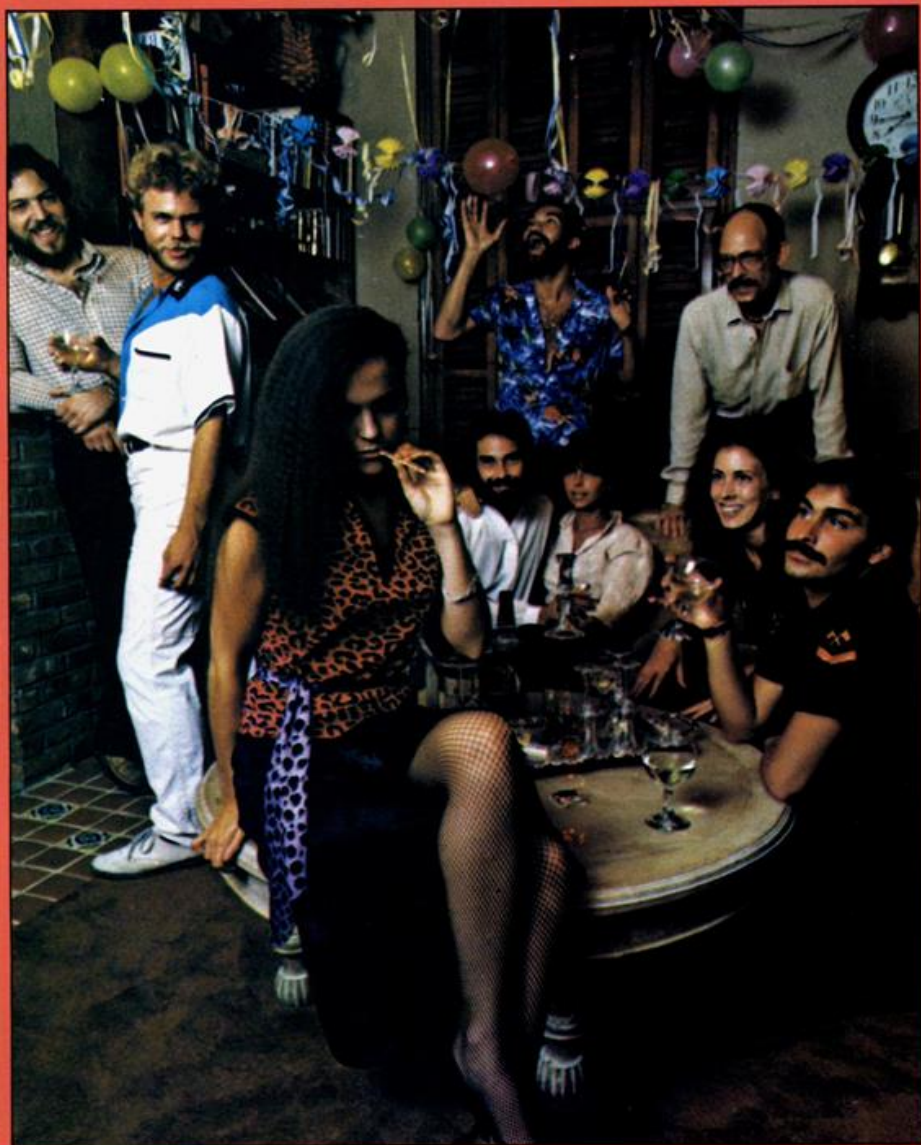
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pipe up some of this tasty green hash. Then we lay back and pretend we're back on Redondo Beach watching the sun go down. Sigh! —Name and address withheld

COCAINE VS. MIGRAINE

While reading your June '79 issue, I was astonished when I came to the article in "Highwitness News" about snowlights and cocaine psychosis. To my amazement, the second illustration from the far right was an accurate representation of the hallucination that I have come to dread in association with acute migraine headaches.

I've never seen snowlights, but I can describe my migraine trip. It all starts with a small disturbance in the center of my field of vision. When this happens, I immediately look closely at something displaying a fine, intricate pattern, such as fancy wallpaper. This makes the initial disturbance plainly visible, and I know for sure that the next 4 to 48 hours will be hell. From there, the disturbance develops into a crescent shape, with the open side always to the left, then grows, as if it is coming at me. It flickers yellow and blue and remains visible behind closed eyes. At its peak, it involves my entire field of vision, leaving me incapacitated for a few minutes since I can't see through it. It then moves slowly off to the left until it completely disappears from view. I wonder how many other sufferers see this same image?

—K.E.S., Vineland, N.J.

LEAGUE 1, KLAN 0

In the "Planet" section of your August '79 issue there was a story on the Ku Klux Klan's recent activities around Tupelo and

If you don't want to be one of the half million people who will be arrested for drugs this year, you'd better **RUSH** right out and buy **LEGAL FIRST AID FOR TODAY'S HIGH SOCIETY..**"

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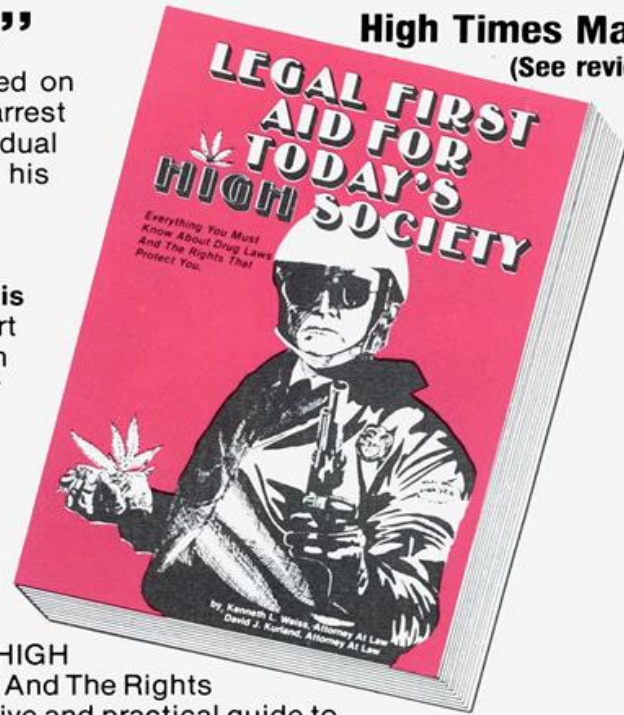
Do You Know How To Protect Yourself?

- How to avoid the number one cause of drug arrests.
- When can the police use force to search you? p. 80
- When you can say 'No' to a police search. p. 87, 92
- How to protect your car from being searched. p. 137
- An undercover agent talks about a typical bust. p. 160
- What to expect at customs and the border. p. 179
- Why people make incriminating statements. p. 21
- How to prevent a search of your home. p. 56
- Three reasons why the police can search you. p. 64
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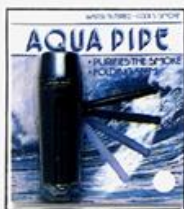
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its confrontations with the United League. As a concerned white Southern citizen I say hooray for the league. It's about time somebody put those irresponsible red-necks in their place. If we had more people willing to stand up to these bigots instead of ignoring them, we could rid the South of its racial problems once and for all.

—D.T., Jackson, Tenn.

GLAD BAGS

When the DEA raided the ports of Baltimore recently, they missed more than they



nabbed. These pound-bag survivors were dealt off in two hours' time and are now being enjoyed by happy heads throughout Maryland, Virginia and D.C.

—R.M., Baltimore, Md.

MORE REEFER MADNESS

Did you see the recent "Advocates" show on PBS about marijuana with ex-senator James Buckley, Dr. Robert S. DuPont and Bill Rusher, which used the pseudomedical studies to show that marijuana was bad for you? A couple of things struck me. If THC causes a lowering of levels of testosterone, it should help older men keep their hair, as male pattern baldness is a function of high levels of that hormone. Moreover, THC should slow the onset of prostate cancer, as high testosterone levels have been implicated as a cause of that disease.

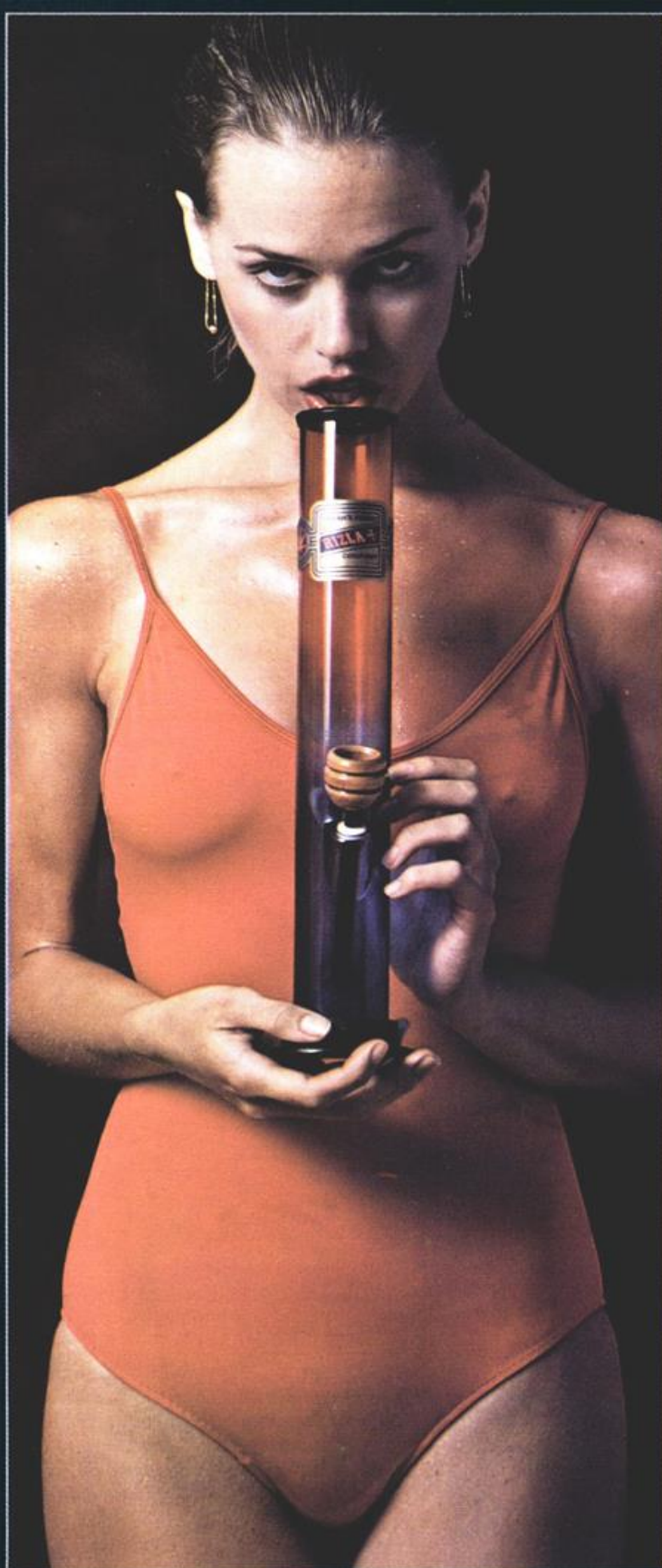
People should attach their own psychological-stress evaluators (lie detectors) to their TVs when these antireefer clowns are pontificating about how awful the killer weed is. —Doc Stanley, Tamal, Ca.

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Letters, High Times

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Adviser



GOD COMES OUT AGAINST ANGEL DUST

Q: It finally happened. My old man scored some "mescaline" that turned out to be PCP. We tooted it for a whole night anyway, and then he saw God (or maybe Satan, he said) and was told not to do PCP anymore. He kept having flashbacks and acting weird all week. I sort of liked it, but now he says he knows it's bad for you. Is that true?

—Emily B., Binghamton, N.Y.

A: That's the best advice we've heard from God since the Song of Solomon. High Times isn't in the business of putting down anything folks do to get stoned, but PCP pushes us to the limit. For the record, PCP does cause significant kidney damage every time you take it, and its unique action in the body can cause it to recirculate through the brain at odd intervals for days afterward, promoting an unexpected recurrence of intoxication. But the thing that pisses us most about PCP is the way it gets peddled under the guise of perfectly good dope—acid, coke, mescaline, DMT and other exotica. Dealers who do that are prime candidates for some righteous kneecapping.

DIM FUTURE FOR SOLAR SATELLITES

Q: Now that they've pretty much perfected silicon energy-converting cells, what's the schedule for putting up a big solar-power satellite that could beam down enormous quantities of cheap energy for industrial uses?

—Charlotte B., Tampa, Fla.

A: The schedule's proceeding apace, but the solar-power satellite (SPS) is beginning to look like a real white elephant. The Sun-sat Council, a trade association seeking government funding for the aerospace and power industries (their clients include Grumman, Lockheed, Westinghouse and G.E.), estimates that for a mere \$60 billion we could put up the first SPS of between 80 and 100 square kilometers of wafer-thin silicon—about the size of Manhattan—which would convert sunlight into microwaves. The microwaves would be broadcast down to an enormous antenna on the ground somewhere, generating about five gigawatts (billions of watts) of steady energy, enough to run fleets of factories and whole cities. After the first

\$60-billion outlay, the Sunsat people estimate the cost of subsequent sunbirds would decrease and they would eventually pay back the initial investment (if they don't fall down from their 22,000-mile-high orbits).

While chances of an SPS fall are slim, some other technical problems have to be anticipated. It would take at least 11,250 launch flights over 30 years to put up the proposed fleet of 60 sunbirds, making for considerable atmospheric pollution. And all those microwaves sizzling down through the ionosphere could conceivably fuck it up beyond repair; in any case, radio transmissions and radio astronomy would be continually fouled by the radiation. And Science magazine speaks rather ominously of the possible health hazards of "spill-over and accidentally straying microwaves."

So while Sunsat and congressmen from the South (where most of the aerospace industry is located) tout the SPS as the hope of the future, it seems unlikely that it will ever reach the launch pad. "Ultimately it doesn't have a chance," Gary DeLoss of the Environmental Policy Center reports bluntly. "The idea is so bad it's going to die." In the meantime, however, a great deal of money that might be better spent on investigating more practically hopeful land-based solar energy technologies may be diverted to this aerospace boondoggle.

LSD AND DEATH

Q: A friend of mine who nearly drowned last month but was revived after 30 minutes of mouth-to-mouth says she's convinced she actually died but came back. She was an extremely uptight person before this, but ever since she's been super mellow, because she says she's not scared of dying anymore. Now, I remember feeling exactly the same way after some heavy acid trips. Is there a connection?

—Dale Gillman, Del Ray, Ca.

A: Two doctors at the medical centers of the Universities of Virginia and Michigan recently published a review of several hundred "near-death experiences" in the Journal of the American Medical Association (JAMA), and it definitely rang bells in many seasoned dopers' heads. People who experience sudden and unexpected brushes with the Big D seem first to experience a massive flash of resistance to the idea of self-extinction and then suddenly achieve a state of such impassionate hyperobjectivity that they can watch what's happening just as though it were happening to someone else—a sense of detachment that can amount to "out-of-body" autoscopic

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Still, we don't recommend jumping from a high place as a dependable "natural high." Of seven would-be bridge suicides studied in the JAMA review, all experienced such complete death-and-rebirth transformations in the process that it would've been a crying shame if they'd croaked afterward. Many have done exactly the same thing on about 300 miles of acid and have come back to tell the tale.

So, while RNA is probably not harmful, it is also apparently worthless as a food supplement.

Questions on all topics will be considered for "Adviser," including all highs, health, sex, law, science, technology, music, etc. Only those of most interest can be answered. Please be specific. Anonymous queries are accepted. ❖

A black and white photograph of a large, dense bamboo plant. The plant is characterized by numerous long, thin, lanceolate leaves that hang down, creating a thick, textured canopy. It is growing in a rectangular planter box, which is partially visible at the bottom of the frame. The background is dark and indistinct, suggesting an indoor or shaded outdoor setting.



17

FOOTBALL, FEUDALISM AND FASCISM

by Henry Korn

In Minnesota, where much of the population is descended from Scandinavian immigrants, the NFL team is known as the Vikings. In Boston, home of the Irish, the NBA team is called the Celtics. While two of Canada's principal hockey teams, the Canadiens and the Maple Leafs, embody both national name and national symbol, a third, the Vancouver Canucks, is named for a regional slur. Can you imagine the reaction if a new pro sports franchise in Gotham named itself the New York Kikes or an Alabama soccer squad dubbed itself the Mobile Rednecks or the Birmingham Boogies? Well, up in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, they did just that. In the late '60s they built an NBA franchise around superb black ballplayers like Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Oscar Robertson, Flynn Robinson and other topflight Afro-American stars and actually named them the Bucks.

In addition to marketing ethnicity, regional hatreds and racism, sports enhances its industrial image by naming teams after local industry. Pittsburgh Steelers, Houston Oilers, Green Bay Packers and Milwaukee Brewers are obvious examples. New Orleans Jazz is a more subtle varia-

tion on the theme. Out in the state of Washington, the airplane industry is so powerful they call Henry "Scoop" Jackson "the senator from Boeing." It's no accident their NBA team is called the Super-sonics. Additional aerospace metaphors

In Milwaukee they built an NBA franchise around superb black ballplayers like Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Oscar Robertson and actually named them the Bucks.

can be found in Houston (home of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration), where the baseball and basketball teams are known as the Astros and Rockets. I wonder what would happen if the Chicago Bulls (a name inspired by the stockyards) played the Green Bay Packers? I guess the Bulls would get butchered.

Sports function as mock warfare. A good pro quarterback can throw the bomb, and a good defense is always a threat to blitz. So many pro sports teams

are named for weapons. In Baltimore, the football team is named the Colts (not only a small horse but the handgun that tamed the West). If you doubt the double meaning, remember that the same city's NBA team is called the Bullets. The name of Buffalo's hockey team, the Sabres, suggests 19th-century weapons technology as well as sharp skates.

The origins of America's violent past began in the myths and legends of the Old West. It's no accident that the Dallas Cowboys are among the NFL's toughest teams. They compete with a pair of cow ponies, the Colts and the Broncos, and a team named for Buffalo Bill. As the cowboy is thus honored, so is his natural enemy, the native American—i.e., Chiefs, Braves, Warriors, Black Hawks, Indians and what surely must be the most racist name in all pro sports (located fittingly in the nation's capital), the Washington Redskins.

Several teams are named after criminals (i.e., the Pirates and Raiders), and one was named for an urban disaster (the Chicago Fire in the now-defunct WFL). Is anyone ready to root for the Harrisburg Meltdown?

Feudalism is also on the rise again, led by Cavaliers on Chargers in service of Kings and Royals. And the Super Bowl is

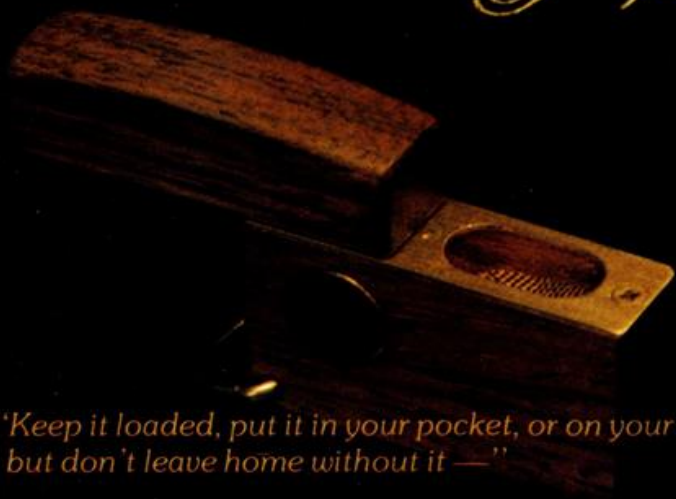


Photo by Jack Abraham. Souvenir pennants courtesy A.P.S. C. O. Sports Enterprises, Inc., Brooklyn, N.Y.

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the ultimate event of the neofeudal series of tournaments known as the football season. It is America's official national festival of violence.

In the United States, the politicization of sports occurred primarily through the development of a symbiotic relationship between football and the presidency. In his college days, Dwight D. Eisenhower played for West Point. John F. Kennedy played jayvee ball at Harvard and later participated in joyous games of touch with his family and friends on the lawn at Hyannis Port. Gerald Ford was an all-American lineman at Michigan State. Richard Nixon's gridiron career, by contrast, was ludicrous. In his days at Whittier College he served as a human tackling dummy. "Dick never spared himself," remembered his old coach Chief Newman. "He used to take an awful lacing in scrimmage." Yet Nixon embraced football's values more fully than any of his fellow postwar presidents.

During the 1968 campaign, Nixon stated that if Vince Lombardi had been his campaign manager in 1960, he never would have lost the election to Kennedy. As president, Nixon supplied his hometown team, the Washington Redskins, with numerous plays—all of which, when used, proved to be total disasters. When the city of Washington exploded with protest demonstrations following the invasion of Cambodia in 1970, he hunkered down in the White House and watched football on TV.

Clearly, Nixon derived comfort and support from competitive values that closely paralleled his own. From Coach Lombardi's famous statement, "Winning isn't everything—it's the only thing," it's just a short distance to Chuck Colson's contention, "When you've got 'em by the balls, their hearts and minds will follow." Woody Hayes, for the past 28 years head football coach at Ohio State, certainly agreed. "I don't think it's possible to be too intent on winning," he often said. "If we played for any other reason, we'd be totally dishonest. This country is built on winning and on that alone. Winning is still the most honorable thing a man can do."

For the past five years, Ohio State was invited to participate in postseason bowl games and lost them all. Last year, the Buckeyes were tapped to meet Clemson in the Gator Bowl. Ohio State fell behind. Woody Hayes paced the sidelines in an ever-increasing fury. Things went from bad to worse. In the closing minutes of the game, when a Clemson player intercepted a pass and was tackled near the Ohio State bench, Woody rushed over and slugged him in the face. An obsession with winning was Woody's undoing.

Most of the symbolic violence in professional football is indicative of a general postwar American trend toward remote-control killing. In Vietnam, Americans descended from the air by helicopter, killed

and were killed, then returned to base camps featuring hot showers, cheeseburgers and ball games on TV. Back home, the war became just another contest, a long bomb here, an end run there. Thus soldiers and civilians alike were isolated, by high technology and instant replay, from a visceral perception of death.

Has the time come to turn away from symbolic technological TV warfare that comes disguised as fascist football madness? Roy Campanella offered an alternative viewpoint when he said, "You've got to be a man to play baseball, but you've got to have a lot of little boy in you too."

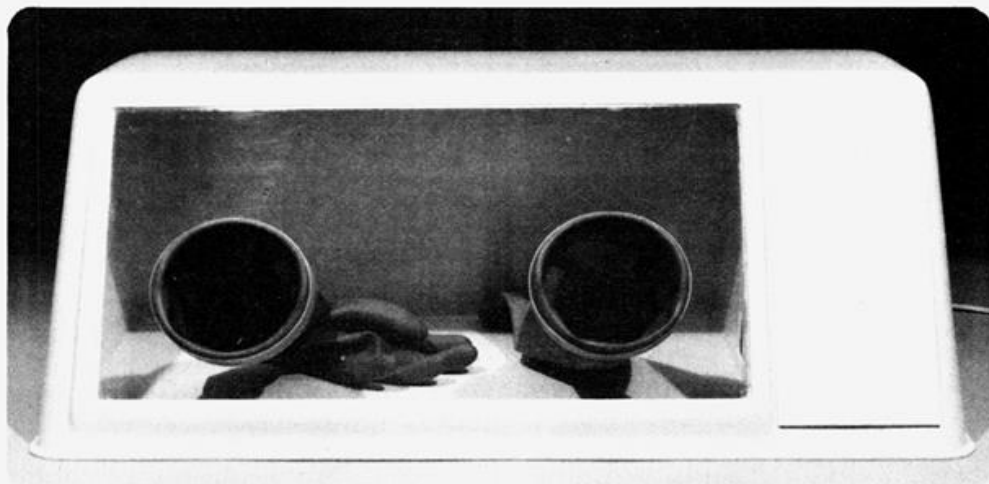
Campanella, a veteran of Negro baseball, was a fat old man by the time he reached the majors. As a catcher for the Brooklyn Dodgers, he won the Most Valuable Player award three times. One winter evening in 1958, while driving home, his car hit a patch of ice, spun out of control, and overturned. Roy became a quadriplegic, losing the use of his arms and legs. Such an accident would be tragic for any man, but imagine its impact on a gifted athlete?

While attempting to recover and rebuild, Roy was betrayed and abandoned by his wife. Somehow he managed to persevere. He worked hard in the hospital and did the best he could with the sinew and spirit that remained. Gradually he began to put his life together again. Roy never regained the use of his limbs, but he discovered ways to adapt. He started a business, found and won the love of a more sympathetic woman, and even had the audacity to entitle his autobiography *Good to Be Alive*. Think of him lying awake in the middle of the night in his hospital room, staring up at the ceiling, thinking, "Okay. This happened. What do I become now?"

Roy found an answer. He became a symbol. Last summer, a full 20 years after his accident, when they rolled Roy Campanella onto the field in his wheelchair at Old Timer's Day at Yankee Stadium, the fans stood up and cheered their lungs out. Some stood because of a misguided sense of obligation and/or sentiment. Others because of genuine respect. A few knew that when they rose for Roy they stood up for themselves too.

"You have to be a man to play baseball," Roy said, "but you have to have a lot of little boy in you too." So Campy remained connected with his boyhood and kept his sense of fair play intact. He knew baseball was a game, and he could accept, as Kennedy, Nixon, Hayes, Lombardi and the all-pro owners could not, that the way one played the game was as important as winning or losing. Roy didn't like to lose, but when he did he found the way. And despite losing far more than a Super Bowl, his life continued to have meaning—first for himself and then for others.

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PUTTING THE X IN XMAS

by Jeff Goldberg

For most people, Christmas Day means mundane gifts of ties, bathrobes, nightgowns, slippers, et cetera, ad infinitum, and ho-hum imagination. But in the surreal world of celebrities, the out of the ordinary is commonplace. No wonder, then, that their Xmas deserves the ultimate X.

Out in L.A., for instance, pop-rock star **Alice Cooper** caroled that the kinkiest gift he had ever received was "a round double bed from Groucho Marx, with a note that read, 'I hope you have better luck with it than I did.'"

Alice then added, "I gave that bed to Paul and Linda McCartney for their wedding anniversary, with a note saying, 'May all your stains be enormous.'"

Paul and Linda, unfortunately, could not be reached for further publishable comment.

Someone who *could* be reached (if you were flying high enough) was the inimitable **Professor Irwin Corey**. Mouthing off

on marriage at New York's Playboy Club recently, the master of double-talk proclaimed, "Marriage is like a bank account. You put it in, you take it out. You lose interest. . . ."

Catching him for a brief moment during a break in his act (which is very difficult to do, since he's rarely offstage), we asked him what his most erotic Christmas gift was. He replied with his usual banter. "Well, erotic is something which excites the imagination to the extent that your fantasies become real. And the fact that I've survived these years of my struggle indicates that there's some stamina within me, which is prevalent in most human beings, to withstand the onslaughts and the sufferings which the flesh is heir to. And . . . what was the question, again?"

Before we could recover from the confusion that his verbal onslaught had made our ears heir to, he continued. "The American people once got an erotic Christmas present: Nixon and Agnew. That covers a multitude of sin and degradation."

Still staggering from the weight of his

Alice Cooper received "a round double bed from Groucho Marx with a note that read, 'I hope you have better luck with it than I did.'"



A round double bed to Alice from Groucho.



A naked Santa for Marilyn Chambers.



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Illustrations by Andrew J. Epstein

words, we fell into a sleigh headed for Tinseltown and chatted with its leading sex symbol of yesteryear, **Mae West**, whose latest film, *Sextette*, had just opened around the country. Said the legendary octogenarian: "My kinkiest gift. Hmmm, let me see now. . . . That was a muscleman in a Santa Claus suit. . . who gave me himself!"

"I won't tell you what the present was," whispered comedian Alan Robin, "but three shots of penicillin made it all straight!"

Naturally.

It appears that La West and ex-Ivory Snow girl porn star **Marilyn Chambers** have something in common. Marilyn, currently starring in the first Las Vegas all-nude cabaret show, "Sex Surrogate," recalled her most erotic gift.

"Last Christmas some friends gave a party. I was just sitting around, drinking champagne and chatting, when the hostess came over and announced, 'I have a big surprise for you, a really erotic Christmas present, so get ready.' Well, I just sat back, chuckling to myself, when all of a sudden, out from the cold and the snow walks this guy dressed as Santa Claus, but wearing only his beard and hat. The whole party got a little erotic after that!"

(continued on page 125)



For Melvin Van Peebles, embroidered undies.

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FLOTSAM AND JETSAM IN YOUR STASH

by Michael Chance

Sometimes when you buy pot you get more than you pay for—strange stuff in your stash. Everything from coconuts to monkey wrenches has turned up in pot sold on the American market, reminders of some distant point on the long, surreptitious journey from field to baggie. Some people are understandably upset on finding flotsam and jetsam in their high-priced reefer (a rock the size of an egg weighs more than a pound, and costs accordingly) but often these contaminants tell a story about the pot. They are silent and spiritual testimony to the great human chain of which each toker is a small link.

In Colombian pot, the most common foreign objects are the tiny "honeycomb" structures that pervade top-notch gold. These honeycombs are actually nests built

by small spiders. Since no one has ever seen fit to launch an entomological expedition to determine the lineage or ecosphere of this nameless spider—it is perhaps related to the spider mite, that dreaded

**Matches, cigarettes,
Twinkie wrappers,
dried banana peels,
a dead bird and a shoe
have all turned up
in bales of pot.**

bane of U.S. sinsemilla farmers—it has become known in some quarters simply as the "gold bug."

The gold bug has a connoisseur's taste, inhabiting only the best-quality weed. The

more potent the pot, the more numerous the spiders. Though its little carcass may have long since turned to dust, the gold bug leaves another mark of his passing: a gossamer coating on the buds that pulls apart into thin, cottonlike strands when the bud is broken down for rolling. So reliable is the gold bug's affinity for top-notch fume that pro buyers will snatch up bales on the strength of the bug's presence alone.

The green-backed beetle is less selective. A distant relative of the ladybug, the shiny, hard-shelled insect turns up throughout the Colombian countryside and frequently in the pot fields. If you look, you'll find at least one green-backed beetle, or parts thereof, in any given pound of Colombian pot. If you don't look and you smoke it, it won't hurt you any more than the insects that the U.S. Food and Drug Administration allows you to eat with your breakfast cereal.



Kimble Mead

Other common natural contaminants are lumps of dirt, small stones and unidentifiable plants. One person interviewed for this piece noted the number of "dark, charcoal-like chunks" that turn up in Colombian pot. Their appearance probably derives from the practice of curing the harvested tops on a flat, black background that acts as an open oven for quick, mildewless curing. Favorites are blacktop roads, mashed cinder blocks, tar paper and plastic garbage bags. Chunks of tar, cinder and black soil stick to the buds.

Colombian pot sometimes is laced with parts of corn plants, since many of the pot fields were formerly cornfields. Mexican pot suffers more than Colombian from the inclusion of foreign matter. Almost no pound of Mexican is complete without at least one large, shiny leaf that looks like a bay leaf. Mexican pot has also been known to shelter tarantulas.

But the natural world accounts for only a small part of the curiosities that turn up in bales and pounds. The *campesino*, the stevedore, the shiphand all leave a mark on the pot that finally reaches us. A survey of knowledgeable sources in the industry turned up the following list of items that people have discovered in their pot: matches, cigarettes, roaches, Twinkie wrappers, Coke and beer-bottle caps, dried banana peels, a taxi receipt, the horn of an animal (probably a cow), a dead bird, lengths of rope, a wrench, a Band-Aid, a hair pick, film negatives, a shoe and an ounce of cocaine that somebody, no doubt, thought was ripped off.

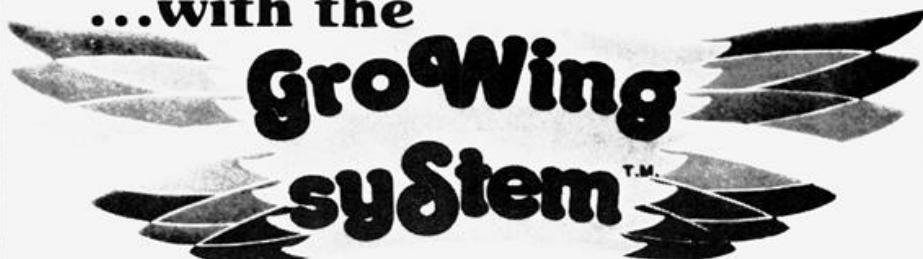
Another contaminant frequently found in pot is seawater. Pot that is darkened, stiff, or appears to be turning to mulch may be what is termed in the trade "boat weed." Pot that rides in the bottom of the boat often becomes soaked with seawater that seeps into the hold. Even when the bales are plastic-wrapped the seawater finds a way in.

Foreign objects are sometimes added deliberately. Short weights have been made up with rocks, BBs and pieces of pipe and have led to some heated altercations. The most disgusting entry in this league is sterilized marijuana seeds. At \$10 a pound, they can be added to a bale to increase cost by thousands of dollars.

Hash too has its share of oddities. Pieces of bark and even beads have been known to turn up in Asian hash. A few years ago there was a brief stir when some Afghani hash began turning up with fortunes in the packaged ounces. The fortunes, supposedly augured by a zonked-out Tibetan monk, were quite a novelty for a while, with witticisms such as "You will succeed in spite of yourself," and "You are going to fall on a knife," and the classic "Help, I am a prisoner in a hash factory." The fortunes ceased when buyers protested they were being included in the weight of the hash. ■

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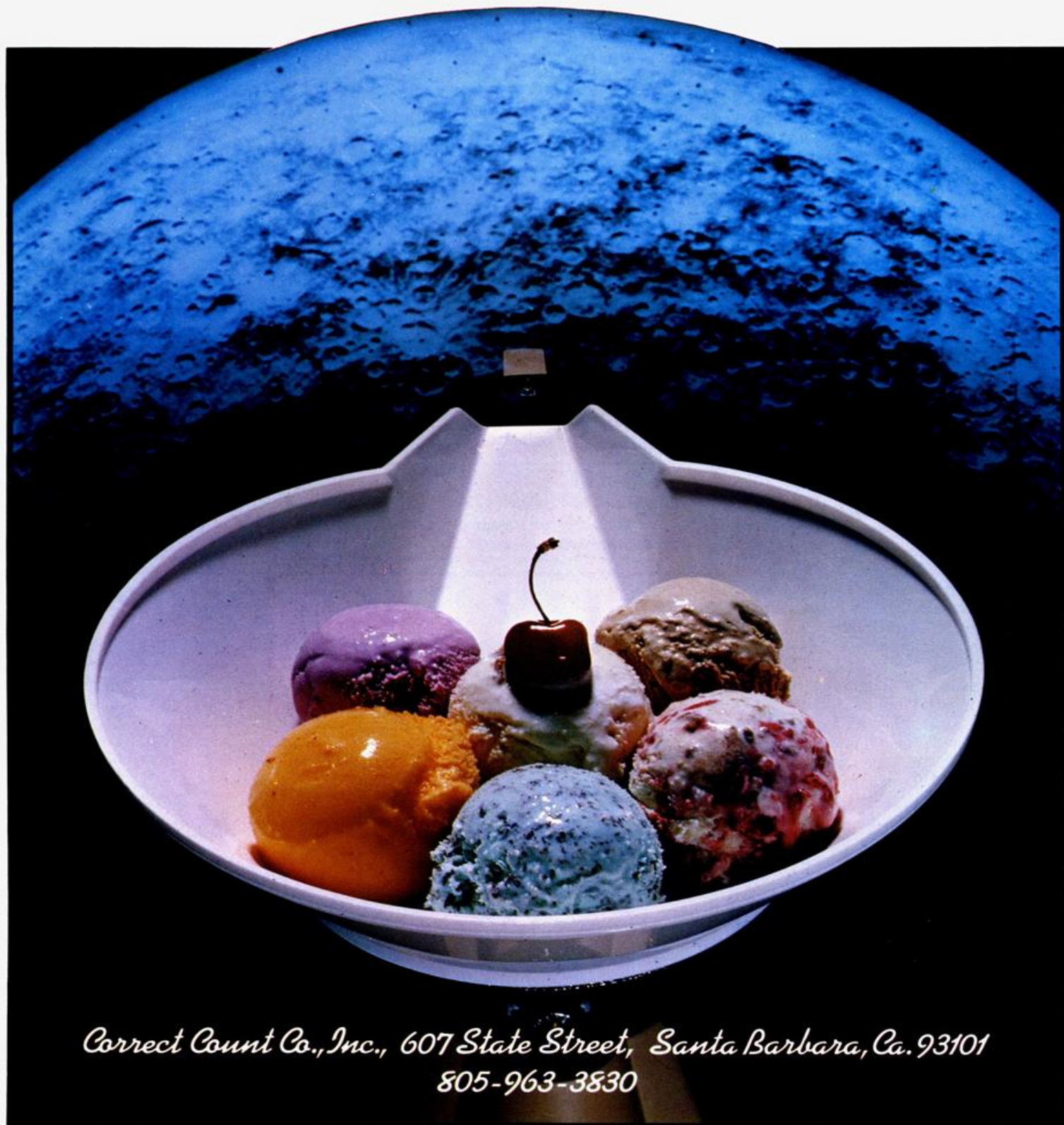
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HYPERFILM: BEYOND 3-D

by John Robert Tebbel

Enjoying magic or movies depends as much on your desire to be fooled as on the skill of the magician or moviemaker. Movies aren't perfect magic. To have a good time watching the big screen or the teeny tube, your imagination is required; you must pretend you're really seeing what the images represent instead of a screen and whatever is flashing on it.

With the ardor of alchemists in search of the philosophers' stone, moviemakers have long sought a technological means of making a better illusion, one that would minimize the imagination factor and maximize the magical effects—as well as the profits. While the “feelie” (the total movie, engaging not only sight and hearing but touch and smell as well) described in Huxley's *Brave New World* is still a vision of the future, some progress has been made. Vitaphone, Technicolor, Technirama, Cinemascope, Cinerama, Todd A-O, Panavision and Sensurround are only a sample of the many futuristic-sounding trademarks that have launched each new “ultimate experience.” They even tried Smell-o-vision but discovered that fragrances, once released, could not be dispelled fast enough to allow the audience to differentiate between successive odors.

For a few months after the moguls introduced the original three-screen Cinerama process, in 1957, customers flocked to theaters no matter what boring nonsense was presented. The illusion alone was worth the price the first time. Not the second. Cinerama played on a very wide screen that was bent into three smaller screens on which standard-size films were simultaneously projected; the audience saw one continuous image. In the pioneer feature, *This is Cinerama*, famous broadcaster Lowell Thomas described, in the tones Cronkite reserved for the Apollo program, the revolutionary new film technique. The film's peak moment came in the famous and quite effective roller-coaster sequence; the viewers' knuckles whitened holding onto the arms of their theater seats. These two or three minutes were worth the buildup, but nothing else done using the technique ever equaled it. By the mid '60s, Cinerama and 3-D were on the way down and out, the victims of too much hype and an inability to dependably deliver the gut-wrenching goods.

But the film companies continued the search for hyperfilm: film to challenge your assumptions, to pose the basic questions,

Which way is up?, Am I in physical danger? and Am I going to be sick?

Walt Disney Productions, ever eager to completely control an experience, stretched the wide-screen concept to its logical no-end. Circle-Vision 360 completely surrounded the audience with a circular array of nine curved screens receiving images from nine projectors. Viewers watching the Circle-Vision 360 film *America the Beautiful* (made in 1961 and still shown every 15 minutes in specially constructed theaters at Disneyland and Disney World) can see where they've been, where they are and where they're going.

“What a droll, charming novelty,” you think, standing between waist-high banisters in the middle of the cylindrical theater. After a few minutes of innocuous travelogue, the cameras begin a descent of the bobsled-course switchbacks of San Francisco's Lombard Street. Folks who were just getting ready to be bored now grab for the banisters moaning, convinced deep within their central nervous systems that they, too, are tilting and twisting down the street. A few minutes later, a plane ride through the Yosemite Valley produces the same queasy stomachs and torsos tilting in

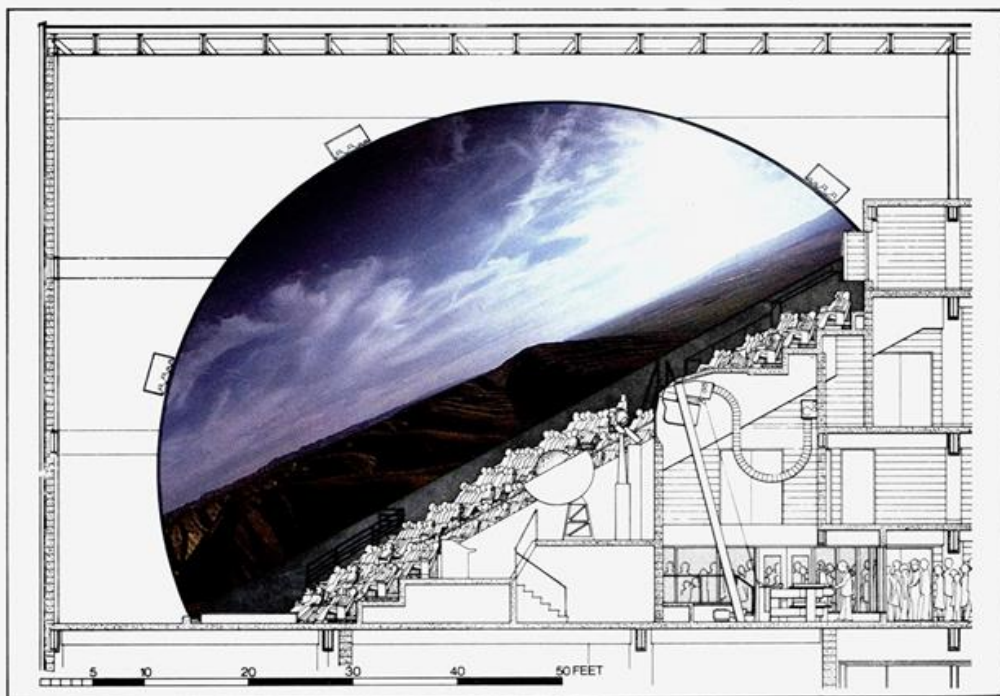
unison. The first commandment of hyperfilm is: Move the camera. The faster and more confusing the movement, the better it looks on the screen.

These films create a situation comparable to zero gravity: when the straight lines of trees and buildings (in technicalese, the “local vertical”) suddenly begin to rotate, you believe you are falling and reach for something solid.

Of course, if we had the time, money and macho, we'd all be helicopter test pilots, Amazon explorers, motorcycle racers or some such. A few might prefer hang gliding through Yosemite in glorious freedom and solitude, but the rest of us mortals are content to crowd into a dark room to be fooled into thinking the floor is moving.

Most of us got our first intimations of the spaced-out as we strained our necks with the rest of our third-grade class under the big dome in the local planetarium watching the stars zip around in the middle of the day. Since the rising costs of electricity and maintenance are putting the squeeze on the keepers of the domes, they are looking for ways to attract adult audiences to evening performances, at an admission close to the price of a real movie. Laserium, a spectacular multilaser touring light show that is almost as trippy as performances by the

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Blue Oyster Cult, has been very successful at bringing older audiences to beleaguered planetariums throughout the country. But the technique most likely to save the domes is called Omnimax.

Evolving from a simpler system shown at the 1964-65 New York World's Fair, Omnimax has been developed into one of the most exciting film concepts since Al Jolson spoke the movies' first words: "You ain't seen nothing yet."

The designers of Omnimax started with the standard planetarium concept (a big room with a dome) and then got fancy. The dome is tilted on its side, as is the audience. The theater resembles a steep balcony; the person sitting in front of you is below your feet, allowing you and everyone else an unobstructed view of the dome. To cover the inside of a dome 75 feet in diameter requires some assertive technology, and Omnimax uses film in a way that would make poor Tom Edison shake his head and take another nap. To prevent the image from looking grainy, the area of each frame is ten times larger than the norm. (Consequently, a 25-minute film weighs about 300 pounds.) Filmed and projected with an ultrawide-angle, fish-eye-type lens, and with six tracks of sound coming from every direction, Omnimax provides so much encompassing realism your *imagination becomes irrelevant*. You're sitting there in real time, with the rest of the primates, giggling and clutching the arms of your seat.

Because Omni-theaters are expensive to build, they've been constructed only by science museums and other nonprofit organizations. As a result, all Omnimax films have had to be educational (covering such exciting topics as continental drift, weather, the history of aviation and the wonderful atom). Instead of taking you for a wild ride, the films feed you some scientific communion wafers—not very nourishing, but popular with authority figures who would not normally support such a sensuous experience. But there is hope for the hedonistic Omni fan. Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas is building one of the first Omni-theaters that isn't part of a museum. Some cinematic experimenters hope that the best is yet to come.

So thinks Douglas Trumbull, the swami of special effects and the man responsible for 2001 and *Close Encounters*. Trumbull consulted the physiological research on how people actually see things and has designed equipment that will feed us visual information on a wide screen as fast as our brains are capable of accepting it. The conventional camera eye presents "reality" at two frames per second whereas the human eye presents information to the brain six to ten times as fast. A giant step closer to a visual reality.

While this technique is a bit too radical for the corner bijou, it should be showing at the World's Fair sometime this side of 1984. ■

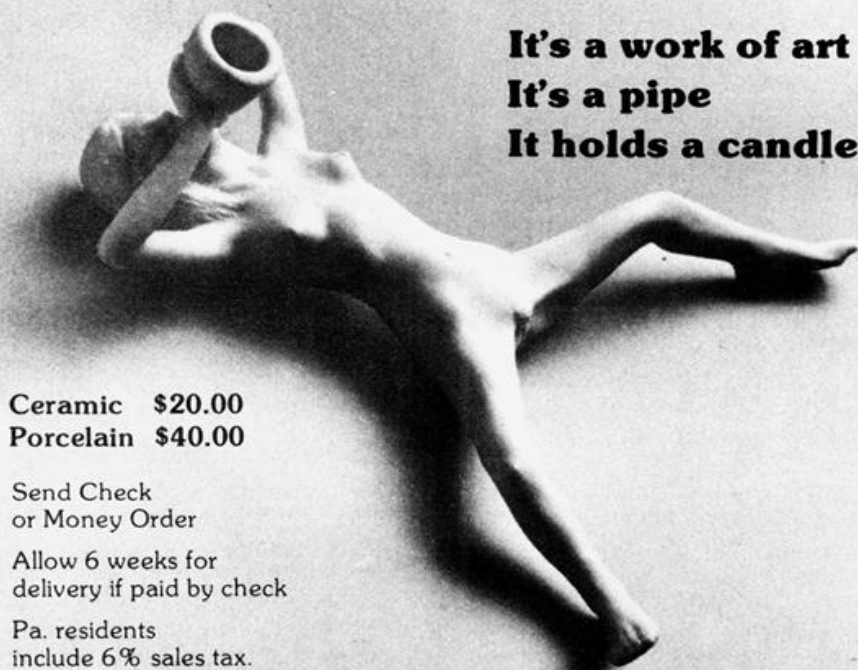
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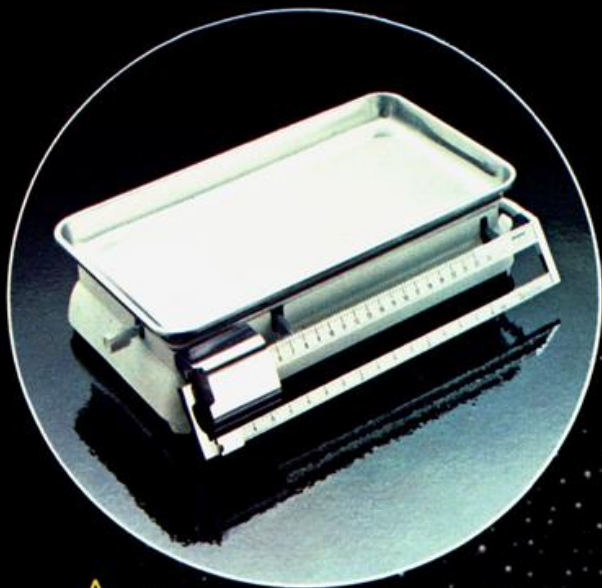
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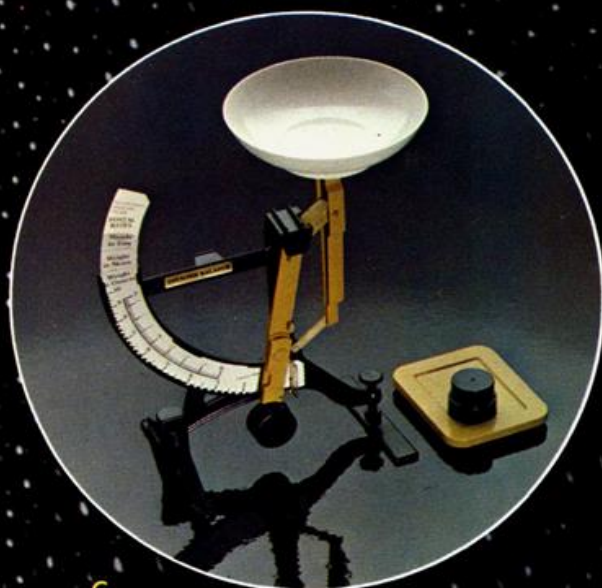


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High Society

Joey Shithead, lead singer of DOA, Vancouver's answer to the Clash, says, "I wuz framed" for a recent drunk-and-disorderly bust at a Vancouver bar because "the city's pig officials can't stand my radical politics." DOA's dazzling N.Y. debut at up-town punkatorium Hurrah's, where Shithead incited a pogo riot by blowing a hocker of snot from his left nostril, capped an exciting American tour that featured an acclaimed appearance at Chicago's Rock against Racism festival.



Mr. Shithead incites fans and fuzz alike.

Country-western superstar Glen Campbell says that pot smoking is gentle on his mind. He admits to being a toker ever since his youth as a sharecropper's son in Delight, Arkansas: "We'd smoke anything



Maybe pot helped unstiffen Glen's hair.

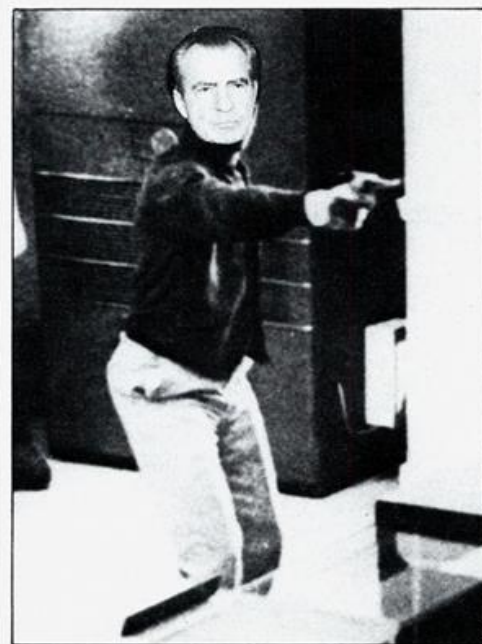
back then. I even smoked corn silk wrapped in grape leaves." Campbell believes marijuana should be decriminalized. "You can't call it justice when they throw a kid in the slammer for seven years for selling one joint in Missouri, and a group of kids in Vegas kill an old lady and get off with five years' probation. That's not justice. I like the approach they have in Alaska. You can grow marijuana there for your own use. The possession of pot isn't an offense in Alaska."

Director Paul (Hardcore) Schrader, whose latest movie *American Gigolo* stars Richard Gere and Lauren Hutton, says morphine is "the most wonderful feeling in the world. Recently I had an operation and had to take



Schrader revisited womb on morphine.

morphine, and I had a sensation of going back to the womb." Schrader has also developed a taste for the L.A. punk-rock scene. He likes "the anger, the heat... that gut feeling you're actually being hit in the chest by sound waves. It's a kind of nihilistic fighting back... fighting back for its own sake. It's a sentiment of *Taxi Driver*, which I wrote the screenplay for, as well as punk rock."



Even crooks emulate their heroes.

Karl Marx once wrote that history repeats itself; the first time as tragedy, the second time as farce. Such was the case in New York City recently when an armed robber clad in a rubber Richard Nixon mask stuck up a bank. Bank officials say the robber escaped with over \$3,000.



Memory Shop

The vintage Crickets (foreground) are now chirping behind Waylon Jennings.

The Crickets, without **Buddy Holly**, natch, are back on the concert trail. Sonny Curtis, J.I. Allison and Joe B. Mauldin are backing outlaw C&W superstar **Waylon Jennings**, who also started his singing career as one of Holly's Crickets. Inspired by the success of *The Buddy Holly Story*, the Crickets' comeback show at Broadway's St. James Theater included a medley of Holly hits, an update of **Billy Joe Royal's** "I Fought the Law" with the lyrics "I fought the shah, and the shah won," and "one of our more recent songs—we wrote it ten years ago," the theme for the rerunning "Mary Tyler Moore Show."

David Allen funneled the co(s)mic wisdom of **Planet Gong** into Manhattan's **Club 57** recently, backed by **Gilli Smyth**, **Yochko Seffer** and the new **ZU** band. The gig wrapped up a 30-city U.S. tour organized by avant-garde promoter **Giorgio Gomelsky**, one-time manager-producer of the **Rolling Stones** and **John McLaughlin**. Without record-company support, the musicians traveled in a single school bus. Dedicated to producing alternative music free of the commercial mainstreams, Gomelsky and the ZU people are currently summing up further concerts and tours.



Felipe Orrego

David Allen: wizard or conehead?



R. Crumb

Strung-out as ever, Crumb is back.

Underground cartoonist **R. Crumb** has published his first all-Crumb comic book in recent years, *Best Buy Comics*. The crazy-quilt collection includes the tale of a TV watcher who sinks into nothingness, and Crumb's report on a NASA symposium in L.A., which convinced him that "Buck Rogers's dreams of glorious adventures among the planets is just space hype to drum up business for the aerospace corporations." *Best Buy Comics* is available for \$1 plus postage from Apex Novelties, 353 Frederick, San Francisco, Ca. 94117. ☐

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HIGHWITNESS

Dec. '79 No. 52

'Quat Spraying to Cease but Genocidal "Dope War" Continues

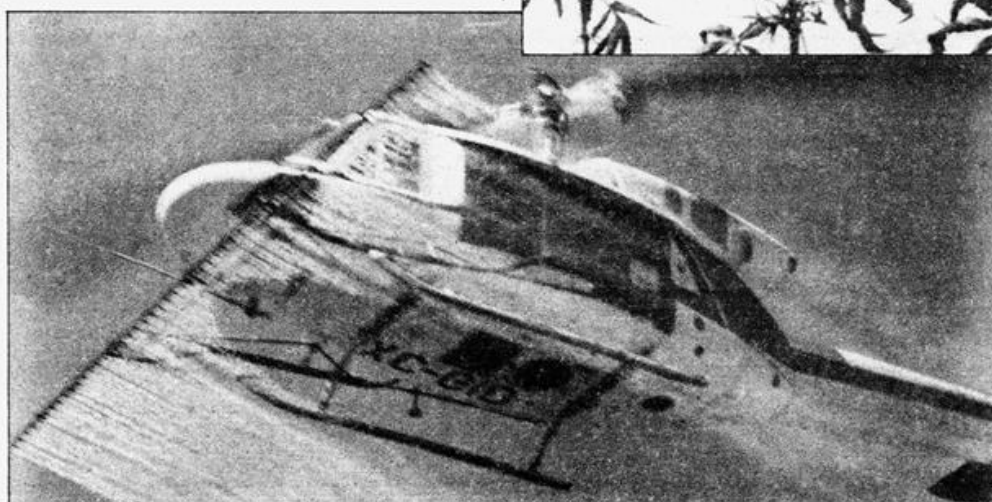
Smugglers Use Tainted Dope in Decoy Ploys

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The federal government is now obliged by law to cut off funds for the spraying of marijuana fields in Mexico with the herbicide paraquat. In 1978, Sen. Charles Percy pressed an amendment through Congress requiring the Department of Health, Education and Welfare (HEW) to assess the health risks to American citizens posed by Mexican paraquat spraying; and the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws won a federal lawsuit that in effect requires the government to suspend in foreign countries any environment-modifying activities that may pose a threat to Americans. During his last days in office, former HEW secretary Joseph Califano determined through "computer simulation studies" that paraquat-contaminated grass annually endangers the health of at least 2,100 people in the southwestern United States.

The Atlanta Center for Disease Control (CDC) early this year, in the first broad-based scientific study of marijuana ever undertaken by a government agency, systematically checked out samples of evidence grass seized by all law-enforcement agencies all around the country. In no part of the country except the Southwest did they find an incidence of paraquat contamination higher than 1 to 3 percent. Thus it is statistically unlikely that anyone in these areas could be harmed by 'quat: One would have to regularly score and smoke heavily tainted dope for months on end before any perceptible lung injury could occur, and there simply isn't enough poisoned dope in most parts of the country for that to happen.

In states along the Mexican border, however, the CDC grass samples turned up an astonishingly high contamination rate of 12 percent. By computer-correlating this figure with the estimated number of grass smokers in that region, and their patterns of use, HEW concluded that 50 to 100 Southwestern smokers may annually take over 500 micrograms of 'quat into their lungs, sufficient to cause incipient emphysema over a long period, and that 2,000 more smokers may inhale a lower concentration of 'quat. The net effect of the herbicide on these people would, by HEW's figures, be to significantly aggravate the effect of other lung-damaging agents to which they're exposed: industrial pollution, viruses, bacteria or the effect of tobacco or marijuana smoke itself.

The National Health Institute has actually



Not only has the U.S. cut off all paraquat funding, but it now appears that much of the tainted weed that entered the country was used by smugglers to distract the cops.

recommended that folks in the Southwest, in order to minimize the risks of 'quat in the lungs, might eat their grass in brownies rather than smoke it, though other authorities contacted by *High Times* point out that paraquat is a "lung seeking" chemical and therefore winds up in the lungs no matter how it is ingested. Supposedly, 'quat is poorly absorbed from the stomach, so that most of it is excreted without ever reaching the lungs; however, since the National Health Institute has firmly determined that less than 3

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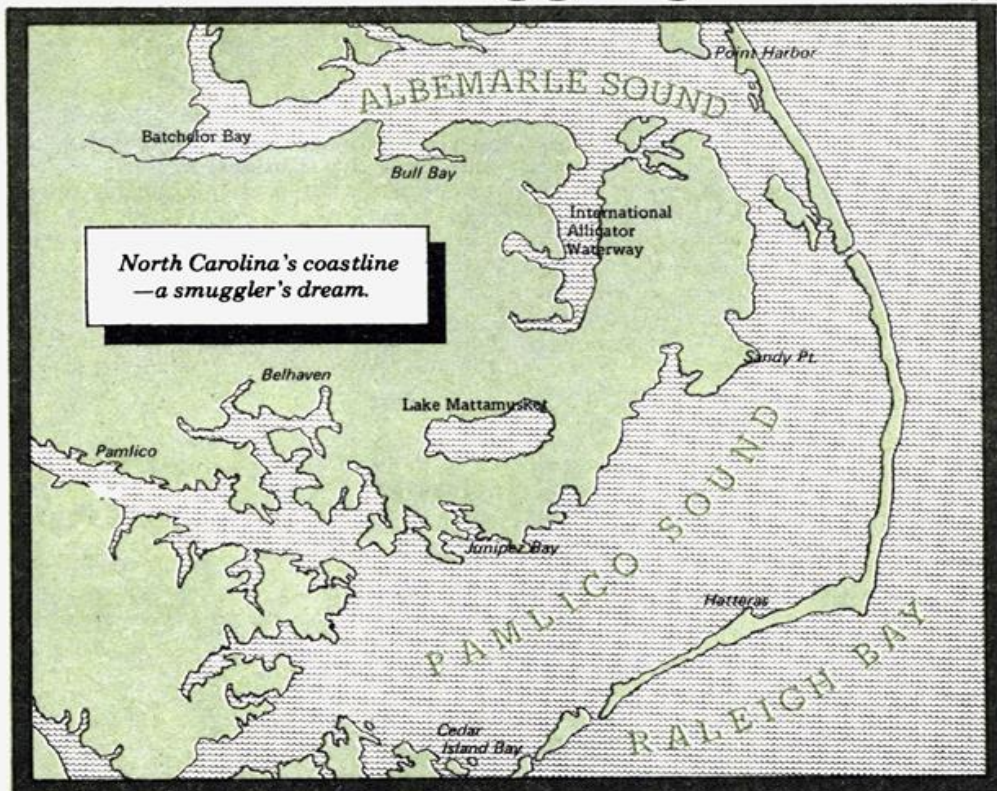
Grass Movers Revive N.C. Smuggling Industry

GREENVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA—North Carolinians who just a year ago were on welfare are nowadays pulling down five-figure incomes every month, just by virtue of living on the East Coast's most ideal smuggling spot. "Pamlico County has more deep-water inlets in the remote areas than any other county in North Carolina," boasts county sheriff Leland V. Brinson. "In fact, I'll wager with anyone that it's the finest spot for smuggling between the Florida Keys and Maine."

Smugglers who've been working Pamlico Sound since its "discovery" last year maintain that it actually beats the Keys, since it gives access to a perfect labyrinth of backwoods dirt roads, superbly facilitating long-distance convoys. Carolinians, furthermore, have a history of booze smuggling that predates the Revolution. And their blockade runners are experienced and efficient, they despise the police and they're scrupulously honest.

The rediscovery of Pamlico and Albemarle sounds by Florida smugglers has meant an economic windfall for the old moonshine gangs, who have been withering on the vine ever since the hillfolk took to drinking superior commercial whiskey. And the heat is truly minimal hereabouts. Sheriff Brinson has only five deputies for his whole county, and other counties are similarly staffed. The Coast Guard has stations at the three clear channels through the 200-mile Hatteras reefs but can hardly be expected to watch all the best high-tide transfer points; and only 17 swabs from the Hobucken station patrol the inshore creeks and channels. There are only ten Customs spooks in the whole state, despite the enormous volume of commercial maritime activity.

Customs special agent John Dolan of Wilmington describes the local setup succinctly: "Let's say somebody in North Carolina wants six tons. He'll call a middleman, who'll get in touch with his contacts in Miami. Miami has the contacts with Colombia. They'll arrange for the marijuana to be put on the next available freighter. It's



up to the middleman to do the rest."

It's middlemen like this who are reviving the whole local smuggler economy. Mainly agents for well-heeled East Coast bankers, lawyers, doctors and realtors, the middlemen spend money like water to get the boats out to Cape Hatteras and back, and to assemble vans and drivers on the shore. Even the construction industry profits: Formerly bankrupt contractors everywhere are now busily dredging new channels off the Intracoastal Waterway, deepening invisible cove-harbors, erecting warehouses and smoothing out mountain roads (and roughening them again right after the dope convoys go through). All this liquid cash has also had

the direct effect of keeping busts to a minimum: The biggest recent bust around Pamlico involved 20 tons of fume aboard a stranded shrimper, which had been run up a creek by some big-time Miami syndicate dealer who just didn't know the local tides.

California Tightens Entrapment Rules

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA—State supreme court justices here recently tightened the California rules governing police entrapment, emphasizing that these rules are "designed primarily to deter impermissible police conduct." In this, California is virtually alone among the 50 states: Most states allow cops broad powers of entrapment, especially in dope cases like the one reversed by the Sacramento court in this instance.

An ex-con hospital worker had been convicted in a lower court after a woman undercover narc had browbeaten him into turning her on to a smack connection. The narc had repeatedly called him at the detox clinic where he worked, demanding he score some smack for her. The man, a clean methadone outpatient with 23 years in jail behind him, was afraid of losing his job and sick to death of hearing from her; he eventually gave her the name of a local shit connection along with a note of introduction reading: "Saw Cheryl. If you have a pair of pants, let her have them." For this he was convicted.

In dumping the conviction, the court noted two key factors: that the narc had ac-

tively contrived a crime that the defendant would not otherwise have contemplated committing; and that the defendant had nothing to gain by committing this crime. This reprehensible conduct, they said, might be permissible in other states following federal entrapment guidelines, which permit a "subjective" prejudgment of an entrapped person's motivations. By following these guidelines, cops in many states are allowed to ruthlessly set up anyone who "had previously committed similar crimes, or had the reputation of being engaged in the commission of such crimes, or was suspected by the police of criminal activities." Cops can, in effect, set up and bust anyone, just by going through the motions of an "undercover" investigation.

"We are not concerned with who first conceived or willingly, or reluctantly, acquiesced in a criminal project," the California Supreme Court emphasized. "What we do care about is how much and what manner of persuasion, pressure and cajoling are brought to bear by law-enforcement officials to induce persons to commit crimes."



Anonymous Yippie offers Chip Carter a stick of sinsemilla at a Democratic fund raiser in Columbus, Ohio, and then gets hustled away by the Secret Service.

DEA Tries to Pick Lawyer for Bustee

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA—The local Drug Enforcement Administration "Joint" Task Force was deeply irked when a woman here, charged with heroin dealing, retained attorney Salvatore Cucinotta. It seems agent Steve Hopson wanted the woman as an infiltrating snitch in a dope ring he was investigating, so he dropped by her home to remind her that she could be facing some hard time on her smack rap but that she could get out of it by turning infiltrator-snitch on certain Mob biggies, then fade safely into the federal witness program. He also told her Cucinotta was a lousy lawyer, and if she wanted to work with the DEA, she'd have to switch to a public defender.

Hopson repeatedly visited the woman's place with this message but she obstinately stuck with Cucinotta as counsel. When the case eventually went to federal district court, the DEA found Cucinotta at the defense table with two ominous tape cassettes stacked before him and panicked, convinced that Cucinotta had taped Hopson's chats with the woman. So before any agents would testify as to whether they'd improperly contacted the defendant *after* her bust, they demanded he turn the tapes over to the court. Presiding magistrate John B. Hannum actually threatened Cucinotta with a contempt charge if he didn't do so. The two cassettes, as it turned out, were merely the tapes of a law school Christmas party, though Cucinotta actually had in his vest a tape of the woman's phone conversations with Hopson (recording only the woman's part, since to record Hopson would have been illegal). Thus Cucinotta got

the woman's phone tape entered into evidence (something Judge Hannum would probably not otherwise have allowed, since the woman was the only black person in court and the judge has never been known as a fire-breathing civil-rights zealot).

At this point—once the DEA-damning tape was on the record—Cucinotta's client pleaded guilty to the smack charge and appealed to a higher court on the grounds that Hopson and his colleagues had clearly violated her Sixth Amendment rights to attorney-client privilege. The third-circuit court of appeals, in an unprecedented move, vacated all charges against the woman on the

grounds of improprieties committed by the police *after* the bust. The court also took the opportunity to roast the agents in their unanimous opinion: "We are confronted with neither the proverbial constable's blunder, nor overzealousness in the pursuit of otherwise legitimate law-enforcement ends. Rather, we have a pattern of conduct calculated to intrude upon and destroy the attorney-client relationship." They also commended counselor Cucinotta for his "Perry Mason" courtroom tactics, which brought to light evidence of DEA malfeasance that would probably otherwise have been suppressed in a lower court.

International Thai-Stick Caper Blown by Smugglers' Guard Dogs



A lot of dope movers think attack dogs are status symbols. But they can sometimes send you up the river.

Ecuador Hosts International Coca Conference

An international conference on coca will take place in Quito, Ecuador, on December 3, 4 and 5, 1979. The conference, sponsored by the Harvard Botanical Museum and the Casa de la Cultura of Quito, will bring together a number of scientists from Europe, North America and South America who have studied the botany, chemistry, pharmacology and clinical effects of the leaf. The conference will not be concerned with social policy but only with basic scientific aspects of coca. It will not deal with cocaine except as a component of coca.

The conference is open to all interested persons, and no entrance or registration fees will be required. Coca is officially "extinct" in Ecuador, which is a major reason for holding the meeting there rather than in the politically turbulent atmosphere of countries where coca use is widespread. The oldest archaeological evidence of coca use comes from sites in Ecuador, and that country is still important in historical and botanical studies of the plant. Spectacular celebrations of Quito's Independence Day on December 6 will follow the end of the conference.

Information on the meeting is available from the Director, Harvard Botanical Museum, Oxford Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02138.

BANDON, OREGON—It was vicious guard dogs and plain bad manners that brought down the infamous bust of 17,000 pounds of Thai sticks here last year, after a globe-girdling dope deal like something out of an all-star Hollywood flick.

Though the brain trust behind the deal deftly controlled developments in Europe, Southeast Asia and across the Pacific, they were downright unneighborly to the folks hereabouts, to the point of unleashing their German shepherds upon visitors. The smugglers' grouchy behavior aroused so much local suspicion that their million-dollar stash wound up fueling the Eugene municipal electric power plant for half a day.

A dozen people around the country were busted in connection with the Thai sticks, which came in on the German yacht *Cigale*, skippered by a dealer from Jackson Hole, Wyoming. According to the skipper, and three others who turned state's evidence before San Francisco U.S. district-court judge Samuel Conti in a nonjury trial, most of the folks involved in the deal carried out missions only on a "need to know" basis, directed and coordinated by a couple of the prime movers. The Wyoming skipper, for instance, was dispatched to Germany to help outfit the 147-foot *Cigale* and then sailed her via the Suez Canal to Bangkok. There he was met by another witness, from Massachusetts, who flew in from Los Angeles with the buy money taped to his body. Then the *Cigale*

sailed all the way across the Pacific Ocean to Bandon in 59 days.

At Bandon, a strip of likely shorefront had been leased months beforehand by an Aspen, Colorado, dope dealer who had actually been sent to a Seattle truck-driving school to learn how to operate a 16-wheel rig. He bought the huge rig, along with three amphibious army-surplus rafts, and drove them to the Bandon off-loading site.

By this time, though, the crew of dealers staying at the site had managed to thoroughly alienate the local folks. The previous owner of the property had let people fish there for \$2 a line, but the new renters wouldn't allow it at all: They had a nasty way of unleashing German shepherds on folks who came by to visit. The upshot was that when the *Cigale* ultimately nosed into the little cove one night, she was unknowingly surrounded by federal, state and local cops on foot, in motorboats and helicopters, and aboard Coast Guard cutters. "We started to unload it," remembers the rig driver. "Then flares went up, the sky lit up and we started to disperse."

The Thai sticks were afterward used for an experimental burn in a Eugene generator and worked great. Mixed with wood shavings and amply ventilated, it burned for a good long time, giving off a colossal amount of heat. Eugene ecologists were delighted, until someone pointed out that the fuel involved had been, ounce for ounce, a little more expensive than gold.

Bob Morris/Savannah News-Press

How to Handle a PCP Bummer

by Dean Latimer

NEW YORK CITY—Since phencyclidine—PCP, angel dust, D, et al.—is being increasingly peddled on the street and proffered at parties as coke, THC, MDA or whatever, a lot of people are discovering themselves in a state of intoxication that many find very disagreeable or downright terrifying.

People unknowingly dosed with PCP often consume a large dose of the drug, thinking the powder to be a familiar high. Common subjective symptoms of PCP intoxication are an hour-long state of virtually immobilized stupor, during which weird aural hallucinations, gross changes in body image, or "out of body" floating may be experienced. These symptoms are usually followed by a "kindling," awakening process, during which the person may become extremely agitated and paranoid. Absolute psychotic flipouts are rare, but possible. Since PCP is very slowly eliminated from the body, true flashbacks can occur hours and days later, with a full replay of all the subjective experiences.

These are the symptoms of plain phencyclidine intoxication. PCP overdoses generally bring on coma, during which the lips and fingers turn blue as oxygen loss sets in. People who see their friends OD'ing should, of course, immediately call for an ambulance.

People who find themselves fucked up on PCP generally can't do much about it, but friends can help. Since PCP is a heavy anesthetic, someone blotted on it should be kept

away from cigarettes and hot or sharp objects. Since PCP depresses the gag reflex, the person should be kept sitting up or standing, so they won't choke if they vomit. No other drugs should be given to anyone on PCP. When the stupor phase passes and the person becomes paranoid, he or she should be comforted and told it's a natural and transient reaction. If the person becomes violent or self-destructive, call an ambulance; do not try to hold or tie him or her down. Since physical activity helps eliminate the drug from the body, immobility can seriously aggravate PCP's damage to the kidneys.

Vitamin C tablets (but not orange juice) in steady doses, one or two every hour for about 12 hours, will help to get the PCP out of the body. PCP collects in the most acidic parts of the body, and vitamin C will add ascorbic acid

to the urine in the bladder; this will keep the PCP in the bladder, so that it doesn't pass back into the bloodstream to cause flashbacks and more kidney damage.

The best thing to do for someone stoned by surprise on PCP, then, is: (1) keep them sitting up and talking as much as possible, no matter about what; (2) keep them away from sharp or hot objects; (3) when they become active again, get them walking and talking vigorously; (4) give them plenty of vitamin C, washed down with some piss-promoting liquid like apple juice. If at any point the person becomes comatose, or goes into convulsions, or becomes unmanageable, call for an ambulance.

Prevention, of course, is always the best medicine: Don't buy strange dope from people you don't know and you ought to be okay.

Paraquat Funding Cut

(continued from page 35)

percent of 'quat in a tainted joint survives burning to reach the lungs, it is still a toss-up whether paraquat is less poisonous when eaten than when smoked.

The comparatively high incidence of paraquat contamination among grass seized by Southwestern authorities is undoubtedly influenced by a factor neither the CDC nor HEW could have taken into consideration: the "'quat ruse," which has been described to

High Times reporters by several top-level Mex movers. When bricked or baled, paraquat-tainted grass can be identified by its powdery, discolored core matter. Such grass is virtually worthless; stateside buyers shun it by policy, since to sift out the obviously corrupt matter from a multiton consignment and distribute it among the rest of the dope takes days, and ki-level dealers, who know their customers personally, won't buy fucked-up ki's. However, border movers have developed an ingenious use for 'quat grass and actually do use tons of it regularly for this purpose.

"The Mexicans just charge me for bricking and moving it to the border," one mover explains. "I just warehouse the shit dope outside Nogales until the time comes I want to bring in a big load, two or three trailers at once. So I just pack the shit dope, maybe a half ton, in a Winnebago and leave it out by a bush strip somewhere; then when the trucks are coming through, 50 miles away, I call in a hot tip to Customs that a twin-engine Beech is dropping a load out at that strip. They go up and find the dope but nobody around it. So, for the next day and a half, every narc in the state's up there looking through the woods for some dope drivers they think they've flushed out, and there's no heat at all on the 12 clean tons in my three semis."

This play has been used so often that even the Drug Enforcement Administration has known of it for a year; yet people at the Atlanta CDC tell us they've never been officially apprised of it, or they might have readjusted the 12 percent figures from the Southwest.

When the State Department cuts off its official paraquat funding, the Mexican government will undoubtedly continue spraying grass with 2, 4-D and 2, 4, 5-T, the most toxic herbicides known. As reported in Highwitness News (May, '79), these poisons are routinely sprayed by Mexican authorities onto peasant food crops and into their wells. Thus, even though paraquat may no longer pose a hazard to 2,100 Americans annually, the U.S. government may continue funding a program that poisons tens of thousands of Mexican peasants and assures an epidemic of deformed babies in their next generation.

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Frosh Doping Drops, but Pot's Still Tops on Campus

PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA—A Gallup poll reports that this year, for the first time in several years, the number of college freshmen who are dope virgins has risen. The use of grass by the general student population continued its steady climb, however, with a greater percentage of college kids currently smoking pot than ever before.

In the 1979 freshman class, nationwide, only 26 percent of the kids had ever done any kind of dope. Dr. John Dorman, at the Stanford Student Health Center here, says he's

observed a rise in the use of alcohol among younger college students, largely due to "a wariness of the illegality of other drugs."

Upperclassmen, evidently, have lost their fear of the heat. About 21 percent of all college kids in 1979 have taken speed and 14 percent have done reds or other downs; these figures are about the same as those for 1978. Tripping on acid and mescaline fell from 18 percent in 1978 to 14 percent this year, the lowest rate since 1970. (The 1969 figure, incidentally, was 4 percent!)

Sixty-six percent of college kids this year have smoked grass, the highest proportion ever. In any given week, 27 percent blew boo at least once, and only 12 percent of college kids who smoke do so less than once a month. "Marijuana use is virtually universal," comments a Harvard sophomore. "It's as social an activity as drinking."

Interestingly, a Lou Harris poll earlier this year reported that parents, if given a choice, would rather their kids smoke grass than drink booze.



The child is father to the man: While younger college students are boozing more these days, a Harris poll shows that parents would prefer their kids to smoke grass rather than drink.

THC Shows Promise for M.S. Patients

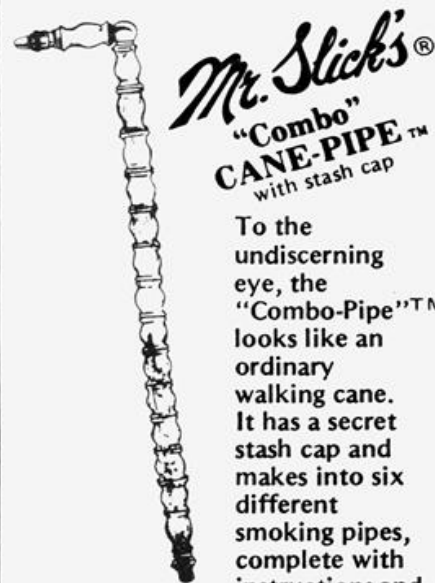
HERSHEY, PENNSYLVANIA—Doctors here have been told by several multiple sclerosis patients that marijuana smoking helps reduce their muscle spasms and the docs are very cautiously investigating the idea.

"Several of our multiple sclerosis patients said that smoking marijuana improved their spasticity," says Dr. Carl Ellenberger, a neurologist at Pennsylvania State Medical Center; so he set up a double-blind clinical study with Dr. Dennis Petro of the Food and Drug Administration, which supplied pure synthetic delta-9 THC for the purpose.

Nine patients were given capsules containing either placebo gelatin or 5-10 milligrams of THC once a day for three days; though neither patient nor administrator knew who got which sort of cap, the study was structured so that each patient was certain to get one dose of placebo and one dose of THC. Each patient was examined for depth and quality of muscle spasms at 90-minute intervals for six hours after administration and at the end of the study the results were correlated.

Altogether, THC appeared to "considerably lower" the patients' muscle spasms; improvement was greatest about three hours after taking the drug, although the effect persisted for five hours. Only one patient reported a high from the THC; and since another got high on the placebo itself, researchers concluded that 5-10 mg of THC, taken orally, isn't psychoactive but will reduce M.S. convulsions.

Since only THC was used in the Hershey study (whereas another cannabinoid, CBD, has known anticonvulsant properties), in low dosages, by the oral route of administration and among a very small number of patients, it is impossible to conclude that marijuana smoking will help some or even any M.S. patients to function better. "The reason we think the improvement from THC may be significant," emphasizes Dr. Ellenberger, "is that our patients found it important enough to bring to our attention. But this question will have to be settled by further trials."



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Cops Block Smuggler Strip, Killing Two in Fiery Crash



With pot-plane accidents already claiming scores of lives annually, new police policies are causing crashes.

A pilot, copilot and approximately 1,500 pounds of pot were wasted in an orange grove near Arcadia, Florida, by De Soto County sheriff's deputies, after the cops blocked an airstrip so that the gas-starved pot plane carrying them couldn't land. The cops had parked a bulldozer square in the middle of the short narrow strip and had the place staked out when the smugglers came in through the predawn fog. The plane was already running on one engine when the pilot sighted the

bulldozer. "He came over, apparently was having engine trouble, made one circle over that area, then banked," said county sheriff Frank Cline afterward.

While the plane was banking, its motor stalled, and the plane crashed into the nearby orange grove. In the ensuing blaze the bodies of the crew members were burned beyond recognition. The four men waiting to meet the plane—who were supposedly under surveillance by the cops—made a getaway on foot.

Somehow, all four of the cops' jeeps stalled simultaneously, leaving the officers unable to pursue the fleeing smugglers. Bloodhounds were called in but somehow arrived five hours late. The men were never found; if they had been busted, there might have been some very interesting testimony about how the pot plane had come to crash, killing two men.

- **Oakland, California**, cops busted nine Irvington High School kids for spare jays at what the cops called a "makeshift drugstore" in Irvington Park. The kids, nailed during lunch break, were suspended for a week without a hearing. "Sometimes it's one big party over there," claims Det. Bill Morse. "Parents ought to know that." They also ought to know that minors in California face seven years in jail for spare-jay busts.

- The market in southern Puerto Rico was recently flooded with marijuana recycled from a sugar mill in Ponce, where it was brought to be burned. Three employees of the sugar mill were arrested for allegedly stealing and selling some of the 40,000 pounds of pot seized by the Coast Guard around Puerto Rican waters. Narcs in Ponce are reportedly searching for a "well-known sportsman" they believe to be involved with the contraband scam.

- The managers and four staff shrinks of the Unity Health Care Clinic in the Bronx, New York, were busted for writing out as many as 1,080 bogus scripts for Valium, Elavil and Tuinol per day, six days a week, for months on end. The place averaged more than 360 customers per day. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) narcs said the volume of business indicated foul play in prescription practices.

On the same day, two top-level mafiosi along with six subordinates were busted in nearby Yonkers for possession of a pound of Percodan pills, plus a few pinches of coke as well as barbs, Valiums and Tuinols. Yonkers narc sources let on that the New York mob has taken to pushing pharmaceuticals since the Colombians and the DEA are handling the coke and smack traffic nowadays.

- Taken into custody were two people busted for running "the most extensive MDA laboratory ever in the Southeast": a Georgia Tech grad student and a woman who was busted a year earlier for selling ten pounds of MDA to the Georgia Bureau of Investigations narc who set her up. The lab, located in Atlanta, was the subject of an eight-month DEA investigation before the narcs closed in.

- "A sharp view is being taken in west Wales," a magistrate there informed a kid he was putting away for two years for a measly pipeful of Red Leb. "You may know that I take a hard view of drugs in west Wales, because of the contamination of young people. It extends to the whole of west Wales. Your instructing solicitors know that very heavy sentences are being given in this court for people who take drugs in west Wales."

- Two mice were squashed to death for eating approximately two grams of La Guajira dorada from evidence caches in the dope bin at the Long Beach, California, courthouse. Property Sgt. C.G. Shelly executed the pair without a warning shot after discovering them in the act.

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Four Pounds of Pure Found in Baby's Breath

"I knew it had to be some kind of dope or something," affirmed a florist in Minneapolis, North Carolina, who discovered four pounds of absolutely pure cocaine in a box of baby's breath imported from Florida. "The first thing I thought of," he revealed later, "was that I wanted that out of here."

The snort was gift wrapped in four packages in the baby's breath. Believing them to be gifts from his Miami flower supplier, the florist opened them and held the translucently wrapped white stuff up to the light. Then he took it straight to the Avery County sheriff's office, who sent a sample to a state lab.

When word got back to the county cops that the stuff was uncut snort, they hastily moved the whole batch into state-police custody under armed guard. "They'd blow up this little jail to get at that much cocaine," explained Sheriff J.D. Braswell.

• "A prudent man would have surrendered," assumes Arthur Nebrass of the FBI, in explaining the most spectacular Miami police-snuffing to date, involving no coke at all: "He had no place to go." Ten heavily armed FBI stooges had surrounded the house of a 34-year-old bail jumper who'd returned after skipping \$25,000 coke bond in 1977 to visit his wife and kid. Whoever shot first (FBI and eyewitness accounts conflict, as usual), a full-scale firefight promptly ensued. "The FBI fired their guns so fast it sounded like a machine gun to me," a neighbor claims. When the front window was blown out, the



North Carolina florist shows where he found four pounds of toot amidst Florida flora.

victim crashed through the jalousie windows in the back door into agents Reddi Franco and Benjamin Grogg, who shot him eight times. A "large-caliber revolver" retrieved near the body had been fired twice, say police.

• Forty-eight pounds of coke were seized in a series of drug busts in Queens and the Bronx, New York, in which ten Colombian aliens were arrested. According to a Drug Enforcement Administration spokesman, a pound of heroin, cash money, two rifles and two cars were also confiscated during the raids.

• A Jamaica, New York, man was picked up by the police in Scarsdale, New York, because he appeared to be "wandering" around the town's back streets at night. He turned out to be carrying ten pounds of heavily stepped snort and a .357 Magnum pistol, they say. Scarsdale police lieutenant Jack Donovan termed the snort discovery a fluke, saying the suspect initially drew their attention after a local woman called to report a strange Chevy parked in her driveway; patrolmen subsequently spotted the alleged mule walking around aimlessly. "He just got lost," says Donovan. The grounds on which the cops instituted the search of the man were not disclosed.



New York City cops are dwarfed by 90-pound sack of coke nabbed in Elmhurst, Queens, along with three Colombians.

HIT PARADE

A Christmas Carol

*Now hold thy cup of wassail high
(Spiked with Merck, or coke au vin),
Torch a sprig of Christmas Thai
And suck some Yuletide spirit in.*

*But of thy tree, deal but a bough,
Keep no bulk shipments near thy house:
The way the feds are cooking now
They'd set up Good King Wenceslaus.*

- 30,000 lbs of Guajira dorada aboard 88-foot *Cowboy*, 250 miles southwest of Key West, nabbed by USCG cutter *Point Lobos*; 5-member Florida crew busted.
- 30,000 lbs of Colombo aboard shrimper off Louisiana coast; 3 busted in USCG collar.
- 24,000 lbs of pot, packed with onions to hide the smell, in a tractor trailer near Decatur, Georgia; cops busted 10.
- 20,000 lbs of grass off Crawl Key, Florida, aboard 45-foot lobster boat *Miss Bonnie* plus 15 floaters; Customs Air Support Branch nabbed 5 Cubanos.
- 3,200 lbs of grass in a van in Miami; city narcs popped driver.
- 3,000 lbs of fume on two 23-foot formula boats, spotted by Customs aircraft off the Bahamas, and herded to the Miami Seaquarium for search; 3 Cubanos busted.
- 2,010 lbs of Colombian in a Winnebago in St. Tammany's Parish, Louisiana; state cop stop-pop.
- 1,500 lbs of standing plants in a 50-by-150-



Canadian narc runs fingers through some of the 1,800 psilocybin 'shrooms found growing in three rooms of a Montreal house.

foot greenhouse, in Ada, Oklahoma; 2 men, ages 57 and 60, popped by state narcs.

• 520 lbs of hash, 121 lbs of grass, in Sharon, Vermont; 3 Yanks, 1 Canadian popped by state cops.

• 120 lbs of hash nipped amid gunfire at Mirabel International Airport in Ottawa, Ontario; RCMP did all the shooting, busted father and son.



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Dope Deal Broadcast to Millions

A dope speculator in Chattanooga, Tennessee, recently contracted for a consignment of Mex at \$125 a pound—over a 50,000-watt commercial radio transmitter. About 20 seconds of the deal somehow went out over the air, in the middle of the 1:00 P.M. news, on Atlanta's WSB, an NBC affiliate. Nobody was quite sure whose line it was that was being tapped, by what agency, through what weird electromagnetic apparatus, or how the signals got crossed—but a WSB engineer soon flipped the switch off. We hope the Atlanta wholesalers heard about the snafu before the eavesdroppers did.

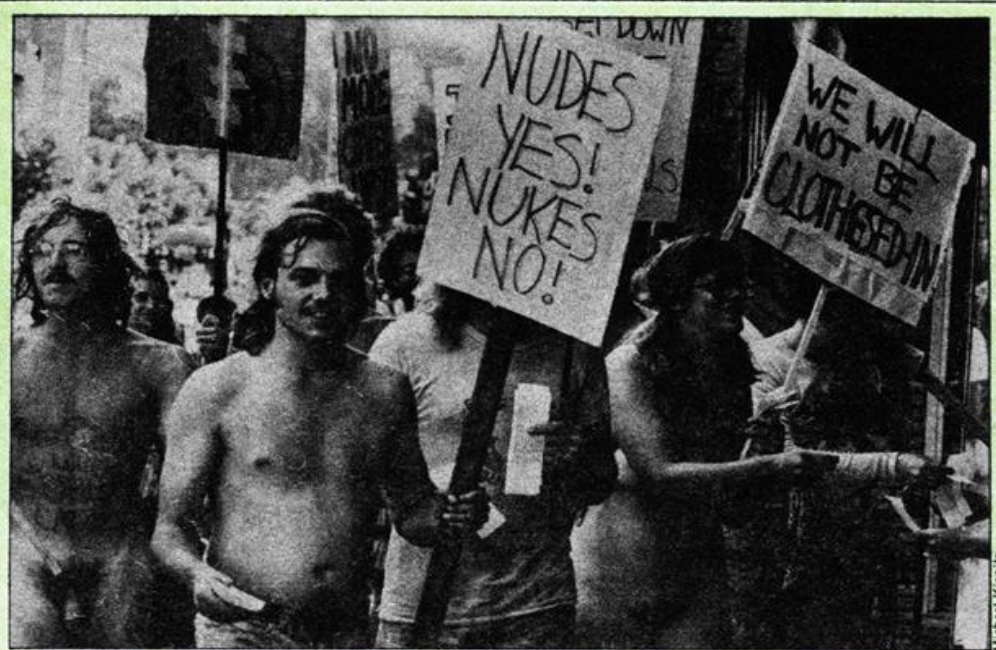
• American medical patients are probably subjected to about 95 percent more "care" than they really need, estimates Dr. Robert Mendelsohn of the University of Illinois. People would do well, Dr. Mendelsohn suggested, to "avoid doctors as much as possible." Most doctors and hospitals have routine "quota systems," he points out, by which all patients entering are routinely subjected to a wide battery of diagnostic and surgical procedures, whether they really need them or not. And the patients pay through the nose.

One of the reasons for all this, besides plain

insensate hospital bureaucracy, is fear of malpractice suits. As long ago as 1972, the American Medical Association was complaining that 71 percent of all diagnostic tests were not undertaken for considerations of patient health care, but for fear of future liability.

• "Why set them up like the sacred cow of India?" snorts Carl Mason of the Beaver Cooperative Association of Sturgis, Mississippi, who believes that beaver burgers could give McDonald's a run for their money. Accounts of 19th-century American pioneers, Mason points out, unanimously praised roasted beaver tail as a ravishing delicacy, and there's no reason his pelt-peddling firm shouldn't expand into producing beaver patties for internal consumption.

There are more than 500,000 living beavers in Mississippi alone. Felling trees and building dams with proverbial assiduity, they cause more than \$100 million in damage to U.S. farmland and property a year, and thus officially qualify as pests, not endangered animals. Mason might have trouble getting anyone outside his own company to bite into the first beaver burger, though: Beavers also qualify as rodents, as do rats.



Promoters of the unfettered epidermis take on nukes in—brrr—Wisconsin.

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Orlando Cepeda: "Never Been Happier in My Life"



Cepeda's back in baseball and "hitting 'em just like a kid."

Orlando Cepeda is back in baseball, after doing nine months of a five-year rap for moving 160 pounds of smoke from Puerto Rico to Miami in 1976. After a stint on work release in Philadelphia—at a beer company, no less—the legendary 375-homer hitter wrote to

Commissioner Bowie Kuhn and scored a training gig with the Reading Phillies, Philadelphia's class-AA farm team. "I'm out there every day with the kids now, and I'm hitting 'em just like a kid," he says, hefting his famous 44-ounce bat, one of the heaviest used in major league ball. "I got to have those bats. I have never been happier in my life."

• Tommy Rettig, 33, is now off the hook; Los Angeles federal prosecutors have decided against retrying him on coke charges. The 1950s "Lassie" TV star, who still claims that his bust was a setup engineered by coke smugglers about whom he'd been writing a *Snowblind*-type novel, was charged with running liquid snow to L.A. from Peru. The case was originally dismissed on grounds of irregularities in the search warrant and has now been dropped entirely.

• Congratulations to erstwhile New York Daily News columnist Mort Edelstein on his new gig as Drug Enforcement Administration flack—that is, "public information director"—for the Midwest. Edelstein, who is now quartered in Chicago, was also a newscaster for New York's Metromedia TV outlet, WNEW, which regularly runs the most superstitious antidope news spots in town. Sending Edelstein to the Midwest may be like hauling coals to Newcastle, but New York dopers are grateful for the respite.

Reefer Reform

Nevada Becomes 12th State to Approve Medical Marijuana

Nevada has become the 12th state to pass a bill allowing the use of marijuana for cancer chemotherapy and to alleviate glaucoma. The Carson City legislators emphasized that "only several hundred" people will be permitted to use grass in the preliminary research program.

As this "Reefer Reform" goes to press, the states that permit the use of marijuana or its derivative THC for therapeutic purposes are Nevada, Iowa, Minnesota, Texas, Oregon, New Mexico, Florida, Louisiana, Illinois, Virginia, West Virginia and California. Similar bills are pending in 9 other state legislatures.

Pennsylvania also has a grass-for-therapy program, run under the auspices of the state health department. The grass programs in all these states are very tightly controlled by federal bureaucrats, few of whom are physicians. For instance, New Mexico can "certify" only 100 patients for therapeutic pot, and the quota in Illinois is 400. Physicians and patients who find themselves excluded from these programs are encouraged to write to *High Times*, which, with NORML, is pressing for a loosening of bureaucratic Washington controls over a matter that is essentially a private one between doctor and patient.

• Tobacco smoking among youngsters between the ages of 12 and 18 has taken a very

significant dip since 1974, when 15.6 percent of them smoked cigarettes; now only 11.7 percent of them regularly do the poisonous weed, and the majority of the smokers are girls. Interestingly, the statistics for pot smoking in the same age group are almost exactly inverse: 12.4 percent occasionally smoked reefer in 1974, whereas now 16 percent are toking. Among high school seniors, one out of ten does at least one joint a day; this statistic discredits, once and for all, the "amotivational syndrome," since these kids are not dropouts.



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End-of-harvest figures show California sinsemillas having their best year yet, following a national pattern of flourishing homegrown. The Mexican harvest is also up, in part because of dislocations in the Colombian market occasioned by the end of the "mother ship" scam and intensified dope war. Ganja fans will be pleased to note that Jamaica continues to make a strong showing in the marketplace with sinsemillas rivaling and sometimes passing those of California and Asia. Best buys: primo Mexican at \$500-\$700 a pound and lightweight homegrown at \$100-\$200 a pound. A psychedelic revival continues to generate scores of mushroom, cactus and chemical trips—even the legendary windowpane acid has made a comeback in the West. Cocaine remains stable at about \$100 a gram, with quality the main problem.

AUSTRALIA

Domestic bush grass	quality varies	oz	30-40
Domestic sinsemilla	mediocre at best	lb	350-550
Colombian pot	trickling in	oz	55-75
		lb	500-700
Kenyan shake	better than nothing	oz	75-120
Thai sticks	super smoke, sparse	lb	80-120
Pseudo sticks	useless	lb	900-1200
New Zealand Cannabis	leaf, tasty,	one	15-20
Domestic hash	true shit	oz	175-250
		lb	8-13
Nepalese	slabs too, fingers	oz	100-125
Indian hash oil	brown, so-so	oz	75
Mushrooms	ubiquitous	lb	600-750
LSD	tiles, blots	oz	50-100
		lb	300-500
Mandrax	rare but there	oz	250-400
		lb	3000-4500
		gm	20-45
		oz	420-620
		oz	50-75
		one	4-6
		100	300-500
		one	2-3.50
		100	100-200

CANADA

Homegrown	decent, considering	oz	25-35
Commercial Colombian	glut	lb	100-250
Gold and red Colombian	mostly red	oz	50-65
Hawaiian buds	Vancouver and points west	lb	500-750
Mexican tops	back in business	oz	70-85
		lb	600-900
California sinsemilla	for an arm and a leg	oz	180-250
Thai sticks	mostly ersatz	lb	2000-3000
Moroccan hash	green and great	oz	60-100
LSD	4-way and strawberry blots	lb	600-800
Synthetic mescaline	horse caps	oz	225-300
Cocaine	improving	lb	2200-3000
MDA	all PCP	one	15-20
		gm	1500-2500
		one	5
		oz	100-135
		gm	2000-2500
		one	3-5

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta	voluminous, much warehousing	oz	5-10
Commercial domestic	more megatons	lb	50-80
Colombian	still trying	oz	2-4
Hash oil	z-z-z-z-z	lb	50-80
Mushrooms	coming to U.S. soon	oz	10-30
Cocaine	bull market, a top year	lb	100-250
		oz	1500-2000
		oz	40-75
		oz	175-225
		lb	2500-3000

ENGLAND

African grass	some ho-hum sticks	oz	120
Colombian	only on blue moons	lb	1350
Kashmir twist	small, but good	oz	120
Thai sticks	OK	one	6
Black Kashmir hash	knockout, scarce	oz	25
Moroccan hash	average, strong supply	oz	180-225
Paki black hash	more than usual	oz	90-100
Hash oil	sold in milligrams, too	lb	950-1000
		oz	120
		lb	1450-1500
		gm	25-30
		oz	480-540

LSD	embargoed by cops	one	4.50-7.50
Cocaine	loads, reasonable, excellent	100 gm	300
Opium	vintage year	oz	135-180
		oz	270
Mandrax	limey 'ludes	lb	180-300
		one	1800-2100
		one	1-1.50

MEXICO

Torreón	scarce as the Holy Grail	oz	10-15
Oaxacan tops	bigger than your head	lb	50-100
Mexican sinsemilla	much pollinated	oz	2-5
Acapulco gold	Aztec treasure	oz	50-90
		lb	2-5
Guerrero gold	paralyzing	oz	30-60
		lb	10-20
Pueblo gold	on the comeback trail	oz	50-100
Emerald hash	goes to L.A.	oz	6-10
Cocaine	sucker buy	lb	25-60
Opium	searching for a market	oz	5-8
		oz	30-75
		lb	20-50
		gm	300-500
		oz	30-50
		oz	400-700
		oz	50-100
		lb	400-600

PERU

Brown buds	swamp weed	oz	4-5
Gold buds	highland treat	lb	55-75
Lechuga	"lettuce" pot	oz	10
Coca leaves	from the coast	lb	70-80
Coca paste	more fun than gum	lb	35
Cocaine	head salve	gm	1.50-2
Quaaludes	90 percent pure, world's best	kilo	1100
	local product, real losers	gm	5-10
		kilo	8500
		one	.20

SPAIN

African pot	boring	oz	35
Spanish griffe	a pleasant surprise	lb	400
Moroccan hash	try something else	oz	15-20
Lebanese hash	straight from Cyprus	kilo	400-500
Moroccan hash oil	dark and potent	oz	40-50
LSD	available	oz	900-1200
Cocaine	winner by a nose	oz	50-60
Quaaludes	the besta for siesta	kilo	1500-1700
		liter	1200-1500
		one	3-5
		100	200-300
		gm	80-120
		oz	1500-2000
		100	200-400

USA

Top-grade Mexican sinsemilla	a very good year	oz	30-60
Quality Jamaican sinsemilla	quality-control problems	lb	450-650
Commercial Colombian	rising tide	oz	45-60
Connaisseur	taking U.S. by storm	lb	500-650
Seedless Colombian	market sated	oz	35-50
Colombian shake	astonishingly hard to find	lb	425-500
Colombian seeds	halfhearted sinse	oz	75-125
	too seedy	lb	800-1250
	take your chances	oz	20-35
		lb	375-450
		oz	50-70
		lb	450-600
		oz	40-55
		lb	450-550
		oz	20
		lb	200-275
		lb	25

Pseudo Thai sticks	go home	oz	75-125
Thai sticks	caveat emptor	lb	750-1250
California red hair	kick-ass fume	oz	15-20
California sinsemilla	leafy	oz	150-175
California indicus seeds	legal	lb	175-200
California indicus seedlings		lb	1200-1750
Hawaiian	heaven for a price	oz	150-200
Moroccan hash	a good last resort	lb	1200-2000
Lebanese hash	hello, old friend	oz	1
Black Afghani hash	expensive, good	lb	75
Nepalese hash	pressed balls and fingers	oz	150-225
Paki hash	novelty item	lb	1200-2200
Indian hash	from the old masters	oz	75-100
Hash oils	little of late	lb	675-900
Psilocybin mushrooms	frozen, dried, fresh	oz	85-120
Peyote	strong supply	lb	1000-1400
LSD	101 varieties	oz	1500-1800
Cocaine	sniff around for buys	lb	100-150
Quaaludes	lots of phoneys	oz	1000-1250
MDA	seek and ye shall find	lb	100
Crystal meth	ace, if real McCoy	oz	1350
PCP	the pits	gm	125-160
		oz	1000-1300
		gm	25-50
		oz	400-800
		oz	25-45
		lb	100-250
		oz	15-25
		lb	125-200
		one	1.50-3
		100	100-200
		gm	80-120
		oz	900-1800
		one	3-5
		100	250-350
		gm	35-60
		gm	40-75
		oz	750-1500
		gm	60-75

Alaska

Commercial Colombian	strong supply	oz	50-60
Connaisseur Colombian	resurgence, price stampede	lb	450-525
Domestic weed	good A.M. smoke	oz	60-75
Mexican weed	back	lb	525-750
Hawaiian	demand exceeds supply	oz	25-40
Puna buds	best buy when around	lb	100-200
Hawaiian shake	standard issue	oz	30-50
Lebanese hash	why bother like snowflakes in hell	lb	400-550
Hash oil	many bogus	oz	200-275
Cocaine	old reliable	lb	2000-2200
Quaaludes	White cross	oz	35-50
		gm	10-20
		oz	130-175
		gm	35-65
		gm	100-150
		oz	2000-3000
		one	6-15
		one	.50
		100	20-35

Hawaii

Puna buds	potent stuff	oz	125-200
Kona gold	tourist beware	lb	1200-2000
Mauna Loa	price hikes	oz	100-140
Maui wowie	wet with resin	lb	1000-1500
Oahu shake	great buy	oz	100-130
Leaf sticks	fluffy, clean	lb	1200-1500
Mountain seeds	big as peas	oz	100-150
LSD	dots and blots	lb	1000-1800
Mushrooms	free fun	oz	20-40
Cocaine	taste for every nose	one	5-10
Amphetamines	crosses, black beauts	four	.25
		one	2-4
		gm	free
		oz	75-125
		oz	1500-2000
		one	2

High Times welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope. ☐

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Interview:

Kinky Friedman

**An outrageous Xmas interview
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by Larry Sloman

Right now, the hottest nightclub phenom in New York is a mossy-haired Hebe from the heart of Texas who alternates poignant state-of-the-culture anthems with broad parodies like "Asshole from El Paso" and who, between songs, manages to offend every conceivable ethnic and racial affiliation. Kinky Friedman is, as he would say, hotter than a set of jumper cables at a nigger funeral.

So they come from all over to the Lone Star Cafe to eat the three-alarm chili and drink the Texas brew and wait till, sooner or later, the Original Texas Jewboy dumps on their ethnic persuasion. And they love it. Kinky's audience is like a cultural mosaic. A few hippies searching for the Fillmore. Some uptown blacks. Some Scarsdale Jews. Bikers. Gays. Boat people. Nearly every celeb from Andy Warhol to David Halberstam has been around to catch the Kinky Man's act. And, depending on what season it is, you'll most likely find Goose Gossage and half the Yankee bullpen or John Davidson and the entire Ranger defense singing along on "They Ain't Making Jews Like Jesus Anymore."

If there weren't a Kinky Friedman, we would have had to invent him. A cigar-chomping menorah-glitter cowboy spewing racial epithets while singing some of the most sensitive lyrics ever writ. Kinky's got a terminal case of cultural schizophrenia—a Jew who grew up in the Lone Star State, who came to terms with being a 20th-century American while teaching Borneo natives how to use the Frisbee in the Peace Corps, and who operates under the theory that even bigots need some entertainment in their dreary lives. His abusive, corrosive stage persona makes Don Rickles seem like a shoo-in for a National Brotherhood Award. He is truly a man for our times.

By the time Kinky was 13, he had already evidenced the pangs of his restless creativity by rocking the folks in his hometown of Kerrville, Texas, with his grade-school anthem "Old Ben Lucas" ("Old Ben Lucas had a lot of mucus, hanging right out of his nose / He'd pick and pick till it made you sick, but back again it grows"). This song later surfaced in a Hollywood film, *Prime Time*, that called on Kinky to snort a 25-foot line of what the Jewboy calls Peruvian marching powder before breaking into song.

After four years of college at the University of Texas at Austin, where he majored in Literature and Jungle Languages, Friedman wound up in Borneo as a member of the Peace Corps. While in the jungle, he wrote some of his most powerful songs, like "Ride 'Em, Jewboy," the first pop song about the Holocaust.

Kinky made his musical assault in the country-western casino of Nashville with *Sold American*, his first album, which was issued on the Vanguard label. After a few years of being the litmus test for anti-Semitism and on the verge of mass acceptance from the conservative Nashville music establishment, he left to seek his fortunes in the whiter pastures of Tinseltown. During this period he released a second LP, *Kinky Friedman*, on the ABC-Dunhill label, which moved one critic to comment that it "sounds as if this poor Jewboy has been possessed by the spirits of Jim Croce, Cowboy Copas and Lenny Bruce simultaneously."

In Hollywood, Kinky totaled his karma; and after a year spent cracking the movie world in various cameos, he finally retreated, hermit style, to his family's ranch in Kerrville. There he penned more significant ballads of our time, like "Take-It-Easy Trailer Park," in between



When Kinky is in New York he watches o



Scott Heiser

er the Lone Star Cafe's rooftop mascot, an iguana. Not shown: the rather huge pooper scooper.



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shooting pool and eating oysters. Near the end of 1975, Bob Dylan requested Kinky's presence on the Rolling Thunder Revue. After that tour, a third album, *Lasso* from El Paso, was released, featuring the Rolling Thunder people and stars like Eric Clapton, the Band and Ringo Starr.

Today, Friedman is rapidly becoming a legend in his own mind. Just check out Joseph Heller's best-seller *Good as Gold*. Right there on page 430, a former governor of Texas tells Heller's fictional hero Bruce Gold, "Gold, I like you. You remind me a lot of the famous country singer from Texas I'm crazy about, a fellow calls himself Kinky Friedman, the Original Texas Jewboy. Kinky's smarter, but I like you more." And, next page: "That Henry Kissinger," the governor went on, "Funny looking fellow with that nose of his and bumblebee mouth. Had hair like Kinky's, but Kinky is smarter."

Heller ain't whistling Dixie there. Friedman is one smart boychik, and now, just past 30 and with three legendary LPs under his belt, he is about to break out

"The Friedman family motto is The Jews own the world, the Catholics run it, the Protestants work it, and the niggers and the Mexicans basically enjoy it."

like Willie and Waylon did last year. High Times caught up with the Kinky Man in New York City, where he is now living. With new management behind him, Kinky was busy mulling over several recording and motion-picture offers. He was also wrapping Hanukkah presents for his folks back home in Rio Duckworth, Texas. With a heavy snow falling outside, and with an old Van Dyke Parks album playing softly on the stereo, Friedman gave us a revealing glimpse of the man behind the misanthrope.

High Times: Watching you perform at the Lone Star, alternating those incredibly poignant songs like "Ride 'Em, Jewboy" and "Sold American" with the crude patter, always tottering on the brink of bad taste but always pulling it off—there's a certain magic in what you do.

Kinky: I'm not really that great. I just have a brilliant pharmacist.

High Times: Kinky, you've sort of become the darling of the New York cocktail set, attracting everyone from famous literati to Warhol to hockey players. It's a vast panorama of people who have jumped on the Kinky bandwagon. Who's your best



Kinky Friedman: "I'm a stand-up tragedy."

audience? Who really understands you?

Kinky: Well, you come to see what you want to see, you know. Audiences are very different. Like, in Texas, I'm taken literally. I've always said that bigots need to be entertained too. I'll finish a show there and some of the audience is yelling, "More nigger jokes!" One guy after the show told me, "Kinky, you're the loosest Jew I ever met." And in New York, they come backstage and say, "How refreshing. It's so refreshing."

High Times: Well, are we to take you literally? I mean, do you basically hate Negroes and women?

Kinky: No, no, I'm rather fond of Negroes. I hate all slits, though. I like Negroes. I don't like their music or their food very much. But I'm fond of Negroes. Want to hear one of my best nigger jokes? You know why Negroes wear broad-brimmed hats?

High Times: No.

Kinky: To keep the birds from shitting on their lips. You know the Friedman family motto? I don't think this has ever been published anywhere, but it's true: The Jews own the world, the Catholics run it, the Protestants work it, and the niggers and the Mexicans basically enjoy it. I like all of them. I don't see why I shouldn't be



are you just happy to see me?" No question about it, the fagolas and the Peruvian-marching-powder people got the whole disco trend going.

High Times: There were rumors you were going to adopt a gay baby. . . .

Kinky: No, that was false. Actually, my plan at that time was to adopt an adult Korean.

High Times: Have you ever had any tension conventions at any of your performances?

Kinky: Yeah, but not with Negroes. They're right on the Richard Pryor wavelength, right off the bat. Negroes love me; I don't really know why.

High Times: Maybe it's your hair?

Kinky: Quite possibly so. The tension convention is with the women's liberation people. I was once at Buffalo University, and I did my women's-lib song, "Get Your Biscuits in the Oven and Your Buns in the Bed." All these slits started charging the stage, tearing at the equipment. Some of them were sobbing hysterically; I couldn't believe it. The cops came and were hauling these chicks off, and I was yelling, "Why don't you lick my salt block, honey?" We

"Why hire a pet Italian to tell Italian jokes and a pet nigger to tell nigger jokes, a pet Heebie-Jeebie to tell Jewish jokes, when the same man could tell them all?"

able to cover the spiritual waterfront. I mean, why have to hire a pet Italian to tell Italian jokes and a pet nigger to tell nigger jokes, a pet Heebie-Jeebie to tell Jewish jokes, when the same man could tell them all? I've just got to decide whether the jokes should come between the songs or the songs between the jokes. One of these days I will. In the meantime, I'm a stand-up tragedy. What the hell.

High Times: Another group you seem to satirize is your basic gays.

Kinky: Well, I'm not a fagola myself. Know what we call a queer in Texas? Anybody who likes girls more than he likes football. I wrote one fagola song called "Homo Erectus," and I wrote it when I saw an alligator crawl into Bloomingdale's department store and order a T-shirt with one of those little faggots on the pocket. Frankly, I think we're all unconscious fagolas, because, like I've often said, hosing is one of the most overrated things in America, and taking a dump is one of the most underrated. I like fagolas, like that guy in San Francisco, Harvey Milk, the one that was killed. I thought he was a heavy guy. Harvey's last words reportedly were: "Is that a pistol in your pocket, or

needed a police escort to get out of that bugger. Berkeley takes things literally. Buffy Sainte-Marie takes things literally.

High Times: You had a run-in with her, didn't you?

Kinky: We had a fairly tedious scene in San Francisco. I think that I deal with the Indian cause probably as heavily as Buffy does. We did a song called "Kind of Like an Indian" where I wear this big Indian headdress and all the guys in the band wear these little dime-store headdresses. And it's fairly humorous. She came out onstage during our set and tried to grab my headdress, and she was running around just outrageous, and I said, "Well, if we can just reach one person, I think I'm a success." It was fairly ugly. But it's a sin to be gloomy. It's important to laugh. I like to elevate people's spirits. Be whatever the hell you are. I mean, Indians can be Jews, Arabs can be Negroes, and everybody can be an American. It's all a question of mind over matter. If you don't mind, it don't matter.

High Times: But you do seem to have a certain hard-on toward women.

Kinky: Well, as Tom Baker says, dames is grief. He also said a man without a woman



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is like a neck without a pain. I don't know. Some people have called me a male show-business pig, but I'm not, really. I'm not a great admirer of women. I find that the songs written about them are more worthy than the women. The songs Hank Williams wrote about his wife are far more beautiful than his wife ever was. I just tend to ID with men, that's all. My attitude is that a man can live with his wife for 50 years and still she doesn't understand him, whereas he can go down and talk to the man at the Greyhound station and tell him his life story in five minutes and he would understand. My view about women is basically adolescent, I have to admit. I don't hate them. I like to get a little kosher pussy every once in a while.

High Times: What's your favorite type of woman? Do you have a favorite color? What do you look for in a woman?

Kinky: I look for eyes... the way they laugh, their ass, their legs, their feet. I don't like women with large zoobers. I like women that have a lot of character, that are real people. I never hosed a French

"I brought Frisbee to Borneo. I taught the children over there how to play. And then some of the natives stole the Frisbees and used them to make their lips big."

woman or an Italian or one of those. I would like to do that sometime. But I've hosed virtually every other. I'll get married in the next couple of years.

High Times: How about in your sex area? Do you consider yourself kinky?

Kinky: They don't call me Friedman for nothing, hoss.

High Times: What's the kinkiest sexual act you've ever committed?

Kinky: I'll have to take a spiritual rain check on that one. Let's get out of this one area; let's take a lighter thing that's not quite so heavily philosophical.

High Times: Huh?

Kinky: Women are beautiful creatures as long as they don't try to be too serious and earnest. If they are, they're wasting their time and spoiling their beauty. Do you know what kind of girl I like? I like one that looks like a French newsboy. When I was going to go to Boogerland in the Peace Corps, I liked the idea of a blond-haired British girl driving a jeep. Some ambassador's daughter or something over there. I think that would be attractive, a woman driving a jeep. A chestnut mare is good, you know.

High Times: Didn't you have a kind of tragic thing happen with a woman right



"Saturday Night Live" 's John Belushi with the

before you went into the Peace Corps in Borneo?

Kinky: Yeah, it was in Maine, before I left, during the cultural-empathy period they made us go through. I don't want to reveal the name, in the interests of national security, but this girl was putting a lip lock on my lobster one evening and she knew I was leaving for Borneo. So she started crying, and I noticed that her tears were falling right on my penis. It was humorous to some, but it was really very touching. She was sending my penis to Venus, and right afterward I said, "Would you like a beer for a chaser?" My friend Dylan Ferraro, of the Eyetalian persuasion, has a theory about women—the cigarette theory.

High Times: What's that?

Kinky: That is how, after you hose a woman, how long it takes before you go for a cigarette is a very important indication of your feelings for the girl. Normally it's about 20 seconds after you come. If you take a minute and a half, that means you feel a certain fondness for the girl. And if it's as much as five minutes, it's love. Love to me is... I'm into the old thing of Dr. Zhivago and Joe DiMaggio. I think that love can cross miles and centuries. I watch soap operas, too.

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did that a lot. And their word for fishing, translated, means "visiting the fish." It's a nice way of looking at things. I had a wonderful time, and I left a lot of people on the other side of a dream over there. I'd like to go back sometime.

Over there, every week they'd fly out some Peace Corps guy in a helicopter who'd snapped his wig and send him back with an American psychiatrist. When I got back they tried to draft me. I saw pictures of Vietnam, and the Vietnamese wear these funny little hats with pointed tops that looked just like the people in Borneo that I was working with for two years. So I got a rabbi and the Peace Corps director and my shrink to all say that I had to be "returned to my own culture." And I got out of the draft being declared a certified madman.

In many ways it's easier, I think, to have been in Vietnam than Borneo. Take a man completely out of his culture, where he has no Bob Hope, no USO, no TV dinners, no nothing, and no friends to talk to. That will do it to you. Imagine me—a little

**"The Jews
have had cocaine
around for
thousands of
years, man;
we always just
called it horseradish,
that's all."**

High Times: How about Borneo? You were there a couple of years with the Peace Corps.

Kinky: I was the man who brought Frisbee to Borneo. I did. My mother sent over about 50 Frisbees, and I taught the children over there how to play Frisbee—they'd never seen one. And then some of the natives stole the Frisbees and used them to make their lips big. Upset my program quite considerably.

High Times: Were you a missionary of sorts, too? Did you introduce them to religion?

Kinky: No, I belong to the Church of the Latter-Day Businessman, basically, and I feel that for all the people that are Gentiles, may the little baby Jesus smile upon you, and for everybody of the Jewish persuasion, may all your wishes be little gefilte fishes. And if you're driving, don't forget your car. But Borneo was amazing. Imagine yourself in a place like that: no television, no cars, no parking meters in the whole country. You sit there and listen to your hair grow and eat oysters and go out fishing at night with torches on the river. They never catch any fish in Borneo because the rivers flow too fast. But they get drunk as hell and fish and have fun. I

Heebie-Jeebie—there in the jungle listening to Radio Pakistan reporting the Six-Day War, reporting that Tel Aviv was in flames and all the Jews were being driven into the sea. Or listening to the World Series—Detroit and Saint Louis, at four o'clock in the morning. It was the best World Series I ever heard. You get stoned there and you walk home . . .

High Times: Get stoned on what?

Kinky: Betel nuts is the best. Chew betel nut and drink some tuak, which is rice wine, and smoke any kind of ganja. And you walk home, you don't know if you're in Hawaii or on Mars or what. You see these giant ants—it's beyond belief. You feel great power when you're stoned over there, 12,000 miles away from anything you know. But I wasn't into any Peruvian marching powder over there or anything. I don't know if you know this, but when I lived in Hollywood a few years back, I used to do a lot of your Irving Berlin White Christmas. Other people turned me on to it: the Captain and Toenail, Barry Antelope, The Disappointer Sisters, Olivia Neutron-Bomb, we all took drugs together. Anyway, I finally stopped snorting cocaine about two weeks ago, when Bob Marley fell out of my left nostril. But Jews have had cocaine



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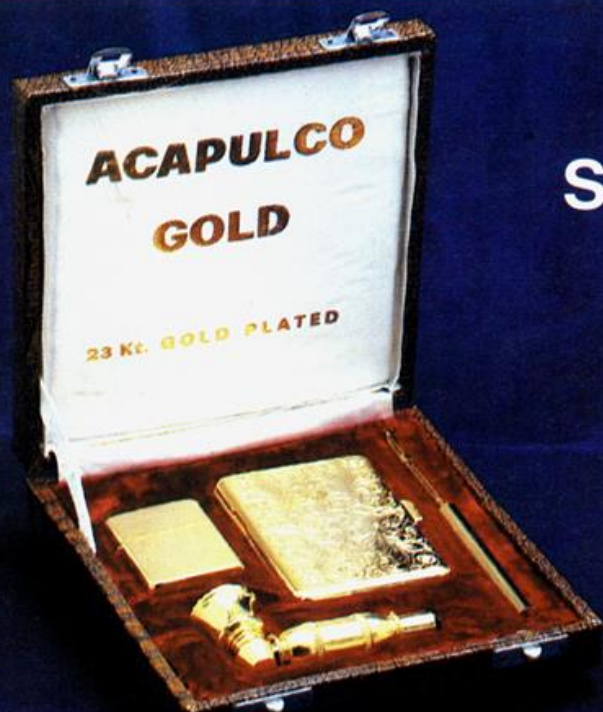
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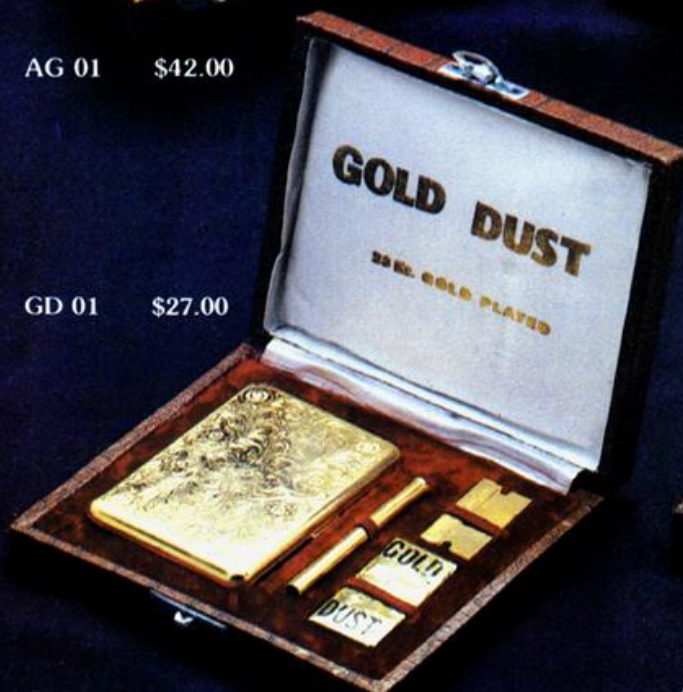
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Film director Lina Wertmüller is swept away by the Texas Jewboy at New York's Bottom Line.

"I have no advice on whether people should take drugs. My attitude is you got to find what you like and let it kill you. You never know what the monkey eat until the monkey shit."

around for thousands of years, man; we always just called it horseradish, that's all.

High Times: How about you—do you find drugs inspiring when you write?

Kinky: No. They're totally nonfunctional. All I do now is drink Perrier and eat asparagus tips. No, what do you call those little buggers?

High Times: Bean sprouts?

Kinky: Yeah, bean sprouts. Seriously, I like fish ice cream and big hairy steaks and a little bit of Chateau de Catpiss every once in a while.

High Times: But you've pretty much given up drugs?

Kinky: Well, I've always said that reality is only for those people who are afraid to face hard drugs. I don't think drugs are very good. They give you a real Swiss-cheese effect. Marching powder never does it for you; cocaine, if you take it long enough, you'll find that you have a brain about the size of a LeSueur pea. It's a silly fucking thing. Now gorilla biscuits, Quaaludes, that's a truth drug, that's the problem there. You say exactly what you feel, and it's dangerous to do that. But it seems that people who are on drugs are some of the sweetest people in the world. I mean, just the nicest, the people who are

spinning out of control. But I have no advice on whether people should take drugs. My attitude is you got to find what you like and let it kill you. You never know what the monkey eat until the monkey shit. For me, the architecture of my personality is so repellent already that I don't need to do things like cocaine. But I'm not against preservatives.

High Times: When you came back from Borneo, and started on the show-biz trip; there was this heavy Jewish emphasis—Kinky and the Texas Jewboys. That seems to be toned down now.

Kinky: Well, if it hadn't been for the presidents of all the record companies being Jewish, we definitely would have had something a lot heavier than Frank Zappa and the Mothers had, you know. Something really commercially successful. But the problem with it was—I figured this out in the jungle—was that I was the bastard child of twin cultures. I was authentically Texas and Jewish.

High Times: What does that make you?

Kinky: A jet-set gypsy. You don't fit in anywhere you go.

High Times: Well, what's the Texan in you like? What's the Jew in you like?

Kinky: All right, I'll tell ya. I'm proud of

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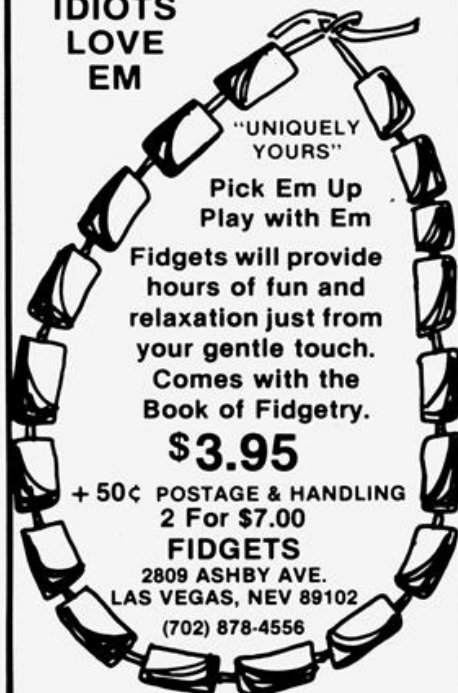
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both heritages. The Jew in me practices/preaches gentleness, kindness, sensitivity, and all the qualities that your average brontosaurus material, your Texas bullethead, might not have. Okay? Or might well learn from. But it's also the same Jew who marched into the gas chambers playing accordions and violins, you know? Some of them did, anyway; a lot of them didn't want to make a scene. You'll notice that there are no closet Texans. So Jews can learn from Texans on that. To be proud of what you are and stand up for it. Jews can't help being what they are, and they can't get away from it, no matter what they do. I think old Isaac Baldhead Singer once said the one illness the Jews don't have is amnesia. They never forget. I'm glad we can cover the spiritual waterfront that way. It's important. I like people like Will Rogers, Anne Frank, fucking people that didn't feel sorry for themselves. I think that Judy Garland, LBJ and Lenny Bruce were too much. They were spotlight diggers, as Dr.

**"I've always
said that
reality is
only for
those people
who are
afraid to face
hard drugs."**

John says; they might have been incredible people, but they wanted people to love them more than anything else in the world. Well, we can't hit the stage hating the world; you must have something to say that means something and communicate it in the Woody Guthrie spirit, which I'm doing today, because I'm currently on the Brooks Brothers label, as you may know. But I will record again soon; I'm threatening to do that.

High Times: You said you had some resistance at first from the record companies because the executives were Jewish?

Kinky: "Ride 'Em, Jewboy" freaked them out. It's amazing how many people hear the first line in that song ["Ride, ride 'em, Jewboy / Ride 'em all around the old corral"] and laugh, and by the end of the song they don't know whether to shit or go blind. This big Heebie-Jeebie rabbi, a guy that drives a Yom Kippur Clipper—that's a Jewish Cadillac, it stops on a dime and picks it up—wrote in a rabbinical journal that "Ride 'Em, Jewboy" was the only western translation of what is essentially an eastern experience, the Holocaust. It's the only pop song of that genre. But frankly, it hasn't kept me in cigarettes. But I'll tell you what, cowboys and Jewboys are similar in a hell of a lot of ways besides the

fact that they both wear their hats indoors. Texans don't know about Jews, though. The only Jews they've ever seen are like in National Geographic. But as my friend Dylan says, anti-Semitism hasn't hurt me that much. You know what anti-Semitism is. Today it means hating Howard Cosell more than is necessary. Of course, all this born-again Jesus stuff could get heavy.

High Times: I was going to ask you that, coming onto the Christmas time...

Kinky: Do you know why Jesus crossed the road?

High Times: No, why is that?

Kinky: Somebody nailed him to a chicken. Get it?

High Times: What about this wave of people being born-again Christians in music and show business? Culture heroes.

Kinky: Well, take Bob Dylan; I think he's just doing that to piss off Allen Ginsberg. I haven't seen Bob's brand of it yet. Roger McGuinn's brand is a nice quiet brand, which I don't mind at all. My feeling is that the evangelical kind is very dangerous—the kind that totally erases your past so you don't drink, don't smoke. I hate nonsmoking vegetarians. If it does erase the personality that you had, then that's really criminal. Many people in Nashville, country-music people, have gotten into that, and it's a really tedious thing. It's more dangerous than speed or any other kind of fucking drug you can take. I mean, I like the Old Man, the Boy and the Spook, myself, you know. My form of Judaism relates to people. A good Christian is a good Jew, and a good Jew is a good Christian. And I like the Arabs too. I think they're Chaplinesque. The only ones I don't relate to are krauts. In fact, they're my second-favorite people.

High Times: Who's your first?

Kinky: My first is everybody else. But I sincerely believe that we all have a little bit of Nazi in us and a little bit of Jew and a little bit of Christian. I just don't believe that when you die and fall through the trap door that there's going to be a particular hell down there. Jews are really funny; they've had an important part in a lot of shit. Been in a lot of movements in this country. But Jews are not necessarily pleasant. I mean, I'm not that fond of people just because they've got a little Yamaha on their head. I don't see this born-again thing as that different from Moonies or Hare Krishna. I don't think it is. And when I see Bob Dylan again, I hope he won't be quoting Deuteronomy or something like that to me, you know?

High Times: Well, if he is, what would you tell him?

Kinky: I'd tell him to take a whiz on an electric fence.

High Times: You're pretty active, I understand, in the political arena.

Kinky: Yes. Well, I've got several causes...

High Times: Besides yourself?

Kinky: Besides myself. I'm not particularly



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fond of sperm whales. I hate anything natural. But I would like to say that I'm against the Russkies. I'm not fond of the Russkies. And my motto for many years has been Save Soviet Jews, win valuable prizes. And I had a campaign going where I ask people to send their circumcisions to me here in New York and I will wrap those little buggers up, and I've been sending them over to Russia. And they plant them over there and they grow little dick-tators. But that's one cause.

High Times: How about heroes? Do you have any heroes from the political area?

Kinky: I've always liked Jack Ruby very much. He was the original Texas Jewboy. I modeled my style after him. A very slick, Dallas sort of character. A little-known fact about Jack Ruby is that he was one of the last people to book Hank Williams. He was friends with Hank when no one else would book Hank.

High Times: What other culture heroes do you have?

Kinky: Cal Worthington and Crazy Eddie

"I'm not fond of the Russkies. My motto for many years has been Save Soviet Jews, win valuable prizes."

are my two favorites, as far as actors.

High Times: I know Crazy Eddie; he's that loud-mouthed stereo salesman whose commercials are always on, but who's Cal Worthington?

Kinky: Who's Cal Worthington?!

High Times: Well, a lot of our readers may not know who Cal Worthington is.

Kinky: Jesus Christ! I can't believe that. Can someone not know who Cal Worthington is? I mean, did Hitler shave his mustache? Do fish fart underwater? Are the Kennedys gun-shy? I can't believe someone doesn't know Cal Worthington. He sells cars on television in L.A. Another great guy is Merle Haggard, and a great writer. There's a guy I figured would be a total bullethead. I met him at a Howard Johnson's in L.A. one night. Just the two of us. And we traded songs, which I never do—that Kris Kristofferson-Johnny Cash passing-the-guitar thing. I hate that.

High Times: You and Merle traded songs? What did you sing?

Kinky: I sang "Sold American" and passed the guitar to him. He sang "Every Fool Has a Rainbow." I sang "Ride 'Em, Jewboy," he sang "Farmer's Daughter," which is a beautiful song of his. I sang "Asshole from El Paso," which is Merle's song, actually, but Buck Owens, who owns the publish-



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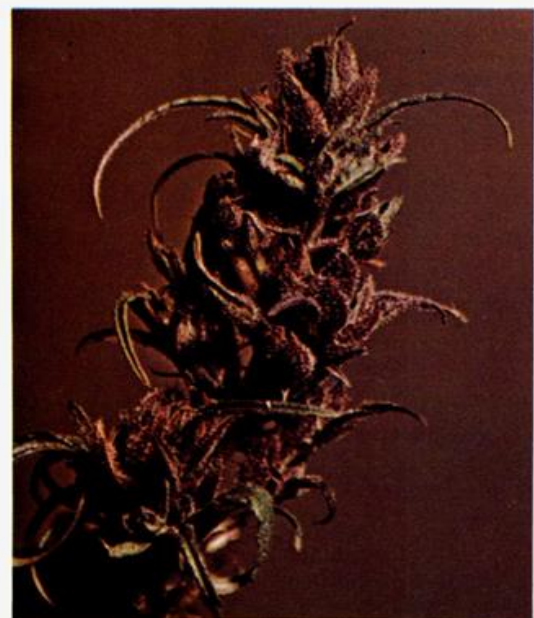


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ing, sued me on that one. And he did something like "The Fighting Side of Me." I found him to be an incredibly gentle and sensitive American.

High Times: You're kind of like a cultural facilitator in a lot of ways. You seem to bring the weirdest cross sections of Americans together.

Kinky: I'm like the Jew in history. The middleman. I love bringing different kinds of people together. Like the other night, a truck driver that I know picked up a hippie on the highway. The hippie was just sitting there in a full lotus position, and the trucker picked him up, and the hippie gets in the cab and says, "I really like your rig, good buddy." The trucker says, "Right arm, man, right arm." The hippie says, "Put the hammer down, good buddy." And the trucker says, "Right arm, man, right arm." And they drove a couple of hundred miles together and finally the trucker drops the hippie off, and as the hippie gets out he says, "Now man, I don't want to embarrass you, but that's not what us hippies like to say. We don't say 'right arm.' We say, 'Right on, man, right on.'" And the trucker goes, "Aw, Jesus, what a bumper!"

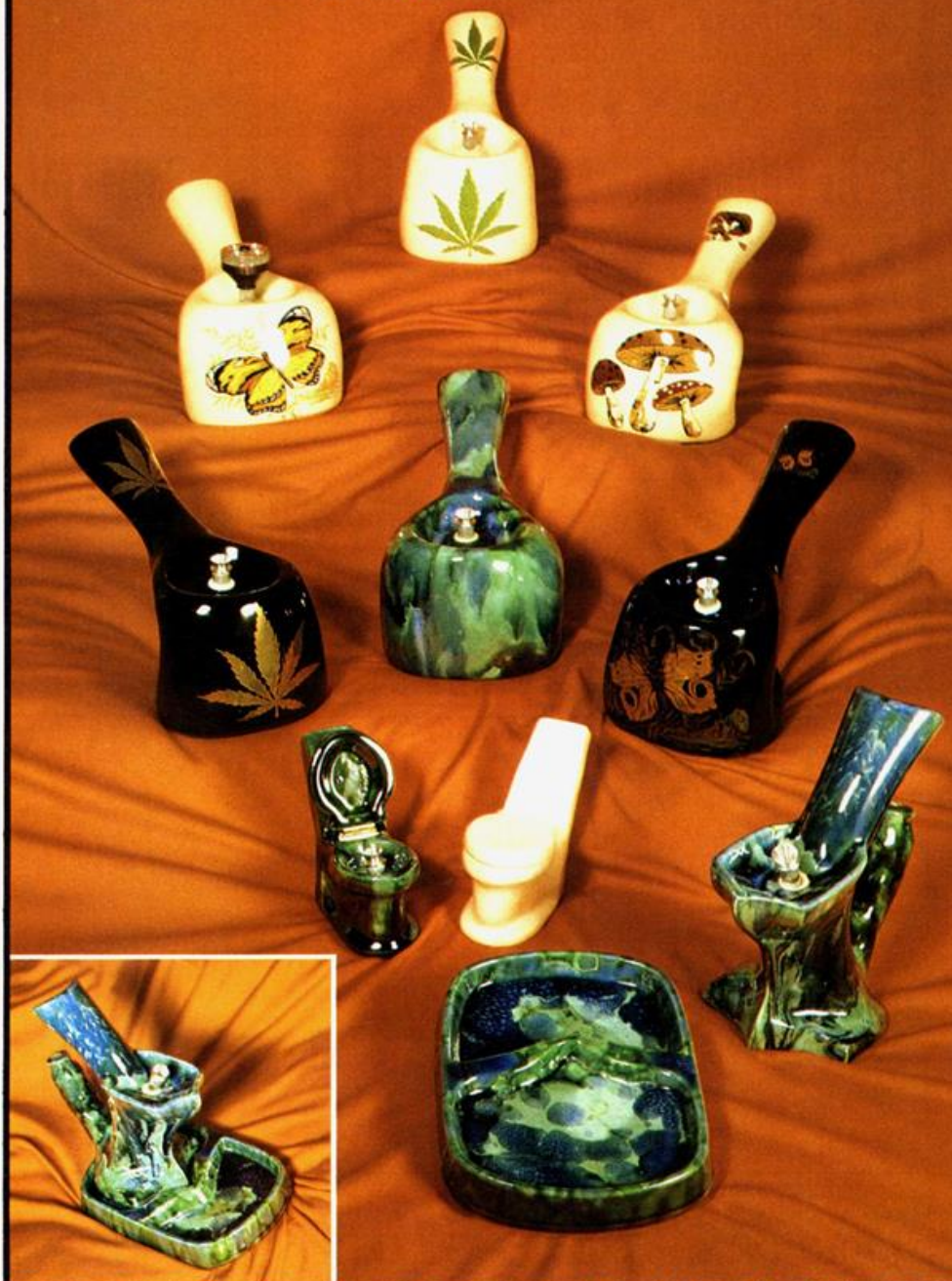
High Times: Do you feel that if you haven't gotten hostility directed at you that you haven't succeeded in some way? It seems to me that one of the things about the '70s was that society has been able to assimilate anything vaguely threatening to established values and perceptions. Like, Lenny Bruce, in the '70s, might not have wound up on the bathroom floor.

Kinky: Well, the shock-appeal thing is not where it's at. I believe in saying what I feel, most of the time. But I'm not a real satirist or parodist anymore. I'm coming into my own. I've become a man. Groups like the Tubes or the Hahavishnu Orchestra might be really funny, but it's harder to stand on your own two feet and be yourself. Bob Dylan has always stood alone, always. Not like the Band. I mean, the Band is wonderful, but they'll be in a rock 'n' roll old-age home together. Shalom Retirement Village or something. They'll always have each other to lean on. They won't even make a mix in a studio unless all of them are present.

Bob walks his own road. And he's got balls. I owe him \$200 from one time in Miami, during the Rolling Thunder Revue. He was fooling around with these Groucho Marx glasses and nose in the dressing room, and I said, "I'll give you \$200 if you wear those out there." There were about 5,000 kids in the audience, and Joan Baez had just finished singing "Diamonds and Rust," and that's the point when Bob is supposed to walk on. And together—alone—they sing "Blowin' in the Wind." So I never thought he'd do that. He's got a turban on, and he walks out, and he's got the Groucho nose and glasses on. Well, everybody in the show just about browned out in their Bermudas. They thought it was just great. But the audience was just

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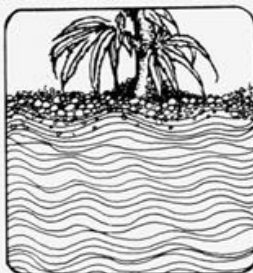
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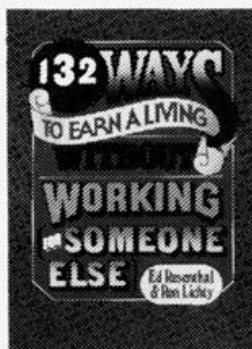
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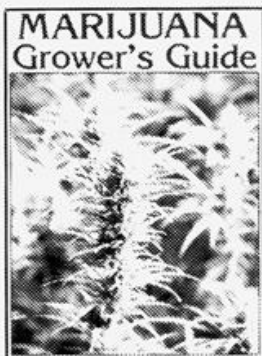
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shocked. And Joan didn't know whether to shit or go blind. Bob was sticking his nose in her ear and he was singing "Blowing in your nose" and all this sort of stuff. She adapted to it very well, but I was just flabbergasted at how the audience was—almost no laughter. This was their idol. They were just stunned. They did not find it funny. Very, very strange.

I'll tell you one thing Bob's done. He's made that little Jewish look very hot. Like, when I don't shave, I look like the son of an Arab sheikh. I call it my Yes-Sir You're-a-Fart look. But it's sexy now to people. There was a time when only Troy Donahue and Fabian—the Tab Hunter type of person—was in. What Bob and Mick Jagger did was open the road for guys like Dustin Hoffman to become sex symbols. Now look at the actors today, they're all these short little Jewish nerds, or whatever they are. The big blond, that whole trip, has finally gone out. That's an important thing. Being ballsy enough to be what you are. It turned around the whole

**"What are
my goals?
I'd like
to have a
sandwich
named after
me at the
Stage Delicatessen."**

trip for the beautiful people; it really did. Of course, I'd still like to grudge-fuck Farrah Fawcett-Majors against a brick wall. **High Times:** Where were we?

Kinky: That's another thing about the born-again business. Like Bob, here's a guy that for many years, well, all this means is that the person this whole generation has looked up to may have a very bad Swiss-cheese effect. I mean, we don't know it yet, but if Bob Dylan becomes Moonie-like, it could be very disconcerting to this generation. I don't think that's the case at all, frankly. I think he's still in the lifetime of his childhood. He's a spiritual explorer scout. He gets in to whatever he's doing, you know? I'd like to see him do a children's record. I would hate to see him get on the Brother Oral Lingus program, or any of that stuff. Or see him on "Praise the Lord" or Billy Graham. Or a Jerry Lewis telethon type of Oral Roberts thing. That would be very ugly. By the way, did you hear that Jerry Lewis had a heart attack?

High Times: No!

Kinky: Yeah, someone walked right up to him and told him they'd found a cure for muscular dystrophy. Look, I like entertaining. To make people laugh. Like I say, if you can reach just one person out there, you're a success. But if you can really get

a person out there that says, "Jesus Christ, that's what I was thinking, man," that's a very nice fucking thing. And sooner or later, the record companies and the networks will pick up on that thing because it's authentic. It's what I do. I'm trying to be a well-rounded human being. I mean, Mick Jagger, Muhammad Ali, what they do, when they're not doing it, they don't know what to do. In other words, it's like they're plowing a certain furrow in the world, and when they stop, they're not sure of what to say at all. That to me is very sad. It's sad to have to do one more tour or one more fight always. It's nice to be able to play for the American people in the Woody Guthrie spirit today. And sooner or later, just like cancer or communism, the word will filter down.

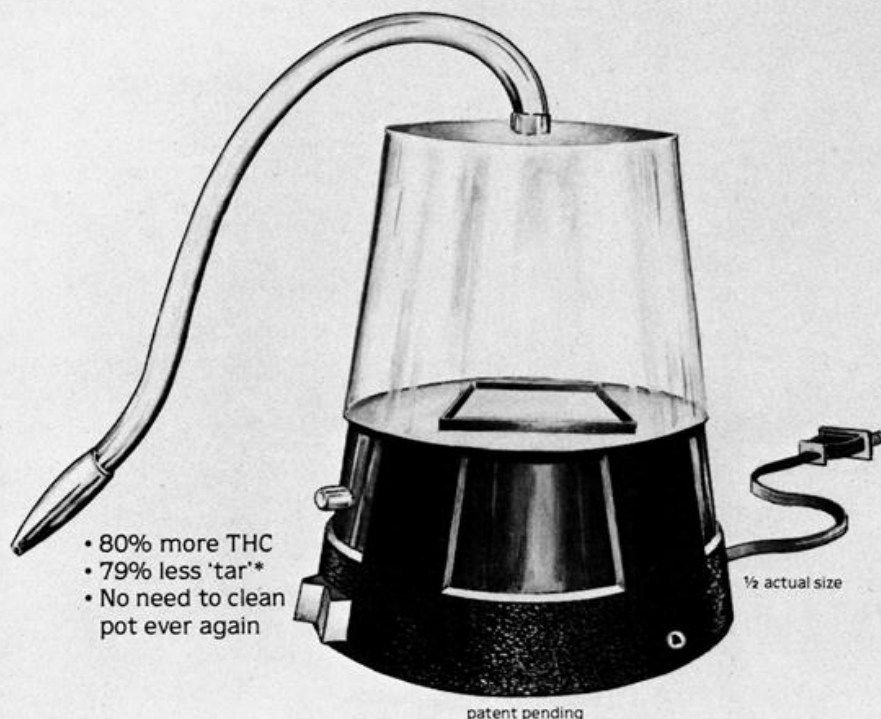
I don't want to be yesterday's fish wrapper or the legendary what's his name or famous long ago. That doesn't do me any good. So I can't count the number of people who have said, "Kinky Friedman took a shower in my apartment" or, "Kinky took a big old Nixon in the bathroom." It's like the "Dog Named Frog" song. There's another side to the artist. Bob is like that. He's like a Mexican—you give a Mexican a goat's head, and he'll dance all night, you know? I mean, I've been hosed by a lot of the music business, but my long suit is that I never know when I'm beaten. Okay? And that I feel no bitterness whatsoever. I believe, like the old Mahatma Ghandi used to say, that forgiveness is the ornament of the brave.

High Times: It don't come easy.

Kinky: Look at Marie Osmond. Her number came up when she was four years old. She was going to make it. It took Waylon 40 albums before they knew he was great. Everyone thought Willie's voice was shit until he did about 50 albums. Now he's playing Caesar's Palace. Amazing. It's nice. If it's not going to happen, it's not going to happen. It's no good trying to make it happen. I just feel that I'm on the good road, and I think that my time is coming, and I want to struggle with my own demons. I don't need any born-again Christianity, any est. I'd rather be a backsliding Whiskeypalian, myself. And if I had a genius audience, I'd be a genius performer. Today the boundaries are gone. In other words, to hell with it. You can do something that is Jewish and that reaches out to everybody very easily today without being strictly Jewish. To hell with all this orthodoxy crap. I love the pope. This pope is a wonderful American, I'll tell you that; he's a good ol' boy. He's got pawnshop balls, baby. I really like the bugger.

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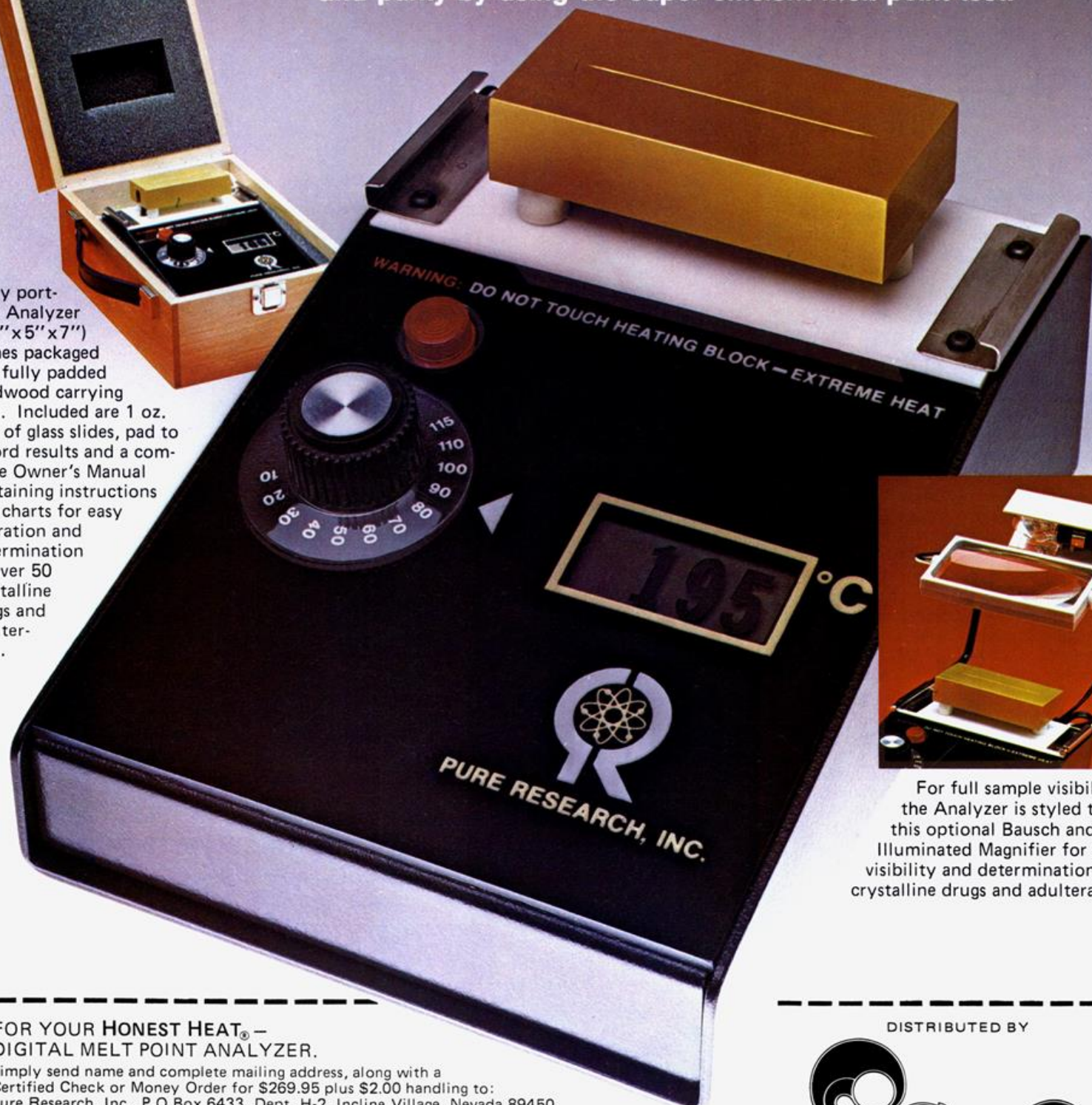
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High Times: What makes Kinky happy?

Kinky: Oh, I smoke a little high-altitude Oaxacan and take a few gorilla biscuits now and then and feel real good. Then I turn on the juice and cut the damn thing loose. I enjoy performing. I don't know what I'll be, whether it's an Arthur Godfrey or a Will Rogers or what, but I will not be a Jackson Down. I like Jackson, I like all these people, and their work might be very therapeutic; but I don't want to write songs out of self-pity or songs just to get some kosher pussy. I don't go for that. Bob Dylan writes what he thinks. Leonard Cohen writes out of anger or whatever he feels. I like that. I'd like to write a book sometime. I'd love to be a writer, I just don't like the paperwork.

High Times: Have any other goals?

Kinky: My goals? I'd like to have a sandwich named after me at the Stage Delicatessen. And I'd like to sing the national anthem at every Ranger hockey game. Those are two of my goals. Like my guitarist friend Frogman says, I also care about money and penile sensations. I love America, man. We're all in this thing together, and we got to be human, as human as we can be right now.

High Times: Where do you go from here?

Kinky: Itinerary? I'm going to be playing soon in the land of my people. Miami Beach. Then I've got a detour of Texas coming up.

High Times: No, I don't mean that.

Kinky: After that, I've got a . . .

High Times: I mean artistically. Your first songs were parodic; then some were sensitive; now you're sort of combining the two in stuff like "The Homecoming Hero of 1984."

Kinky: "Homecoming Hero of 1984" is a good one. I've got a warehouse of dreams right now. A whole bunch of good songs that are ready to roll and are very contemporary. "Now" songs, you know? I feel I'm perpetually tomorrow's people. I'm a wandering messenger. And the message is: Don't forget to choke your chicken. Or the message is: Give to the United Negro College Fund—a banjo is a terrible thing to waste.

High Times: No, what are your messages, seriously?

Kinky: Oh, come on, some things are too important to be taken seriously. This is one of them. You know, my message? That's for other Americans to say. We're seeing it happen right now. We're seeing people coming together in the world and melding very nicely. I mean, five years ago Texas and New York were worlds apart. I see myself as a kind of Louis Armstrong. A bridge between Texas and New York and the rest of the country. Hopefully, a toll bridge.

High Times: By the way, you want a joint?

Kinky: No thanks, I had an apple on the train. ☐

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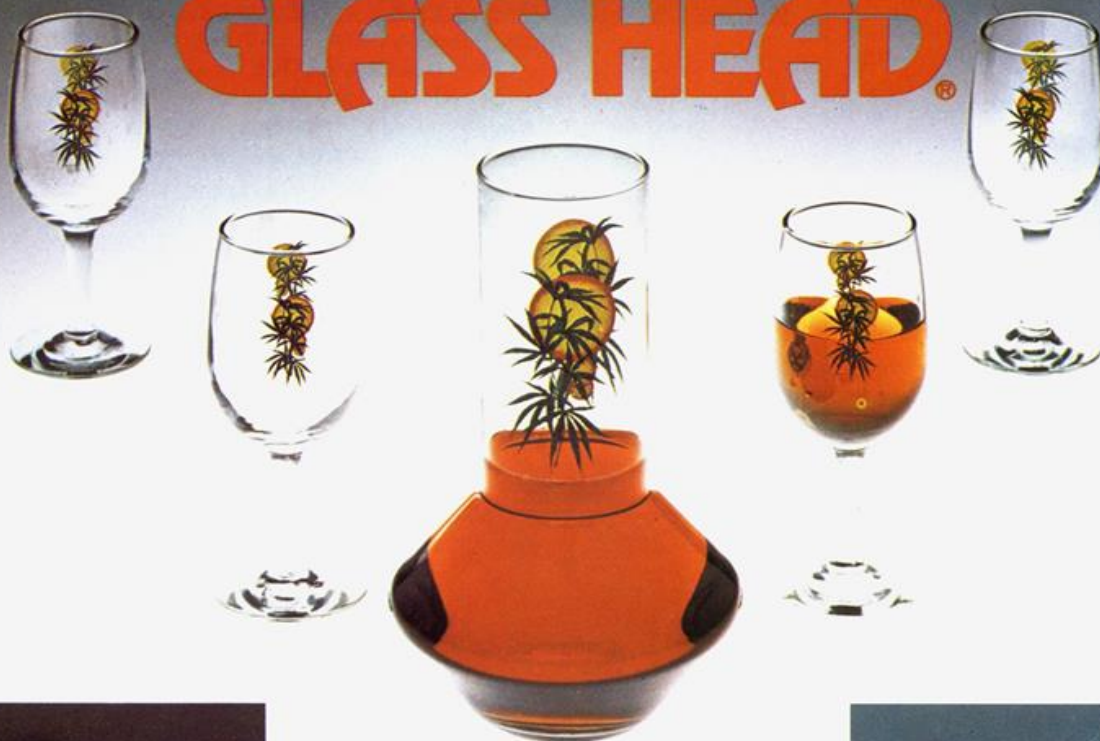
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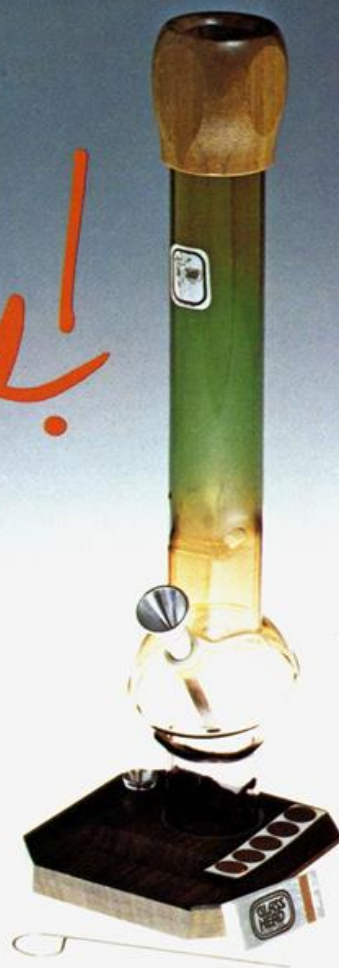


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The Class of '84

Taking the high out of high school

by Pamela Lloyd

*School days, school days
Good old golden rule days
Reading and writing and 'rithmetic
Taught to the tune of a hick'ry stick . . .
—from "School Days," 1907*

When the 9:15 bell didn't go off on time, Mr. VanLaan explained to his seventh-grade math class at Highland Junior High that the school had a surprise for them, so they would have to stay in first period a little longer than usual. This didn't bother Heather, who continued to doodle, hoping that she and her classmates were getting the rest of the day off.

Discipline was unusually strict while they waited. The students were allowed to work or talk, but they could not leave the room, even to go to the bathroom,

BRIDY

and they could not leave their desks, even to sharpen their pencils. Twenty minutes later, the surprise arrived. When Heather looked up she saw two cops in the doorway. When she looked closer she saw a third man, without uniform, who had a dog on a leash.

The class was told to place their belongings under their seats and sit with their hands on top of their desks. The man with the dog walked up and down the row of students, instructing the dog to "check 'em out, check 'em out." When the dog came to Heather, he sniffed her leg, stopped and sniffed again.

"Stand up and take everything out of your pockets," said one of the policemen.

Heather obeyed. The policeman, apparently dissatisfied, ordered one of the men to take her to the nurse's office.

"Ha-ha," cracked a smart ass as Heather was escorted from the room.

Just as Heather arrived in the nurse's office, a girl emerged from an inner room buckling her belt. Heather was escorted into the same room by two women who began by asking her name, address and date of birth.

"All right. I'm going to be straight with you," announced one of the women. "Did you get a ride to school?"

"Yes," said Heather.

"Did you smoke any pot?"

"I've never touched the stuff or even seen it in my life."

"Okay. We are going to ask you to take off all your clothes."

"You can turn around," said the other matron sympathetically. "I understand how you feel, because I was a gym teacher."

Teachers telling you to take off your clothes? It was a new one on Heather. "I didn't know what they could do to me if I didn't. I thought I was supposed to . . . I was sort of afraid to—you know—if I did something wrong they were going to—I didn't know what they would do to me."

Heather stripped as the women looked on. First they searched her clothes. Then they searched her hair.

"Strike two," said one of them, and Heather was told to get dressed and go back to class.

Heather was just one of some 3,500 students to become personally acquainted with a German shepherd or Doberman pinscher in Highland, Indiana, on March 23, 1979. Forty police officers and 14 canine teams of the Highland sniff squad scoured what amounted to more than 13 percent of the city's population on a single day. The sniff squad logged 51 alerts, but found evidence on, or in the lockers of, only 17 students. The rest were false alerts—like Heather's, which probably occurred because her family dog was in heat.

Despite several strip searches at the junior high, no evidence of any type of drug use was ever found. At the high school, two students found with rolling



The constitutional questions were framed by a ninth grader: "Aren't police supposed to have a specific warrant stating who and what they're looking for?"

papers or other pot paraphernalia were suspended for three days. The 15 students found with small amounts of pot or one or two pills were told they would be expelled if they did not voluntarily withdraw.

Since 1973, there have been 183 such searches in the schools of northern Indiana, and nearly 200,000 students have had their civil rights tickled by the cold noses of the canine commandos. In fact, just two weeks before the Highland raids, more than 3,000 students were sniff searched in nearby Crown Point. But this is not just a phenomenon in rural Indiana. Unreasonable searches and seizures involving junior-high and high-school students are sweeping the country, and most of them are never reported. Nor is punitive action limited to those students actually caught with pot:

- At Eaglebrook, an exclusive middle

school in Deerfield, Massachusetts (it is attended by the sons of Jordan's King Hussein), a student was expelled for mere suspicion of pot smoking.

- In Manhattan, an eighth grader was suspended for suspicion of possession after a secret search of his locker drew a blank. The student didn't challenge the suspension for fear of further harassment.

- A Long Island high-school student was repeatedly harassed and interrogated about pot even though he didn't smoke.

- An ACLU suit filed in 1975 against notorious former Los Angeles police chief Ed Davis is still pending because police are making investigations of the matter difficult. The complaint alleges that the LAPD conducts an ongoing program through which narcs enroll in public schools under false names and attend classes and school activities for the purpose of entrapping students.

One week after the Highland, Indiana, raids, school officials in neighboring Merrillville announced over the Harrison Junior High School public-address system that a mass detention and search for controlled substances would take place at Harrison at an unspecified time in the future.

On April 2, the Hammond school board met to consider calling in the dogs, and would have done so if not for opposition from School Superintendent Congreve and another board member.

Their opposition was partly inspired by the reaction to previous weeks' raids at Highland High, in which 60 to 70 students had assembled in the school parking lot to protest. They said the searches had been personally demeaning and had destroyed the educational atmosphere. One senior told reporters how police "emptied a purse, threw stuff all over the floor and didn't even pick it up." "There's no way a school can be operated under these conditions," said an honor student. "It's making everybody nervous, everyone's being harassed."

The doggy debate raged in the newspapers of northern Indiana through the month of April. The constitutional questions were framed by one ninth grader from Portage: "Aren't police supposed to have a specific warrant stating who and what they're looking for, not just searching whoever they feel like? . . . If it is proved that the school searches are legal, then why don't the police search the whole town? . . . It is the small steps that lead to complete dictatorship."

Others in Highland and Crown Point were thinking the same thing. And on May 2, lawyers representing three civil-liberties organizations filed suit in the Hammond Division of the Northern District of Indiana on behalf of five students against 24 county, municipal and school officials. Heather was among the plaintiffs.

The students were seeking an injunction to stop the searches and \$100,000

each in punitive and actual damages. They claim to have suffered "irreparable harm for which they have no remedy at law," including "the terror of arrest and detention, the intrusion of sniffing dogs, the spectacle of school students being treated as if they were inmates of a prison or concentration camp, the humiliation of being singled out as a suspected criminal, and the indignity of submission to strip searches and other probings."

Their attorneys, Myrna Hart, of Project Justice and Equality at Valparaiso University School of Law, and David Goldberger, of the Roger Baldwin Foundation of the American Civil Liberties Union in Chicago, contend that detaining, arresting and confining students to their classrooms, while conducting "indiscriminate, unreasonable searches of all students, using police dogs, without warrants or factual justification," and then suspending or expelling students found with contraband, violates their Fourth and Fourteenth Amendment rights, which safeguard against unlawful search and seizure.

The case went to court June 7 before Judge Allen Sharp in South Bend. The lead defendant, Jose Arredondo, sheriff of Lake County (where Highland is located), testified that back in the fall of '78 he had campaigned for office on the reading, writing and reefer issue. In January, shortly after he was elected, the sheriff met with administrators from several school districts in the area to discuss plans for a canine drug unit that would be activated in May. "I told them that I think the whole issue was to try to psyche the kids out—having been a teacher and a school administrator myself—that even if you see a policeman walking with a dog on the street or through the hallway, you probably think they are up to something, so that maybe that would be enough to deter them."

But beyond advising that schools assume the trappings of a police state, Arredondo said he had nothing to do with the raids in question, although one of his men participated in them.

The raids were coordinated by Patricia Little, an unsalaried deputy sheriff of Miami County and owner and instructor of Edelheim Police Canine Academy at Bunker Hill, Indiana. Little trains dogs and handlers for the police departments of Indiana at Edelheim free of charge, combining a hobby with a "community service." The dog handlers also donate their dogs. So far they have rendered service in 29 counties.

Many of the dog handlers and owners are, like Little, part-time or full-time law-enforcement officers. But Little stresses that hers is a private canine corps. None of the dogs is actually owned by a sheriff's or police department, and none of the personnel ever participates in a raid "as a police officer." Civilian dog handlers include housewives, factory workers and a



"A constitutional right to do what? To use drugs?" asked a local resident. "I have a constitutional right to go out and kill someone, but common sense tells me I have to pay for it."

gun-shop owner.

Little trains and certifies her dogs herself. The military says it's impossible, but Little claims that she's made a breakthrough at Edelheim. She trains her dogs for both tracking and marijuana search. After 150 successful "finds," an Edelheim dog becomes a certified pot pooch. Apparently Pat doesn't take points off for incorrect finds, which might be why her pupils tend to false alert. In fact, it was Little herself who brought up the subject of strip search at Highland. She told school administrators that there had been a case at Michigan City Prison in which a dog alerted and nothing was found in a superficial search. "We did have to strip search," she admitted.

Little coordinated 20 such raids in the '78-'79 school year, 10 to 15 each year since 1974. Although she was not present

at the raids in an official capacity, 11 Highland police and school officials were. School Superintendent Omer Renfrew knew that drug abuse was not a serious problem in his district, but the school board "asked the police to conduct the raids as a preventive measure." Renfrew said the raids were purely for educational purposes.

The police agreed not to arrest any students, even though they are required by law to hold all criminals they detect for prosecution. While the raids turned up evidence of pot use in fewer than .5 percent of the students, school officials considered them "sufficiently productive to justify the possible intrusion upon Fourth Amendment interests."

The justification for such admitted breaches of law on the part of school administrators is always the doctrine of *in loco parentis*. Untutored educators often make the mistake of thinking that *in loco parentis* entitles them to all the rights of a parent while a child is in school custody. For years the courts have chipped away at this misconception.

In Highland, however, a lot of parents actually endorsed the administration's actions. As soon as she got wind of the suit, Judy Bell, 35, began to organize a demonstration in support of the raids. At the end of April, national TV covered the march of 250 sign-carrying parents for sniff-and-strip.

The constitutional issues raised by the searches were lost on the marchers. "The issue is getting the drug pushers out of the schools, not how it's done," said Bell. Some of the marchers were members of the right-wing U.S. Labor Party. They passed out newspapers and flyers and peddled a book exposing the ACLU as "part of the international dope cartel's legal machine . . . deployed in Lake County to protect drug pushers and drug users."

It was commonly thought that the rights of only the students who possessed drugs had been violated. "I have no concern about the students' rights being violated," said a father of three. "Why should my kids have to be exposed to drugs?" "If a student has nothing to hide, he will not be abused by these searches," said another local resident. "A constitutional right to do what? To use drugs?" asked another. "I have the constitutional right to go out and kill someone I don't like, but common sense tells me I have to pay for it."

Such ignorance of the Constitution does not speak well of education in Indiana, but consider the constitutional infringements that took place at a high school in New York City.

Bayside High School, in Queens, used to be known throughout the city school system for high academic standards and winning teams. Bayside's teams are still winning on the court, but school administrators have been losing in court,

and today Bayside is best known for the strip search of a sophomore.

On October 27, 1977, sometime in the early afternoon, BHS conducted the school's favorite exercise in mass behavior control: the fire drill. Leah stayed behind in her English classroom to take some posters from the wall for her young niece. She hid behind the door when she heard the boys' dean coming. But he found her, although she slipped into the hall before he could get her name.

Leah was afraid to return to class after the drill. She sent a friend to retrieve her bag, but the girl brought her the wrong one, so Leah was forced to go back. The class came back to find that a student's bag was missing. Leah returned the missing bag, just as the girls' dean arrived.

Bayside had changed in the 19 years Dean Lucille Amicone had been there. The quality of education had gone down, and the need for security systems increased. The dean associated the negative changes at the school with an influx of blacks to the community. Leah was black, and the dean had dealt with her before.

Although there was never any hard evidence, Amicone associated the 15-year-old student with theft and pot smoking. Even though the teacher told her that nothing was missing from the English classroom, the dean wanted to see Leah in her office. Leah said she couldn't go without her bag. But the dean insisted, saying that one of Leah's friends probably had it.

"We were on our way downstairs," recalls Leah, "... and Mrs. Amicone touched me on my shoulder. I said, 'Mrs. Amicone, take your hands off me.'"

Then, just as the dean had predicted, one of Leah's friends came up with her bag.

A few minutes later, when they were alone inside the small cubicle in the assistant principal's office, Dean Amicone told Leah to empty out the bag's contents.

"You found these?" asked the dean, referring to Leah's gloves.

"No, my mother bought me these gloves," said Leah.

During the search of Leah's plastic bus-pass folder, Dean Amicone testified, she saw a "white instrument."

"A what?" asked Judge John Dooling, Jr., when the case came to trial a year later.

"A white instrument, a white pipe, a drug-related item. I have seen these things before. . . . I call it a white pipe."

"But you're not really sure specifically what it was?"

"Sure what specifically it was? It was a white pipe used for drugs. It was not a straw. I was definitely—it had a mouthpiece, it had an extension. . . ."

It's unclear what item of pot paraphernalia the dean is describing here. She doesn't say it had a bowl, and it could be concealed inside a flat plastic folder. A cigarette holder? A plastic coffee stirrer? We will never know.

According to the dean, the object was there one second, gone the next. She suspected that Leah had it in her clenched fist. When her suspicion proved false, the dean asked Assistant Principal Stephen Heitner to authorize a female security guard to witness a body search, as regulations required. What the judge later termed the "ambiguous" white pipe had become

"Leah, unsnap your bra. No, you don't have to take it off. Do you have anything in your panties?" asked the dean. "Do you want to feel between my legs?"

Lucille Amicone's elusive white whale.

Security guard Christine Gilbert witnessed what happened next and was transferred out of Bayside after complaining about it. When Gilbert arrived in the cubicle, Leah's hands were clenched and her body was rigid. The dean kept on asking, "Where is it? Where is it?"

"What are we looking for?" asked Gilbert.

"Look in the book case," said Amicone. Gilbert found nothing suspicious in the book case.

"Okay, Leah, you're going to have to take off your shoes and socks," said the dean.

Leah began to cry as she followed the dean's instructions.

"What are we looking for?" asked Gilbert again.

"Take off your blouse, Leah," said the dean.

"Wait until my parents hear about this," said Leah. She was still crying. Her breathing had become uncontrollable.

"I was real upset, and I was scared," testified Leah. "I didn't know what to do, and I didn't know what to think."

Leah took off her blouse.

"I didn't do it of my own free will," says Leah. "Like, you know, she's an adult. She was the teacher, the school official, and she got more authority than me."

"Leah, unsnap your bra. No, you don't have to take it off. Do you have anything in your panties?"

"Do you want to feel between my legs and see?" Leah was outraged.

For the first time during the search, Dean Amicone registered emotion. "Just shut up and turn around," she said angrily, "and pull down your panties."

Through her tears, Leah could see the figure of Assistant Principal Heitner beyond the opaque glass of the cubicle door. Then she felt Dean Amicone touch the label on her panties and heard her say, "Get dressed."

"What are we looking for?" Gilbert tried one more time.

"You can ask Leah about that," retorted the dean.

The next day, Leah was suspended for a week for remaining in a classroom during a fire drill.

When Leah returned to school after the suspension, there was graffiti about her on the bathroom walls. Some of her classmates had heard that she'd been raped, and her boyfriend criticized her for submitting to the search. Despite the complaints of her mother and the security guard, Bayside officials denied any wrongdoing. Leah broke up with her boyfriend and transferred to another school. Her mother took the case to the New York chapter of the ACLU.

Staff attorney Richard Emery proposed to use Leah's case along with a case involving a search at James Madison High School in Brooklyn to prove a pattern of unconstitutional searches in New York City public schools. The complaint was filed in the Eastern District of New York, seeking \$300,000 in damages (of which \$100,000 was punitive) for the individual plaintiffs. But Emery's major purpose was to get the searches declared unconstitutional so he could get an injunction against them.

Psychiatrist Eleanor Townsend, chief administrator of child and adolescent outpatient services at Metropolitan Hospital in New York, spoke with Leah about the search and testified at the trial regarding its psychological impact. Leah told her she had felt, in Townsend's words, "dirty and cheap and like an animal and like a piece of property, and she really had been . . . too upset to object." After the search, Leah began to sleep 12 to 15 hours a day. She was slow to make friends at her new school. She avoided boys. She was still a good dancer, but now she avoided dances involving body contact.

Leah felt as if she had been raped. She was plagued with a recurring nightmare in which she was pushed off the roof of a tall building with many windows by a woman in red. She would wake up as she was falling.

"I can't imagine the strip search not being damaging," testified Dr. Townsend. She said that Leah's reactions were "normal in the face of overwhelming force" and that Leah should think and speak of the incident without shame. But she feared that Leah's growth and development might be impaired without professional psychiatric help.

Most Bayside students didn't hear about the strip search until news of the suit hit the papers in March '78. The next issue of the student paper, the Baysider, condemned the school administration: "The effects of being bodily searched are traumatic, and no student should be subjected to such a search in the school environment. Searches conducted by school officials should end now. If the situation is serious, the police can deal with it ef-

fectively. The relationship between student and teacher will drastically change if searches are allowed to continue."

Irving Anker was chancellor of the New York City Board of Education at the time of the search and the leading defendant in the suit. Like the students, he found out about the search and the suit in the newspapers. The complaint accused Anker of issuing vague and ineffective policy statements on student searches. Anker agreed that Lucille Amicone's search of Leah had been "unreasonable." But beyond saying that communities "change and deteriorate," and that violence and other unnamed "problems in the school" may sometimes warrant intrusion upon rights, he was unable to articulate a search policy before the court.

Another defendant in the case seems to have done his utmost to keep the search from the students and the board of education: Bayside principal Lester Speiser. When security guard Gilbert bypassed the Bayside administration and complained to her union about the search, Speiser told the court: "I put nothing on the record. I just asked for her transfer." His reason: "For not giving us a chance to explain

things that she didn't know about . . . I did not feel secure about her."

Speiser has a record of student-rights incursions a mile long. In 1976 he was sued over another student search, and in 1977 alone, his administration conducted 65 to 85 searches at the school. Speiser has tightened security at

The principal believes the dean "loves children and has a great desire to improve them and make them better people," so he endorsed the strip search wholeheartedly.

Bayside, and since the transfer of Gilbert in 1977, every issue of the Baysider has carried articles, editorials or letters complaining about repressive security systems and abusive security personnel.

Speiser has been accused by teachers of playing politics with school funds by cutting

allocations for the Baysider while continuing to finance Bayside's host of superior athletic teams. Speiser seems to have a penchant for discipline and uniforms.

The fact that the first strip search in Bayside history should occur under his administration is not surprising. The principal believes that Dean Amicone "basically loves children and has a great desire to improve them and to make them better people," so he wholeheartedly endorsed the strip search.

In the dean's eyes, Leah was a fit object for improvement. She was "an individual who may not have a proper sense of right and wrong." Dean Amicone testified that when she initiated the search, it was for stolen property (even though nothing had been reported missing and she wouldn't have been able to identify an object as stolen if she found one). When she saw what she thought was an item of pot paraphernalia, the object of her search changed midstream.

On November 3, 1978, a jury ruled that Dean Amicone had reasonable grounds to search, that Assistant Principal Heitner had reasonable grounds to authorize a strip search, and that the search had not been

Let Them Eat Nixonburgers

Nixon appointed more Supreme Court justices than any American president since FDR. At the opening gavel of the 1971 judicial term, four of the nine were Nixon appointees: Chief Justice Warren Burger and Associate Justices Harry Blackmun, Lewis Powell and William Rehnquist. Nixon was driven from office in 1974, but the spirit of the Watergate break-in will survive at least through this century in the decisions of the Burger Court.

The Fourth Amendment to the United States Constitution guarantees "the right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures" and states that a specific search warrant may be issued only if there is "probable cause" that the search will uncover evidence of a specific crime. In general, searches may be conducted with a warrant, incident to lawful arrest, or with the citizen's consent. But the application of the Fourth Amendment varies from case to case and from judge to judge and according to pertinent state laws. On many specific questions—such as the constitutionality

of the standard airport searches for hijackers, the validity of the sense of smell on the part of a police officer or a police dog as probable cause, or the constitutionality of searches by school officials—the lower courts are still at odds and the Supreme Court has never ruled.

But when it does consider a search and seizure case, the Nixonburger Court tends to decide in favor of the government's right to search and against the individual's right to privacy. We are not purporting to advise our readers of their complete Fourth Amendment rights, but here is a summary of some important decisions that may be of particular interest to you:

- In 1971, the Court made it easier for police to obtain search warrants when it ruled that a suspect's prior criminal record was admissible in the affidavit of probable cause submitted before the judge ordering the warrant.

- Until December 1973, judges applied the "exclusionary rule," which required that searches incident to lawful arrest be limited to weapons or evidence of the crime that led to the arrest. But in *U.S. v. Robinson*, the Court ruled that evidence of any crime uncovered in a search incident to a lawful arrest can be introduced in court. You can be searched for speeding, jaywalking, even loitering—as long as state laws allow arrest for the violation in question.

- The Nixonburgers struck another blow to the exclusionary rule in the 1977-78 term when they ruled that even illegally seized evidence is admissible in a civil suit brought by the federal government.

The case in point involved income tax evasion (remember: dealing and smuggling income is taxable), but the rule can be applied to other civil violations.

- The Burger Court has made it easier for feds to search your bank records. IRS agents now need only a John Doe warrant to rummage the records of an entire bank.

- Next to the gas shortage, the Supreme Court has promulgated the best arguments to stay out of your car. Now, a policeman who has pulled over a traffic offender may order the offender out of the car whether or not the officer has reason to believe that the offender poses a threat to the officer's safety. In the dissenting opinion, Justices Marshall, Brennan and Stevens pointed out that the ruling was at odds with the Court's Fourth Amendment jurisprudence requiring "individualized inquiry into the particular facts justifying every police incursion."

- Police can also require a driver pulled over for a traffic violation to take a breathalyzer test and, by analogy, be subjected to any effective dope-detection device.

So far, *Delaware v. Prouse* has been one of the few Nixonburger decisions to extend Fourth Amendment rights. In March 1979 the Court ruled that random automobile checks for registration and license are unconstitutional. Yet even that decision had its dark underbelly. In their majority opinion, seven justices recommended the use of the roadblock as a way of getting around the illegality of random searches.

unreasonably intrusive. Ten days later, Judge Dooling set aside the jury verdict and ruled, first, that Dean Amicone's conduct had not been reasonable. "To justify searching a high-school child for a possible stolen object, it is indispensable that there be a reliable report that something is missing, and not a report, however reliable, that the suspected student had an opportunity to steal," he wrote.

And as to Assistant Principal Heitner, "the evidence is that he knew that the object of the search was a small, white, pipelike object, probably a reefer holder."

His decision to authorize a body search "was so inordinate in terms of the object sought by the search that it cannot be defended on any ground."

On April 24, the judge set \$7,500 in compensatory damages against defendants Amicone and Heitner, and Leah became the first student ever to recover monetary damages from the city's public-school system for violating search-and-seizure guarantees. However, by refusing the suit class-action status, the judge avoided ruling on general school search guidelines and declined to enjoin any

general search practices.

On August 30, Judge Allen Sharp declared the Highland dog raids constitutional because they were conducted in a school setting and were, in his opinion, no more disruptive to the educational process than a school assembly. While he ruled that Heather's strip search was unconstitutional, he did not award damages. Civil liberties advocates will appeal the decision.

As the school year began, Dog-Off (spray dog repellent) sales in northern Indiana skyrocketed. ☐

How to Organize Your School

The International Year of the Child has seen young people organizing around a host of human-rights issues. If your school or community is lagging behind in needed social reforms, organize a group with specific grievances and goals, and start your own newspaper to spread the word. Consult the appropriate national activist organizations for organizing materials and programs, a network of contacts, and general advice and support.

Civil Liberties, Human Rights

The American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) have been defending students' rights in the courts for years. ACLU suits have centered on censorship of teaching materials and student publications, dress codes, and student searches. The NAACP specializes in suits to end racial segregation and discrimination in schools. Both organizations have state or local chapters in your area.

The National Organization for Women (NOW) publishes a guide and a quarterly journal for teachers and conducts workshops on ending sex bias in schools. In November 1978, the first branch of Youth NOW was founded at the New York chapter to deal with issues of abortion, birth control, sex education, passage of ERA, battered girl friends, and sex discrimination in curricular tracking, textbooks and voting for school officers. Since Title IX of the Civil Rights Act requires schools to take affirmative action to end sexism (and racism), feminists at John Dewey High School in Brooklyn receive school money to put out their excellent tabloid *Fireworks*. For information, write:

NOW Legal Defense and Education Fund
1029 Vermont Avenue, NW, Suite 800
Washington, D.C. 20005

Or:

NOW, New York Chapter
84 Fifth Avenue, Room 907
New York, N.Y. 10011

Gays are coming out in high schools like never before. Last spring at prom time, gays in several states lobbied against school regulations allowing only heterosexual couples to attend school proms. The first Gay Youth group was recently formed in New York City. To obtain books, publications and "support packets" for organizing, write:

National Gay Task Force
80 Fifth Avenue., Suite 1601
New York, N.Y. 10011

The marijuana laws violate your constitutional rights too. To join the national effort to legalize marijuana, or to get the name of a good lawyer if you have been charged with a cannabis crime, contact the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), and they will refer you to their local or regional affiliates:

NORML
2317 M Street, NW
Washington, D.C. 20037

There is only one political party whose platform consists primarily of youth-oriented issues, the Youth International Party, or Yippies. Their current projects include organizing smoke-ins, rock-against-racism concerts and the 1980 Abbie Hoffman for president campaign. For information or a subscription to the tabloid *Overthrow*, write:

Youth International Party
P.O. Box 392
Canal Street Station
New York, N.Y. 10013

Antinuke, Antiwar

Junior-high and high-school students were the first demonstrators over the fence during the occupation of the nuclear plant site in Shoreham, Long Island, on June 3 of this year, and since

the Three Mile Island nuclear accident last spring, 20 antinuclear groups have formed in the high schools of New York City alone. There are over 150 antinuke groups nationwide. To get the phone number of the ones in your area, call toll free:

Nuclear Information Resource Service
800-424-2477

Or write:

Mobilization for Survival
3601 Locust Walk
Philadelphia, Pa. 19104

On September 12 Congress voted 259 to 155 against draft registration, but through strategically placed recruitment ads in youth-oriented magazines and on "Saturday Night Live," the war machine marches on. To combat creeping militarism contact:

War Resisters' League
339 Lafayette Street
New York, N.Y. 10012

Or:

Committee Against Registration and the Draft
245 Second Street, NE
Washington, D.C. 20002

Starting Your Own Newspaper

If your school is not obliged to fund your alternative publication under Title IX of the Civil Rights Act, send \$4.95, plus \$.50 postage, for *The Do-It-Yourself Guide to Alternative Publishing*, to:

Alternative Press Syndicate
P.O. Box 775
Madison Square Station
New York, N.Y. 10010

Or send for FTS, the Magazine of Youth Liberation, or one of the many other publications of:

Youth Liberation Press
2007 Washtenaw Avenue
Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104

To obtain national news of interest to readers of your paper, subscribe to:

Student Press Service
1015 20th Street, NW
Washington, D.C. 20036



Jukes

Play it again, Wurlitzer

by John Robert Tebbel and Martha Thomases

Jn America, every second, every tick of the clock, more than 600 people drop a coin into a jukebox and punch out the numbers for the singles of their choice, 44 million spins a day. Half a million jukes make more than half a billion dollars every year. It's a fact. America loves the jukebox.

In 1877, when Tom Edison invented the phonograph, he thought he had merely invented the dictaphone, automating a few thousand stenographers out of their jobs. Instead, to his dismay, the invention became an instrument of "vulgar" amusement. It recorded music, not business letters. And, of course, it was only a matter of time before the slot to put money in was added. "The coin-in-slot device is calculated to injure the phonograph . . . [which] has the appearance of being nothing more than a toy," Edison warned.

The Automatic Edison Phonograph, exhibited in carnivals, penny arcades and state fairs, came equipped with records that would self-destruct in five or six plays (hot stuff) and earphones to foil chiseling eavesdroppers. By the turn of the century, the invention was so popular that it had established a new venue, the phonograph parlor, which spread across the world.

The Bar Automatico in Milan played opera. The Salon du Phonographie in Paris offered its listeners a choice of over 1,500 selections. Customers read the lists and told an operator, who would play



WURLITZER 750 (1937)

The first bubble-top juke played 24 78s. You can pick one up today at Christie's for a mere \$1,100.



WURLITZER 850 (1939)

A magnificent example of jukebox art, designed by Paul Fuller, the Frank Lloyd Wright of jukes. The invention of translucent plastic transformed the jukebox from a wooden box to an exciting music machine.

their song. Meanwhile, back in the States, John Philip Sousa and his Marine Band discovered they could make money by cutting records. As did a Mr. John Y. Atlee, who cut 36 records of whistling, and a black man named George Johnson, who had a hit with "The Whistling Coon."

As other inventors rushed to better Edison's brainchild, the automatic phonograph became more complicated. A 1906 model, the Gable Automatic Entertainer, featured a crude multiselection phonograph and an automatic slug detector. But the coin-operated phonograph was quickly joined in 1908 (and for a decade surpassed in popularity) by another mechanical entertainer, the player piano.

The jukebox as we know it today wasn't manufactured until the 1930s. It took radio to hook the nation on catchy tunes, and the repeal of Prohibition to reopen the saloons. These developments, together with technical advances that enabled the jukebox to sound more like live music and less like a metal monster, were all required for the juke to really take off.

Another breakthrough was the perfection of the juke's selection device. Early automatic phonographs allowed the listener a choice between a few records, but the first authentic jukeboxes let you choose from among at least a dozen hits. The Orchestrope, introduced at the Chicago Radio Show in 1928, could play both sides of 28 records and received as much acclaim as the television, which was also first introduced at the same exhibition.

During the '30s, three companies—Wurlitzer, Seeburg and AMI—competed strenuously to produce the most efficient and profitable jukeboxes. A 19-cent record could easily bring in \$10 before it wore out, and by the late '30s, jukes were consuming 30 million records a year. Business was so good that the original big three were joined by another company, Rock-Ola. By 1937, just five years after the first full-fledged jukes were put on the market, there were over 100,000 on duty across the country.

The first jukes looked like furniture. Designers used conservative styling to evoke quality and respectability, imitating the classy cabinet work of the wildly popular radio. The jukebox was such a novelty that customers would notice it whatever it looked like.

By the '40s, however, there were 350,000 jukeboxes in the United States and the novelty had worn off. In order to lure that coin, the jukebox had to dress up, become shiny and glamorous. Acceptance was no longer an issue, explains juke connoisseur John Krivine; manufacturers now sought to make a machine "so compelling that the public will want to approach it, touch it, and put money into it."

The "jukebox look" dates from 1937,



Manufacturers sought to make a machine "so compelling that the public will want to approach it, touch it, and put money into it."

when Nils Miller, a designer for Seeburg, discovered translucent plastic. The next year he used it in a jukebox, causing such a sensation that Wurlitzer and Rock-Ola scrapped their stock and redesigned their machines to glow in the dark, too.

The best jukes of this period have a purity of line and tone that places them among the finest American artifacts. These are artworks that work. Art deco models like Wurlitzer's 1015—designed by Paul Fuller, the Frank Lloyd Wright of jukes—featured columns of glowing bubbles rising from invisible sources and multicolored fluorescent tubes that glowed like pastel radium in the darkest barroom corners. These are the machines that comforted GIs overseas and welcomed them home after the war.

By the '50s, the juke designers, inspired by rocketry and new automotive design concepts, phased out the softly glowing, elegantly appointed jukes in favor of the fluorescent glare and harshly angled styling of a more aggressive breed. A jukebox couldn't have too much chrome, as Detroit and the jukebox makers vied to see who could create the shiniest fantasy, fins and all.

With 500,000 machines in constant



**Yes, Virginia,
there is a
Mafia, but
the bad guys
aren't getting
all those quarters.**

operation, the '40s and '50s were the fattest years for the jukebox industry. Homer ("I was the daddy of them all") Capehart of Wurlitzer, Noel M. Seeburg of Seeburg, and (no kidding) David C. Rockola of Rock-Ola had set up distribution and service systems that ran quite smoothly most of the time, with a little help from the Mob. (You can't talk about jukes for long without someone saying, "Isn't that all run by a bunch of gangsters?" Well, yes, Virginia, there is a Mafia, but the bad guys aren't getting all those quarters.) But not all of the time.

Anyone who has to launder illegal earnings is naturally attracted to jukes, as to any kind of coin-operated device. It's very easy to mess with the figures when you've got a couple of hundred cigarette machines, pinball machines, washer/dryers, whatever, all sucking in the change. It's impossible for the G-men to dispute your accounting from all those cash sources, so you just lump the dirty money in with the clean, and pay taxes after a fashion.

The government gets around to investigating the biz every now and then, but it's mostly for show. One of the investiga-

tions, the McClellan Senate Hearings on Organized Crime, in the 1950s, provided grist for *The Godfather, Part II*. Among other things, jukes were discussed. The press sensationalized hairy shakedown incidents. One Chicago barkeeper was allegedly greeted late one night by a goon squad that, to impress him with the fact that the jukebox was out of date, fed a fistful of nickels into the machine and turned it up as loud as they could to cover the screams while they busted his fingers.

Things were pretty heavy when the jukebox was a hot, new item, and territories were being carved up by pioneering capitalists of varying scruples. For a time, heads were busted and jukes smashed. "It's time you replaced your jukebox," growls the mythical Mr. Jukebox, "Legs" Wheeler, in the early rock 'n' roll epic *The Girl Can't Help It*. Cut to a juke hurtling out a window. But, all told, the growth of the jukebox industry was a milder affair than, say, the building of the transcontinental railroad or the running of ITT.

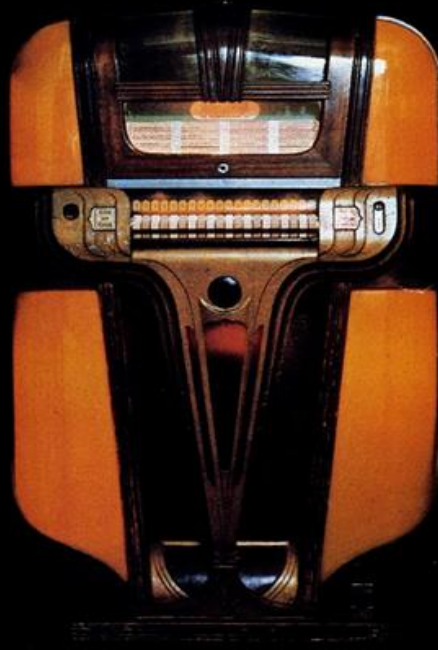
Advertising and an occasional shakedown convinced tavern owners that, unless they replaced their jukebox every year, the resulting boredom would drive their customers away. And to a degree they were correct. Americans during the '40s and '50s were so in love with these machines that the quality of the jukebox would often determine where they ate and drank.

By the late '50s the jukebox business had expanded as far as it ever would. The invention of a device that allowed machines to play over a hundred selections helped out, but the number of jukes in use in this country was never to go much beyond the half-million mark.

The jukebox industry has always had trouble deciding whether to be highbrow or lowbrow. Despite its irreversible popularity, manufacturers constantly campaigned against the word jukebox, a word derived from "juke joint"—a brothel—and, subsequently, a place where black music, jazz, and rhythm and blues could be heard. Homer Capehart, until his dying day, insisted his machine was a "coin-operated phonograph," while Noel Seeburg promoted his "music system."

Nothing illustrates this schizophrenia more than the way the industry dealt with rock 'n' roll. With the invention of the 45-rpm single in 1949, the rock 'n' roll record industry came into its own. But the jukebox bigwigs were still pushing walnut cabinets and album-playing machines to croon classical and show tunes to the nightclub and resort crowd. Nightclubs never did warm to the jukebox, though, perhaps because they were afraid the machines would lure the leather-clad teenagers who listened to rock.

In 1959, the city of River Forest, Illinois,



MILLS EMPRESS 910 (1935)

An engineering breakthrough in the jukebox selection device allowed listeners a choice of a couple dozen hits instead of a handful. This model featured a unique mechanism: The changer remained stationary while the rack of records moved up and down.



AMI MODEL B (1948)

Half a million jukes were in operation by the time this rainbow-colored plastic and carved-wood beauty made its appearance.



AMI MODEL FR (1932)

One of the first glow-in-the-dark juke, this model caused other manufacturers to scrap their designs in favor of softly shimmering pastel lights: The era of the art-deco jukebox had begun.



AMI MODEL A (1946)

Early postwar juke, like this model with its glowing amber halo, reached the zenith of molded plastic perfection.

outlawed the jukebox altogether. "I don't think anyone has a right to play rock 'n' roll to the discomfort of others," ruled the judge. "I, for one, wouldn't want to be forced to listen to Elvis Presley play whatever it is he plays."

But rock 'n' roll was here to stay—making for both the last jukebox boom and, in part, for the decline of the industry. In the late '60s, the music business was again no longer dominated by singles. Record buyers preferred listening to whole albums, and they wanted to get high while they did—an activity, in a paranoid era, not welcome in bars or malt shops. Also, more and more people were staying in and watching television. A gradual tapering off of jukebox business resulted.

In March 1974, the Wurlitzer Company closed its jukebox division. The company that had sold half the jukeboxes in America could no longer sell enough to make a profit. From a peak of 56,000 machines in its prime, it was down to 13,000 in its last year. Seeburg and AMI are still around, though turning out far fewer jukeboxes. But wait!

Wurlitzer's closing touched off a jukebox-collecting mania, and prices soared. Antique Wurlitzers fetch as much as \$10,000. Christie's of London and other swank art auctioneers often feature an exotic or funky jukebox at their auctions, right up there beside the Tiffany lamps. Even the old clunkers that play only 78s now cost several thousand dollars, compared to the several hundred they sold for when new.

There are still about 500,000 commercial jukeboxes in the United States, and a new wave of box has arrived. The popularity of disco, cabaret, and new-wave rock has people going out again at night, and a jukebox lets even the neighborhood bar keep up with the new sounds, or the live-DJ discos. The jukebox of the '70s is cool, with more compact works and often quadraphonic sound. They are more digital, more sci-fi influenced, and black seems to be the fave color among contemporary juke designers. Only a fool would guess about the jukeboxes of the '80s.

The golden age of the jukebox is surely past, but the future is secure. A jukebox will always be there in the corner, ready to play anything from "My Way" to "Miss You." There when you need it, like all good friends.

Playing the Jukebox Can Be Hazardous to Your Health

Like most of life's pleasures, listening to the jukebox, when pursued to excess, can become dangerous. In March 1948, Josephine Ostoloco played the song "Civilization" (which began, "Bongo, bongo, bongo, I'm so happy in the jungle") for over an hour on the jukebox of Manhattan's Arco Bar and Grill. As she asked the bartender for change for yet



The jukebox of the '70s is cool, and black seems to be the fave color. Only a fool would guess about the jukeboxes of the '80s.

another dozen plays, one Felipe Torres started to yell at her. He pulled his Saturday-night special, shot her twice, then turned the gun on the bartender.

In April 1971, a group of Jewish students in the Brooklyn College cafeteria were enjoying six or seven plays of the Hebrew song "Next Year in Jerusalem." A black student broke into the jukebox and smashed the record. Within the week, Rabbi Meier Kahane of the Jewish Defense League led over a hundred followers into the cafeteria and smashed all the soul records, causing a melee involving over 600 students, injuring 4 of them, and lasting about 20 minutes.

God Save the Juke

Johnny Rotten, former icon in chief of the Sex Pistols, owes his big break in rock to the jukebox.

Malcolm McLaren, the Pistols' manager, used to run a London boutique called Sex. He had a jukebox, and the neighborhood lads would hang about, listening to it. McLaren was trying to put a band together from among these kids, but



In 1939, the biggest threat to the jukebox was not the Depression, organized crime, or impending fascism—it was the jitterbug.

he needed a lead singer.

One day, a boy named John Lydon comes in. He puts a coin in the box, selects Alice Cooper's "I'm 18," and lip syncs along. He looks menacing, thrashes around, puts his whole body into it. Most important, he knows all the words.

He got the job, changed his name, and the rest, as they say, is history.

The Jukebox with a Brain

"When we made *Rocket to Russia*, we wanted the album cover to have a photograph for each song. So for 'Teenage Lobotomy' we bought this calf's brain from a butcher on First Avenue.

"Then we went over to CBGB's [noted punk hangout] and decided we'd use John Holmstrom's cartoons instead of the photos.

"Since we didn't need the brain anymore, we started throwing it at the band. They'd throw it back, and we'd send a piece of it in a glass over to the owner's wife.

"Finally, we dumped it on the jukebox, covering the list of songs. People would

come up to play a song and see this brain. They didn't want to touch the thing, but they still wanted to play the jukebox. So they used straws or forks to move the brains around while they decided.

"At the end of the night, the brain was still there, with straws and forks sticking out all over. And the glass on the jukebox was covered with this thick film."

—Joey Ramone

Lead singer, the Ramones

"In my adolescence, jukeboxes were the equivalent of a certain kind of bar. The kind of bar where the women were good looking and the whiskey good tasting.

"The jukebox was sex mixed with a whiff of awe."

—Norman Mailer

Author

Jukebox Therapy

Kenneth Durie was the "King of Jitterbug" in Detroit during the 1930s. He was also a menace on the highway, with eight traffic violations on his record and no signs of remorse. So serious was the case that the court turned Durie over to a psychiatrist.

Dr. Lowell Selling was the court shrink. According to his analysis, the King was "egocentric, inferior, infantile, excitable and undependable." Well, that's what you get when you offer your ability to jitterbug as defense in a court case.

The doctor prescribed the jukebox for Durie. "The only way to keep him straight is to allow him to dance, as he has perfect psychophysical coordination and should be allowed to engage in activity without too much brain strain."

Beat on the Box

In 1939, the biggest threat to the jukebox business was not the Depression, organized crime or impending fascism. The big menace was (gasp!) the jitterbug.

Jitterbug music was quite popular, which should have been good for the jukes. But jitterbug dancing was equally popular, and therein lay the danger. You've seen it in old movies—the jumping around, throwing partners in the air for dramatic catches, splits to render one sterile. It always looked like good, sweaty fun. But not for the machines. The needles would bounce and break, the records would get scratched, and the repairmen would have to schlepp out there week after week.

Billboard magazine offered helpful hints to minimize the danger when a dancer threw his partner into the air and missed her on the way down. If the jukebox were positioned on a part of the floor with plenty of support, and if its legs were cushioned with foam rubber on blocks of wood, the needle wouldn't bounce—too much.

And if a dancer should be hurled onto the juke? Well, that's why God made repairmen. ■



WURLITZER 1050 (1974)

The last of the Wurlitzers. By 1974, the company that had manufactured half the jukeboxes in America could no longer sell enough to make a profit. Not to despair, this art-deco classic is still available for \$2,130.



ROCK-O-LA 1426 (1947)

The top of David C. Rockola's postwar line played 20 78s and produced a revolving light show when a selection was made.

A CHRISTMAS STORY

Which Real Meaning?

by Glenn O'Brien



Illustrations by Thomas LaPadula

This year, as usual, you're going to get a lot of reminders on the subject of the Real Meaning of Christmas. And, as usual, these reminders will just be reminders. They will say, "And don't forget the Real Meaning of Christmas." They won't remind you what the Real Meaning is, they'll just remind you to remember it. They will assume that you know what it is. And you do, don't you?

The Real Meaning of Christmas goes something like this: Christmas is not just a time for spending vast sums on lavish gifts, eating and drinking heavily and observing a complex of celebration scenarios derived more from the Druids and Vikings than from the apostles. No, it's not just that. First and foremost Christmas commemorates the birth of Jesus Christ. For Christians it is the holiest of holy days, marking the birth of a Divine Man. The first Christmas was the day God was made Flesh.

Now that is certainly something to bear in mind as you make your Christmas rounds this year. But don't let it put a damper on your shenanigans. For unlike most of those who would like to remind you of the Real Meaning of Christmas, we are not suggesting that you have a solemn, meditative or restrained little Xmas. No, not at all. Maybe all of the wild partying and gift giving

and the artificially good manners that have sprung up around the day and all of those funky old neopagan trappings like the mistletoe and the Yule log and that old elf Santa are not really so far removed from the most holy Real Meaning of Christmas after all.

High Times wants you to remember to do both things this Christmas—get wild and high and ponder the significance of this highest holiday. There may be more of a connection here than meets the first two eyes. Maybe there's a Real Meaning of Christmas that's even more real.

Let's start with the basic Real Meaning: All of a sudden God is a man. That's the first Christmas. And a first-class mystery. How did man become God? A tough question. The traditional religious answer is that God became man. But supposing it was the other way around. How did man do it?

That's a very tough question—especially because there is very little agreement as to how man became man. But maybe the answers to both questions are similar, if not one and the same.

Most docs think that man got to be man by evolution. From apes. Then again the apes are still around. The mystery hasn't been totally solved by science. Some researchers seek the key to

the evolution of intelligence in the DNA molecule, some suggest it drifted here in virus form from other worlds. One evolutionary theory that gets better every day suggests that man became man through his apprehension of God through the ingestion of psychoactive plants—a phenomenon still popularly known as seeing God. And who knows, maybe man got to be God, or vice versa, in a similar fashion.

The first Christmas was two millennia ago, give or take a bit. Stories can change a lot in a week. So our search for the secret, inside story of the Real Meaning of Christmas won't be easy. We'll have to look at the facts. We'll even have to keep thinking. What's a fact? Above all, we'll have to keep our inspiration level high and hope for a perfect coincidence of the scientific method and shamanism or pharmacological Gnosticism. So keep your eye on the interstice at all times. If this works, it might disappear.

THE SECRET FUNK GOSPELS

To rehash, the basic premise: If a man takes drugs, he may see God. If an ape takes drugs, may he see man?

The case for psychoactive plants as prime catalysts in the evolution of human consciousness ("creation") has advanced remarkably over the last 30 years, and what not long ago was lunatic-fringe thinking in academia is now a heavyweight contender of a theory. It's first great proponent was R. Gordon Wasson, who rediscovered in the '50s the Mexican psilocybe-mushroom culture. He later published a landmark of scholarship called *Soma: Divine Mushroom of Immortality* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1971), in which he sought to prove that another psychoactive mushroom, the fly agaric (*Amanita muscaria*), was the lost drug of the gods mentioned in the Vedic scriptures.

Another significant contribution to the idea was made by Andrija Puharich, whose *Sacred Mushroom: Key to the Door of Eternity* (Doubleday, 1959) made an impressive case for a similar usage of the fly agaric in ancient Egypt—although Puharich, unlike Wasson, did not limit himself to traditional research methods, and most of his data came through a medium.

Although the questions raised by Wasson and Puharich may have been hot questions in certain academic circles, they didn't bring about a full-scale furor, nor did they instantly revolutionize

story. Allegro's key to the Gospels is built into the fact that Semitic writing before and after the Gospel writers is uniquely rooted in puns as conveyors of multiple levels of information.

Jesus and his followers are not walking mushrooms but priests who used the various divine plants to heal, anointing the sick with them and casting out demons or various illnesses in their names.

According to Allegro, the sacred mushroom is the manna that fell from heaven and fed the Israelites in the desert. It is also the sacrament, the body and blood of Christ, that Jesus fed his apostles. It is the unleavened bread.

The body of Christ was born in a stable—traditional birthplace of mushrooms. At night. Of a virgin. The virgin birth is of particular interest since it explains the peculiar form of reproduction in fungi.

And no less an authority than Pliny is quoted as characterizing the Magi as "the great drug peddlers of the ancient world." (Their



gifts to Jesus were medicines and drugs.)

Whether or not there was a historical Jesus remotely resembling the object of Christianity is besides the point this Christmas, as the stars glide by Bethlehem.

You can't write everything down. You have to use your imagination. Keep your eyes on the crèche.

According to Allegro, the real Christians wrote the Gospels when their cult was imperiled by Roman repression of the Jewish revolt of A.D. 66. He wrote:

Instigated probably by members of the cult, swayed by their drug-induced madness to believe God had called them to master the world in his name, they provoked the mighty power of Rome to swift and terrible action. . . . The secrets, if they were not to be lost forever, had to be committed to writing, and yet, if found, the documents must give nothing away or betray those who still dared defy the Roman authorities and continue the religious practices.

The Gospels were the secret handbooks of the cult, and Allegro describes their intent:

To tell the story of a rabbi called Jesus, and invest him with the power and the names of the magic drug. To have him live before the terrible events that disrupted their lives, to preach a love between men, extending even to hated Romans. Thus, reading such a tale, should it fall into Roman hands, even their mortal enemies might be deceived and not probe farther into the activities of the cells of the mystery cults within their territories.

Of course this literary plot failed miserably and the cultists were persecuted like nobody else in history. Until the secret

Look at all the things you did this year. All the stupid, selfish, dumb things. Jesus, of course, will forgive you. But what about Santa?

modern thought. But in 1970 John M. Allegro, a distinguished philologist and the world's foremost authority on the Dead Sea Scrolls, exquisitely blew the finely tuned minds of his academic colleagues—philologists and theologians alike—with the publication of *The Sacred Mushroom and the Cross* (Doubleday).

R. Gordon Wasson, in *Soma: Divine Mushroom of Immortality*, had already presented a distinguished scientific case for the fly agaric's being Soma, the God-Plant of the Rig-Veda. And the research of Wasson and others had already established the widespread role of mushrooms in other shamanistic religions. But Allegro's serious, scholarly case for Christianity's being the decadent and totally misunderstood remnant of a tremendously powerful magical fertility cult that used a mushroom called Christ-Crucified was quite simply too much for almost everybody. It was bad enough that Allegro smoothly traced the origin of Yahweh to "juice of fecundity," but to interpret the life of Jesus Christ as an allegory concealing a drug cult was simply preposterous. But, as Jesus said, "the last shall be first." Right? Maybe that's true for theories, too.

Anyway, even if it's preposterous, it's great Christmas reading and it certainly sheds a whole new light on the whole Christmas

An Xmas Meditation: THE FLABELLUM OF DESTINY



There are a lot of beautiful views in Manhattan, but few are more imposing than that from the Cloisters, where, standing in a 15th-century archway transported from Italy, one can gaze across the Hudson River and see the primeval palisades where monolithic condominiums rise in the sky: steel towers that on a clear day scream, "You've had it, Gothic personalities." That is, if you're high and a fan of William Blake. Otherwise you might just admire the view.

Inside this wonderful museum, a division of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, there are many priceless treasures of religious art. The entire crucifixion carved inside a walnut. A tapestry comic strip depicting the extremely peculiar and horny hunt of the unicorn. But my personal faves are on the lower level in a room that contains lots of small reliquaries, chalices, monstrances, patens, ciboria and other tools of the priestly trade. Many of these items are among the most ancient artifacts in the Cloisters.

The funny thing is that the farther you go back in religious art, the more the tools of the trade resemble what is today called

paraphernalia. You should see the gold straws. And the oldest chalice in the collection looks more Bacchic than bloody. But the strangest item of all is an altar tool known as a flabellum. The flabellum looks like a large silver fan, which is what it is. But it wasn't for air circulation—it was for flying-pest control. But it's too big to be a flyswatter. You'd never catch a fly with an ungainly silver smasher the size of a tennis racket. It would seem that the idea was just to wave the thing over the sacraments so that the flies wouldn't alight on the bread and wine that became the body and blood of the Redeemer. But then I got to looking at the center of the thing, which is hollow, covered with basketwork and big enough to hold something the size of a yo-yo.

The museum explains that this container once held relics. But why put relics in a flyswatter? The size of the cage in its center made me guess that this flabellum was designed to hold a fly agaric mushroom cap. The fly agaric was so named because since the Middle Ages it has been thought to have fly-killing properties. In *Soma*, R. Gordon Wasson cites Albertus Magnus as the earliest expounder of this belief. Albertus Magnus was a 13th-century cleric who also claimed to have discovered the philosophers' stone. Today the fly agaric as insecticide is almost as much a matter of controversy as the existence of the philosophers' stone. It seems that, while all of Europe may have at times thought that the mushroom is a fly killer, it may simply inebriate the pests, rendering them easy victims to the slowest swatter.

At any rate, I'm certain that's what went inside this model of flabellum, and I'm sure Albertus had one similar to it. As Wasson has pointed out, flies weren't just flies in the Middle Ages, they were the vassals of Beelzebub. So naturally their presence at the Feast of the Lord was most unwelcome. Shoo.

had to be covered, until the whole thing was forgotten. Almost. The greatest cover-up in history. And the cover organization, the copy of the original cult, became the greatest religion in the history of the world and invented Christmas, the greatest religious holiday in history.

Sound farfetched? Of course it is. And so are you. Look at all the things you did this year. All the stupid, selfish, dumb things. Jesus, of course, will forgive you. But what about Santa?

THE SANTA CONNECTION

When it comes to Christmas, Santa is the one cat who can give Jesus a run for his money. Christmas might be intended to commemorate the birth of Jesus, but for the kids it's mainly the arrival of Santa.

Now who is this Santa Claus character, and what does he want?

Actually, Santa Claus, like most success stories of today, is a conglomerate personality. He is, of course, Saint Nick, the patron saint of Greek sailors. But his real popularity began in Holland, where, known as Santa Klaas, he was associated with Christmas because of his alleged generosity, and thereby inspired the custom of gift giving. But obviously the Santa of today bears virtually no resemblance to Saint Nicholas (bishop of Myra, persecuted by Diocletian), who remains one of the more obscure martyrs on the heavenly roster. But even the Saint Nicholas of today, the patron saint of Russia, bears little resemblance to the "jolly old elf" who runs Christmas.

Most of Santa Claus's characteristics, in fact, seem to be derived from Thor, the thundering hearth god of ancient blonds, who *also* celebrates his birthday on December 25th. Santa Claus is a sort of Thor emeritus, who held the old pagan rituals together in Europe under Christianity. He rides through the sky on a sleigh drawn by flying reindeer. And, of course, he can levitate, after placing a finger to the side of his nose.

Santa's workshop is located at the North Pole. And what would he be without his red and white Santa suit? And for that matter, where would the Salvation Army be?

The truth of the matter is that the Santa suit depicts the *Amanita muscaria* (fly agaric) mushroom mentioned earlier. For one thing, his suit looks more like this mushroom than it does the suit of any other person, actual or fictional. If that isn't enough, consider that Santa is the world's largest employer of "little people." It is well known that elves, gnomes, leprechauns and other diminutive types are often seen in the vicinity of these mushrooms, in the field and in children's literature and interior design. And if that isn't enough, what about the flying reindeer?

Well, anybody who knows anything at all about reindeer knows that there are two things in the world that reindeer crave: human urine and mushrooms, particularly the fly agaric mushrooms of the sort resembling Santa's suit. It would seem that reindeer like to get off on amanitas as much as their Mongol owners do. No sane reindeer owner would consider whipping it out in front of one reindeer, much less ten, because the urine of the amanita user has the same potency as the mushroom.

Anyhow, this constellation of amanita clues could be laid to coincidence if it were not for the flying and the levitation, both symptoms of amanita eating in reindeers and humans.

It is also likely that Rudolph's red nose comes from amanita consumption. And his ability to guide Santa's sleigh through the densest fog in Christmas history is perhaps not from the actual illumination of his nose but from a sort of psychic radar. This same ability is perhaps what enables Santa to know when you are sleeping, to know when you're awake, and to know when you've been bad or good.

And let's not forget that you never see Santa without his cap.

As for living at the North Pole: Santa denies any connection with Hollow Earthers, Theosophists, the Nazi Party and UFOs. His only human contacts are a few neighboring Eskimo who trade in amanita and reindeer. Every once in a while they all get high and eat golden snow cones. ☐

DEVOTTE VISIONS

Meet the Huichol. The Huichol have been doing this from time out of mind, and here is some of their art.

Time out of mind. In some of these yarn-images you will observe representations of the conquistadores of Coronado, who came among the Huichol 400 years ago and are still sung of in Huichol village myths. In others you will see Watacame, the farmer who survived a series of Job-like



Yarn paintings by Juan Rios and Jose Benitez, photographs by Ivan Spane

plagues and tribulations in the dark times long before even Coronado came, and whose body after death was dismembered, Osiris-like, and rose up severally out of the earth as various medicine and drug plants. In still others you will see jet planes, anthropologists' pith helmets, four-wheel-drive Toyotas, and—hey!—dope-seeking American hippies! Most of all, if you've ever done peyote, in these yarn panels you will see peyote.

First, one coats a slab of plywood with beeswax and heats it gently until the wax is smooth and tacky. Then, sitting cross-legged before the beeswax with heaps of colored yarn in one's lap, one eats a few peyote buttons and waits for the visions to manifest themselves. First they come as a general impression of some all-pervasive color, so the yarn of that color is impressed into the wax as a full background. As this proceeds, various articulations of the vision proper proceed to materialize: People, animals, suns and planets, gods and the movements of matter play out of one's fingers into the warm wax.

Peyote thus becomes a link of consciousness between American peyote-dopers and these Indians of the Sierra Madre Occidental in Mexico. Our history mingles with theirs, our myths with their myths. The magic buttons dissolve a barrier of ignorance and cultural isolation from each other. We become friends. We're brothers and sisters in peyote, in the profound dimensions of common humanity that all persons know who have experienced this unique state of altered consciousness. ■





HAWAIIAN HIGH

You can travel the world over, but it will be hard to find marijuana that surpasses the Hawaiian High. The best in the world—and it grows right here in the USA. It might be a long flight, friend, but it's a domestic flight. Like from Cleveland to Detroit. No customs required.

Cannabis has grown on the islands at least since 1778, when a British exploratory mission under Capt. James Cook landed there and dubbed the chain the Sandwich Islands. But in those days it was bred for rope, not dope. Serious herbal cultivation didn't arrive until about 190 years later. During the mid 1960s many stoned Hawaiians, whose beatific volcanic turf had just been made our 50th state, realized that this heavenly homeland was one of the most ideal spots on the entire globe for intensive psychoactive farming.

And so the seed was planted. And it was good seed, too. From all over the globe it came: Jamaican, Mexican, Colombian, Afghani, Thai, Cambodian, Vietnamese. Perhaps it was the heavy traffic created by the Vietnam War, or just Pacific breeding, but some of the most successful strains proved to be the Southeast Asian strains. And these strains became even more heady and exotic than their forbears, as they, basking in the mid-Pacific mountain sun, had kinky vegetarian sex, Thai marrying Cambodian, yielding babies more beautiful than either parental lineage. And soon every species started looking good. Evolution happens fast here.

Today Hawaiian is Number One. It gets all the custom care of the great California growers—plus the intense heat required to make gold. It is America's crop of the future. Buy American! Demand legal cultivation now. Quality not quantity.


Here's a little sample of what we can expect in return: 38 floral arrangements from the Sacred Gardeners of Hawaii.



KONA GOLD (Honolulu)



PELE'S PRIDE (Honolulu)



OAHU HAWAIIAN (Oahu)



BLACK GANJA
(Honolulu)



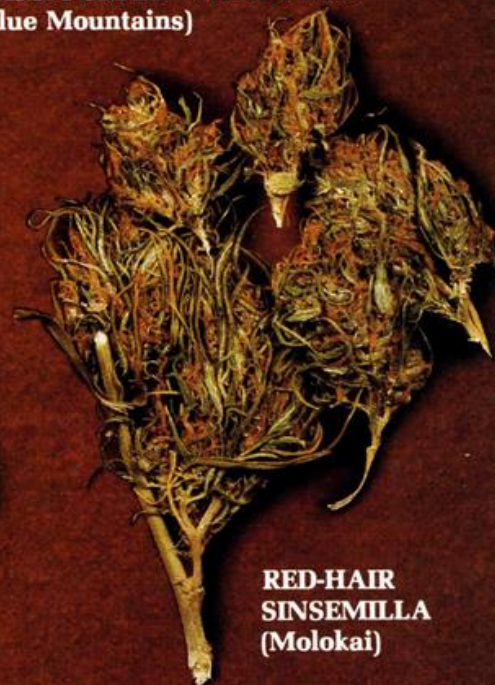
MEDICINE BUD (Honolulu)



DARK PURPLE "VIRGIN SUN"
(Blue Mountains)



EARLY FALL BRANCH
(Unlimited Village)



**RED-HAIR
SINSEMILLA**
(Molokai)



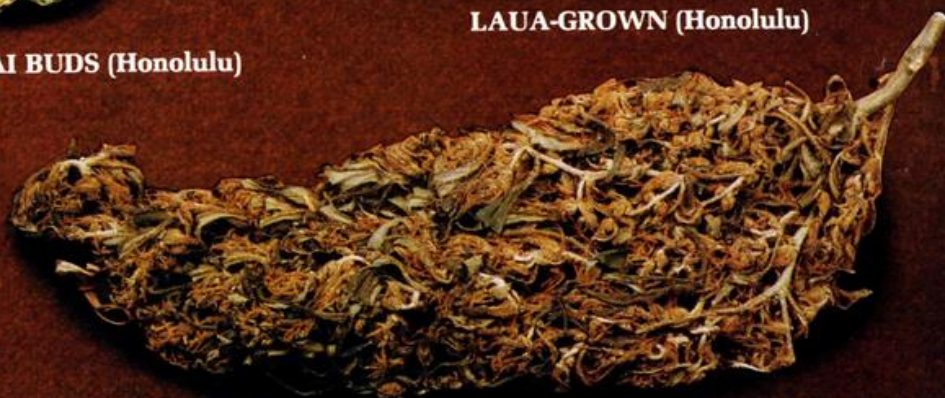
KAUAI TREAT (Kauai)



KAUAI BUDS (Honolulu)



LAUA-GROWN (Honolulu)



MOLOKAI EXPRESS (Molokai)



NA-PALI "BOBO" (Kauai)



HASH STRAINS (Kahaluu)



KONA GOLD (Oahu)



AFGHAN HYBRID (Honolulu)



SEEDED PURPLE (Oahu)



PUNA BUTTER (Honolulu)



**CRYSTAL-LEAF
MAUI WOWIE (Maui)**



**KALA-PANA PUNA BUDS
(Honolulu)**



MID-SEASON BRANCH (Honolulu)



HILO SWEET-SOUR (Honolulu)



**KAUAI ELECTRIC
(Kauai)**



**SEEDED COMMERCIAL
(Kahaluu)**



**ABDUL'S
PRIDE
(Kauai)**



LUCKY DAY (Kauai)



HAWAIIAN PURPLE (Blue Mountains)



**MAUNA LOA—"PURPLE STUNT"
(Honolulu)**



ULTIMATE PURPLE SEEDED (Blue Mountains)



**HAWAIIAN GREEN
(Blue Mountains)**



DENSE GANJA (Honolulu)



**HEAVENLY HANA
(Maui)**



"BIG ONE" BANANA



KULA CRIPPLER (Maui)



HOMEGROWN (Kauai)



KEMO'S KALAHEO (Kalaheo)



LATE KAUAI (Kauai)



**FINGER HASH
(Honolulu)**



BUD (Molokai)



UNLIKE FLYNN

Hollywood's highest adventurer

by Harry Wasserman

DOn screen he was Captain Blood, Robin Hood, the Sea Hawk and Don Juan. His name changed through 45 Hollywood films, but Errol Flynn always portrayed the amorous adventurer: pirate, smuggler, revolutionary, expert swordsman, reckless lover. Offscreen Flynn assumed roles that were no less flamboyant. He was a swashbuckler in the wilds of New Guinea, a slave trader, a sailor across the seven seas, a war correspondent. He smoked his first opium in Macao, took his first sweet puff of marijuana in Mexico, and was known for applying cocaine to the tip of his cock to keep it numb and erect so he



could pump away at a never-ending line of sultry Hollywood starlets. This insatiable hedonism earned Flynn two charges of statutory rape, a morphine habit and an international reputation as both a hero and a debauchee.

Flynn was born on June 20, 1909, in Hobart, capital of the Australian state of Tasmania, to two Australians, famed marine biologist Prof. Theodore Thomson Flynn and Lily Mary Young, daughter of a sea captain.

While his mother and father were both rumored to be enjoying clandestine sexual dalliances, Errol was "asked to leave" Hobart High for his pranking, then was expelled from Sydney Church of England Grammar School after only a few months for getting caught screwing a laundress's daughter in a coal pile.

In October 1927, Flynn traveled to New Guinea inspired by rumors of a gold rush. He ended up going from job to job there as a worker on copra plantations until he was hired onto a schooner by Dr. Herman F. Erben for a trip up the dangerous Sepik River to film headhunters. He returned from the trip with tales of poisoned darts, crocodiles and jungle waters strewn with floating human corpses.

It was in New Guinea that Flynn first encountered communism. Starved for reading matter, he had the Sydney library send him some books including selections by Karl Marx. Flynn was so impressed with what he read that he became a "revolutionist," believing that the distribution of money could be improved upon. Flynn saw Marxism as the only answer to the world's troubles. From his vantage point in paleolithic New Guinea, the world seemed so backward and in need of some kind of ethic. Marx, it seemed, had the answer. But when Flynn reread Marx years later, he called him "the dullest son-of-a-bitch you can 'opiate' yourself with."

Flynn made several trips between New Guinea and Sydney after buying the ten-ton, 44-foot, cutter-rigged yacht *Sirocco*. His first voyage on his new yacht was supposed to take six weeks but lasted seven months, including week-long stops at various ports for boozing and carousing. He then bought a five-acre tobacco plantation near Rouna Falls on the Laloki River not far from Port Moresby. (To promote his new enterprise he traveled to Sydney with eight wildly garbed Papuan natives.) But high tariffs prevented Flynn from selling his tobacco in Australia, so he shipped it off to England and went to start anew in Sydney in 1932.

It was while sunbathing on the beach in Sydney that Flynn was spotted by John Warwick, a casting director for Cinesound Studios. Impressed with Flynn's physique, Warwick suggested Flynn to Australian filmmaker Charles Chauvel for the role of Fletcher Christian in Chauvel's production of the first movie version of *Mutiny on the Bounty*, called *In the Wake*



Santa Fe Trail (1940): The dashing Flynn saves the day, single-handed, as usual.

Insatiable hedonism earned Flynn two charges of statutory rape, a morphine habit and an international reputation as both a hero and a debauchee.

of the *Bounty*. Chauvel reportedly was worried about Flynn's acting ability, but Flynn said he would try anything once, and showed himself to be a natural actor with great charm and charisma. Chauvel and Flynn worked on the film in 1932 on location in Tahiti and Pitcairn Island.

Flynn made little money from the film, however. Shortly afterward, while stealing cheese, ham and bread from Sydney's Usher Hotel, he met Madge Parks, statuesque, auburn-haired, married, rich, charming, sophisticated and almost twice his age. Her sexual demands taxed even the wanton Flynn, who awoke from her bedside one night, stole her jewels from the dressing table, hid them in the hollow handle of his shaving stick, and left by moonlight for the desolate section of Australia's northern coast, where he got a job shearing at a sheep station. On the assembly line Er-

rol had to "dag the hogget," a process he explained in his autobiography: sticking his face into a gruesome mess and biting off a young sheep's testicles. The sheep rancher had two pretty daughters, and Errol was soon forced to leave his job and run from the barrel of a shotgun for screwing the rancher's elder offspring.

After making a fortune in Manila through cockfights in which his rooster had an edge because his beak was dipped in poisonous snake venom, Flynn squandered his funds in Macao ("the cesspool of the Far East") by playing fan-tan at the casinos and by bankrolling a Chinese-Irish woman named Ting Ling O'Connor. It was Ting Ling who introduced Flynn to the wonders of opium.

As Flynn described it, Ting Ling ushered him into an opium den in which smokers were on the floor, leaning up on their elbows, their heads resting on wooden pillows. The man in charge scraped the pulp interior out of an orange half, carved four holes in it, stuck in a flame, inserted a black pellet of the finest opium until it bubbled, then stuck the pellet on the end of a long thin pipe called an *umchuck*. Ting Ling inhaled deeply, held the smoke a long time in her lungs, then exhaled and handed the pipe to Flynn, who grabbed the instrument and drew on it. Flynn recalled that the taste was unlike any tobacco that he ever had, but not unpleasant—it didn't burn the throat in any way. He experienced no feeling except wanting to open the window. Another *umchuck* was prepared for him, he took another long draw, then had his first opium experience. His life came before him, his body came out of his body and over his head, held by invisible strands—ethereal, motionless, relaxed, amused by the whole facade and procession of his life. He took Ting Ling to another room and made love to her in ways he never thought himself capable of.

In the spring of 1933 Flynn journeyed to London to become an actor. At the Northampton Repertory Company he played nearly everything from old maids to burglars. Then, as "the worst Othello in the history of the English stage" he lost the knife for his suicide scene during one performance and improvised by dying of a heart attack instead. He was soon spotted by Irving Asher, head of Warner Brothers in England, and was signed for the British production of *Murder at Monte Carlo*, in which he played a sleuthing reporter.

Flynn enjoyed sex with innumerable women in his lifetime, but the most exotic wenches of the South Seas and the most glamorous beauties in Hollywood were mundane compared to what he found lurking in New York upon his arrival in the States with a Hollywood contract from Warners clenched in his fist. His first weird experience was with Princess Tiarovitch of Russia, whom he met aboard the ship to America and with whom he later

rendezvoused in her hotel room at the St. Moritz. After a couple of bottles of champagne, in the middle of a fierce clinch in her bed, he suddenly leaped up with a yell and clutched his buttocks. He felt as though he had been bitten by ten scorpions. There was blood on his hands and the princess had a strange gloating in her eyes, a truly savage look. She was holding a hairbrush with a long handle and very prickly, hard hairs. Flynn got dressed in a hurry. It was his first experience with sadism.

Soon afterward, at a Harlem dance hall, he found his hand on a beautiful thigh, and moved it higher, then higher, until he discovered he was holding a man's cock in his hand, whereupon he dumped the drag queen, left some cash on the table and beat a hasty retreat.

Flynn's first film experience in Hollywood was *The Case of the Curious Bride*, a Perry Mason whodunit, in which Flynn played a corpse. After seeing him in a brief role as a society playboy in *Don't Bet on Blondes*, Jack Warner took a gamble and gave him the lead role in *Captain Blood*. In this screen epic Flynn played a doctor turned sea pirate, acting opposite Olivia de Havilland and Basil Rathbone. After *Blood*'s success, Flynn followed with a series of swashbucklers, including *The Adventures of Robin Hood* (1938), *The Sea Hawk* (1940) and *The Adventures of Don Juan* (1949), all directed by Michael Curtiz.

When he first arrived in Hollywood Flynn lived with David Niven in Santa Monica, in a bungalow they called Cirrhosis-by-the-Sea (one of two guest cottages on the grounds of Ocean House, a beachside palace built for Marion Davies by her lover, William Randolph Hearst). Niven has related in his own autobiography that while there, Flynn smoked and chewed pot, or "kif," as Flynn called it.

Flynn's first toke of marijuana, however, was in Mexico while on vacation with his new girl friend, actress Lili Damita, and Dolores Del Rio at the home of Mexican revolutionary artist Diego Rivera. Flynn was given a drink made by Rivera. Then, while caressing his potted plants, Rivera took out a pack of French Zig-Zag rolling papers, rolled a joint and told Flynn that after smoking it he would see a painting and hear it as well. Flynn smoked the joint, ate some pot, then suddenly started to sweat. His extremities went numb, and he felt paralyzed, yet capable of motion, as though he were suspended in time. And then, just as Rivera had promised, the pictures started singing simple Mexican themes: a woman on her mule moving through a field of cacti, the peasants at work, in rhythm—synesthetically perceiving the nonverbal harmony of illumination and color and sound.

In 1943, after reading Thomas De Quincey's *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, Flynn decided he must experiment by writing under the influence of opium.



Flynn robbed female hearts in *The Adventures of Robin Hood* (1938).

Flynn's experimentation with opiates led him to the conclusion that they diminish the male sexual impulse but stimulate the female. He had more experience with drugs and females than most doctors.

He asked a friend if he could get him some, and the pal responded, "My plane carries a lot of that junk." Soon, according to Flynn, "he came up with enough to dope half a studio." Flynn started shooting up opium every day in the form of morphine, then writing while high on the stuff. His roommate at the time, Freddie McEvoy, noticed Flynn's complexion was becoming paler, found the hypo and the morphine, and burned them in the fireplace. When Flynn discovered this he hit McEvoy smack on the nose. But Freddie convinced Flynn to go cold turkey, and Flynn claimed that from then on he took a narcotic occasionally, but only on a doctor's advice, administration or prescription, although close friends claimed otherwise.

Flynn's experimentation with opiates had led him to the conclusion that they diminish the male sexual impulse but stimu-

late the female. Flynn, speaking from his long experience, challenged any medical sources to refute this. He had had more experience with narcotics and females than most doctors, and it was his opinion that if medicine knew more about the effect of opiates on females, they would probably do more with narcotics in the menopausal stages of a woman's life. It was a position guaranteed to raise howls of protest from the AMA, and to make his traditional female audience swoon.

Flynn also prided himself on testing every aphrodisiac from India to Mexico. He tried cantharis, or Spanish fly; a little cocaine on the end of his penis; a certain root found in Ciudad Trujillo, Santo Domingo, which is supposed to excite the male and female when it is drunk. His conclusion: There is only one aphrodisiac—the woman you love.

When Flynn's friend, Dr. Gerrit Koets, arrived in Hollywood with 1,200 monkeys (which he would sell to the Rockefeller Institute for experiments on the common cold for a dollar-a-head profit), Flynn asked Koets to help him escape from the boredom of Hollywood and the demands of his wife Lili Damita. Koets suggested "there's a hell of a good war going on in Spain—a civil one, the best kind."

Flynn agreed it would be fun, so he got his friend William Randolph Hearst to assign him to cover the war as a foreign correspondent. Flynn and Koets hopped a Cunard liner to Paris, where, upon arrival at the Plaza Athénée Hotel, Flynn discovered that his wife Lili and her mother had quarters at the same hotel. After a futile attempt at reconciliation, Flynn and Koets finally made it to Spain.

The Loyalists assigned them a car and a driver, who drove the two buddies through Barcelona. Flynn's mood was morbid. He had the feeling that he had come to die and it might not matter. He felt unreal, tired, beat up by life with Lili, overworked at the studio—inwardly ready for the bullet he had come to Spain to get.

Flynn had a good grasp of the realities of the war itself. Spain was being used as a testing ground for weapons that would later be employed in World War II. Hitler and Mussolini helped Franco. The Soviet Union helped the Loyalists. America was playing it neutral.

In the human sense Flynn was for everybody. He knew there were idealists, fanatics, nuts on the Loyalist side, and that the big money was sentimental to the Franco cause, or outrightly sympathetic. As to his own sympathies, he decided that since the split was a revolution by Franco against the legally elected Republican government, he leaned toward the Left, where there might be a little more idealism and humanity.

While on the road from Barcelona to Madrid to meet "a top-brass Loyalist," a

man in the front car of the motorcade was killed instantly by a bomb as he offered Flynn a candy bar. Shaken, Flynn and Koets arrived at the Gran Via Hotel. They were awakened the next morning when the building across the street was blown to bits by exploding shells. Flynn and Koets ran down to the lobby, where a calm, unruffled clerk explained, "That's the Germans. They always shell at nine o'clock."

While walking through the streets one day, Flynn was cursing the Loyalists, who, although he agreed with their cause, had angered him by shooting a priest. Suddenly he and Koets were accosted by a young woman partisan yelling "*Salvo conducto!*" Koets tapped her on the chin paternally, and she reached into her dress between her breasts, pulled out a pistol and stuck it in Koets's stomach. He stepped back, producing the identification papers she demanded, then tried to tenderly brush his hand on her cheek, thinking that she would respond to a gesture of romance. Instead, she fired her gun, sending a bullet through Koets's shirt and grazing his skin. She started to back away, stumbled on some debris behind her, and Koets grabbed the gun from her hand. Then a shell exploded and a balcony fell on Flynn, knocking him unconscious. Headlines in the United States screamed "ERROL FLYNN KILLED IN SPAIN," but he only languished in a Loyalist hospital where Koets took care of him.

When finally given a machine gun by a commissar who told him to get in there and earn his right to be a Loyalist supporter, and to hell with that foreign-correspondent stuff, Flynn realized he didn't want to kill anyone. He had handled weapons galore in pictures, but it didn't bridge the gap between the make-believe of films and the reality of Spain.

Flynn was finally confronted by his chauffeur, Pepe, as to when he would give the partisans the million dollars he had collected from other sympathetic Hollywood stars. Astonished, Flynn said there was no such money; he later found out that Koets had spread that rumor around Barcelona so that they would be given first-class accommodations. Flynn suggested to Koets that they leave the country immediately.

But when Flynn returned to the United States nobody would publish his stories. Instead, editorials lambasted him for having "Loyalist sympathies," and the Knights of Columbus branded him "a dangerous radical." Flynn complained that he had always resented that the artist is relegated to a place with no voice in political or human affairs, although, after all, it is the artist's world, too.

Late in 1942, Flynn answered a knock at his door and in came "two dicks." They were in plain clothes, but he could have told, on the street, a hundred

feet from them, that they were police. (Plainclothesmen usually look more like police than uniformed cops. You get to be able to make a fine distinction like that after you've had your share of contact with them.)

They charged him with the statutory rape of a 17-year-old blonde named Betty Hansen. Flynn didn't know the difference between rape and statutory rape. Rape to him meant picking up a chair and hitting some lady over the head with it and having your wicked way—which he hadn't done.

Hansen had been threatened with four

Castro's female secretary, the "heroine of the revolt," wore a pink orchid on her right shoulder and a .32-caliber revolver lashed to her waist.

years of detention in juvenile hall, so she nailed Flynn to save her own skin. She had been dragged into the cop shop after being found in a Santa Monica hotel by police working on a missing-person call from her sister.

"Their queries dredged up a story of amatory adventuring," recalled attorney Jerry Giesler in his autobiography, *Hollywood Lawyer*. (Flynn hired Giesler, who had successfully defended Busby Berkeley against a charge of killing three people while drunk.) "Although some of it may have been the product of the girl's imagination," continued Giesler, "she did produce Flynn's unlisted telephone number to back up her story that not only had she met him but he had committed statutory rape upon her."

Flynn had been partying at a Bel Air home rented by his friends Stephen Raphael, Bruce Cabot and Freddie McEvoy. Hansen was, as Flynn later remembered, a "flowsy little blonde" whom someone named Sevow had invited over with a bunch of other women to entertain the boys.

Miss Hansen was only 17, but her youthfulness did not keep her from being ripe physically, a quality that Flynn didn't overlook. Also Miss Hansen was impressed with Flynn's charm and "his stellar position in the Hollywood firmament." Until the day of his death, this type of episode would shape his life.

The grand jury returned no indictment against Flynn on Betty's weak charges in October 1942, so the district attorney's office did a little more digging and found



The irresistible smile that added "In like Flynn" to our

Peggy Satterlee, a 16-year-old nightclub dancer, who claimed Flynn seduced her twice on his yacht *Sirocco* during a cruise off Catalina Island. The fact that Satterlee's supposed statutory rape had actually occurred a year earlier, when her mother had first reported it, got Flynn and Giesler thinking that "something stank." The grand jury agreed and dismissed the charge of statutory rape.

But the DA's office decided to override the grand jury and bring him to court on the same charges. Then Flynn finally figured it out. The previous district attorney, Buron Fitts, had been the protector of Hollywood's big names in squashing any kind of complaints. The big studios supported him. But when Fitts lost the next election to "Honest" John Dockwiler, the new DA decided to make an example of the first guy in Hollywood to get in trouble. "I was the first guy," said Flynn.

In court, Peggy said Flynn was no gentleman, a laugh in the press because he was currently starring in the movie *Gentleman Jim*. When Betty said he kept his socks on during intercourse, the reporters joked about this, too, because Flynn's other current hit was *They Died with Their Boots On*. The other big joke of the trial was Peggy saying Flynn had seduced her into his cabin by saying the moon would look much more romantic through a porthole.

Flynn was acquitted of all charges by a jury Giesler had stacked mostly with women, none immune to Flynn's charisma. Besides, Flynn believed everybody knew that the girls had asked for it.



Movie Star News

sexual lexicon.

But although Flynn was declared not guilty, the myth remained. ("A GI or marine or sailor went out at night sparking and the next day he reported to his cronies, who asked him how he made out, and the fellow said, with a sly grin, 'I'm in like Flynn.'")

During the trial Flynn had gotten a crush on the girl who worked the counter in the courthouse lobby and who turned out to be the daughter of police captain Jack Eddington. Nora Eddington soon discovered how the rape trials destroyed and shattered Flynn—he became addicted to morphine again. While Flynn was first going out with Nora (whom he later married in 1945), she discovered him in the bathroom with a hypodermic. When she accused him of addiction, he defended his right to try everything once. But once was not enough for Errol, for when he later visited Nora in Mexico where she was having an illegitimate baby, she noticed he kept going to the bathroom and emerging rolling down a sleeve. She later checked his suitcase while he was out for a drink and discovered a hypo, a bent spoon and morphine. When confronted, he told her he took morphine because he needed a "lift." After making biological discoveries on the Mexican islands, Flynn's father visited Errol in Hollywood and soon found out about his son's morphine addiction and confronted Errol with it. Errol then accused Nora of telling his dad, and an argument ensued during which he kneed her in the stomach and caused internal bleeding.

One of Flynn's last movie roles was as John Barrymore in *Too Much Too Soon*;

Barrymore had been a close friend of Flynn's, and Barrymore's last days as a puffy-eyed rummy were similar to Flynn's own.

Barrymore had come to stay at Flynn's home for three weeks before his death in 1942. Flynn later described Barrymore's visit as "the most frightening three weeks I had since I was in the New Guinea jungle." Barrymore smelled "pungently" and one of his habits was urinating out the windows. After Flynn complained that Barrymore had taken the varnish off one of the picture windows, Barrymore started

The coroner's report: Flynn died of a heart attack, with complications of gonorrhea, hepatitis, malaria and tuberculosis.

peeing in the fireplace, causing the room to reek of urine. Barrymore was drinking a lot of vodka at the time, the same liquor Flynn later drank in abundance. Barrymore had been in and out of hospitals all during his last years for such things as hyperstatic pneumonia and ailments of the stomach, kidney and liver. Worn down by alcoholism and a weak heart, Barrymore died of a heart attack in 1942. Flynn and the rest of the Hollywood heavies who had been Barrymore's friends were invited to a rousing wake.

Flynn returned from Barrymore's wake, turned on the lights and found Barrymore's corpse propped up in Flynn's favorite chair. Errol freaked out and tried to run but was stopped by his friends, including Raoul Walsh and W.C. Fields. The prank was later immortalized in the film *W.C. Fields and Me*, starring Rod Steiger as Fields and Jack Cassidy as Barrymore.

In 1949, Flynn got divorced from Nora after four years of marriage. During the making of *Rocky Mountain*, Flynn's last western, in 1950, Flynn met actress Patrice Wymore, 20 years his junior, whom he married in Monte Carlo in October of that year. At the wedding, Flynn was unexpectedly served with papers accusing him of raping Denise Duvivier on his yacht a year earlier. As evidence, Denise had a published French photo of the two of them embracing. She claimed he had raped her in his private shower on the yacht. Taking the judge at the Monacan trial to his yacht, Flynn showed him it would have been as impossible as raping her in "an upright coffin" because

of the tight squeeze. The judge dismissed the case. Flynn stayed married to Patrice until his death.

Federal narcotics agents questioned Flynn about prescriptions provided by a Beverly Hills physician in late March of 1956. George White, the bureau district supervisor, said that during an hour-long grilling, Flynn answered all questions in a "prompt and satisfactory" manner. Flynn, who was called in under administrative subpoena, refused to discuss the matter with reporters, and the doctor under investigation was never identified nor was the dope.

Biographer Earl Conrad, who ghosted Flynn's autobiography and recently wrote *Errol Flynn: A Memoir*, claims that, while working with Flynn for a few months in 1957, when Flynn was heavy into morphine and whiskey, he hired a pimp to procure Jamaican peasant women for Flynn's enjoyment. Conrad painted the dissipated Flynn as a man who had become paranoid enough to believe at moments that Conrad and others were out to poison him. Conrad, a civil-rights crusader who had fought to stop capital punishment, could never understand Flynn's love affair with hedonism.

When Flynn first heard of a revolution brewing in Batista's Cuba, he was drawn to the myth of Fidel Castro and decided he must fight beside him to secure the future of the Cuban people. In those days it was fashionable among the Hollywood radical chic to support Castro's efforts, but Flynn was the only one to travel to Cuba to help the cause. Again Flynn traveled on assignment as a Hearst foreign correspondent, which resulted in a syndicated newspaper series, "I Fought With Fidel." Flynn also filmed a semidocumentary movie of his trip, *Cuban Rebel Girls* (1959), in which he starred with his latest girl friend, teenybopper Beverly "Woodsie" Aadland. *Cuban Rebel Girls* would be Flynn's last testament, passing the torch of revolution from one rebel hero to another.

Flynn waited to meet Castro for weeks in Havana's Nacionale Hotel before receiving instructions to board a four-engine Constellation plane on Christmas morning at the Havana airport. He packed his "Flynn Enterprises" suitcase with vodka, tangerines, sweaters, underwear, shaving gear and a pack of toilet tissue, the latter being rare in Cuba.

Flynn and his companion, John McKay, were searched by two plainclothes Batista cops at the airport but, having no guns, were allowed to fly to Camagüey, about three-fourths of the way to Castro's headquarters in Oriente Province. They waited for their contact at the Camagüey airport terminal's bar, sipping *Cuba libres*.

"I suppose you could say I went by autograph into the rebel lines," wrote Flynn in his series for Hearst. "Armed with pens

(continued on page 141)

Cannabis Cookbook

Getting
haute
on
cuisine



Photos
and text by
Laurence
Cherniak

Your stockings are all hung by the chillum with care, Saint Nick is snow-blind but soon will be there. Yes, it's the time once again for festive get-togethers and gift giving, and one of the nicest ways to say "thanks for fronting me stash all year" is to throw an authentic Christmas feast. You've potlatched and pot-smoked, so why not pot-eat? There's pot roast and potted meats and chicken pot pie; there's hash brownies, hashbrowns and even corned beef and hash. What? You've never eaten the stuff? Read on, O misguided pilgrim, and indulge in our recipes for preventive munchies.

Reports of eating grass and hash date back to the ancient Chinese and Scythians. Even today, various Amazon tribes, African bushmen, Malaysians and Australian aborigines prefer a meal of their favorite highs to smoking, shooting, popping or snorting. Along with the trappings of civilization comes the fine art of gourmet cooking, capturing the subtle nuances and personalities of fine food. By adding cannabis or hashish to a favorite recipe, the joy of eating and drinking is enhanced by the joy of getting off, resulting in the sublime combination of a full stomach and a high head.

The possibilities for stoned cooking are as endless as the rows of cookbooks that line bookshelves from Maine to Mazatlán. We have adapted the following feast from Laurence Cherniak's *The Great Book of Hashish* (Berkeley: And/Or Press), a lavish pictorial epic of marijuana and hashish throughout the world. The most basic method, and a nice introduction to the unique body rush of eating dope, is simply to add a few teaspoons of clean herb to a cup of coffee, tea or hot chocolate, just the thing to put a tingle back in your frostbitten toes. It's always best to

use a milk base that aids in dissolving the resin particles. From here it's a natural progression to soups, milk shakes, wine and brandy.

Go ethnic! Grass, hash or their subtracted oils will add an extra continental touch to such Italian favorites as spaghetti, lasagna, pizza and salad dressings (even salads themselves!). Mexican dishes such as tacos, refried beans, enchiladas, chili and guacamole will all benefit from the extra zip of their south-of-the-border relatives in the plant kingdom. Gazpacho *a la marimba* is delicious; seafood and chipped hash are a natural combination; sauerkraut with stuffed mushrooms can be positively mind-blowing!

And the whole idea of dessert can take on new vistas of meaning. Everyone's heard of Alice B. Toklas brownies, but why not add some stash to baked apples, coconut and rum balls, carrot cake, banana and date bread, *ad infinitum*.

As more folks are becoming farmers, it is becoming more common to experiment with food. And if you don't have your own plantation, or if Jack Frost has ruined your Mary Jane, call up the gang and have everyone chip in a nickel or so (cooking for friends can be quite dope-consuming, since you will need denominations of ounces or grams when adding grass or hash to a meal). Put away the rolling tray and get out the rolling pin. Now's your chance to turn on that cousin who can't stand smoke in his lungs. And after dinner, it's a perfect way to get off at the opera without causing a commotion. Here we present some time-tested holiday recipes (each serves two) from some of the stonested chefs around. Let your taste be your guide and be careful with those sharp knives!

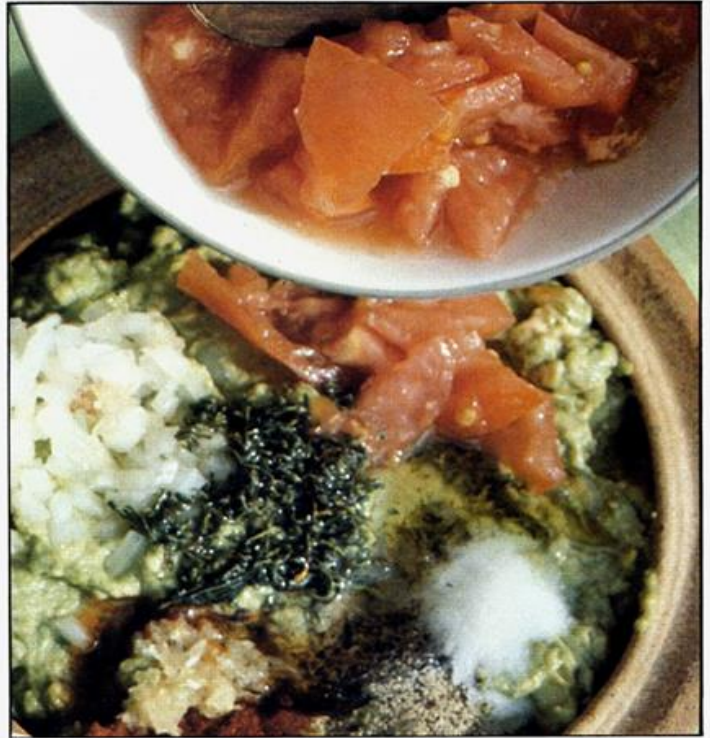
Santa Guacamole Dip

- 1 cup (½ oz., cleaned) marijuana
- ¼ cup olive oil
- 6 large (or 12 small) avocados
- 2 ripe tomatoes
- 1 onion

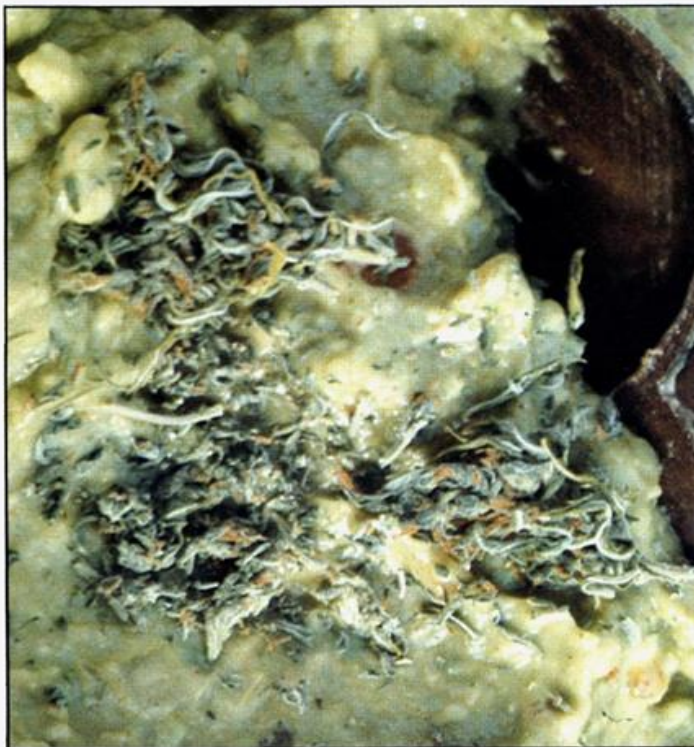
- garlic and parsley
- chili, salt, cumin and pepper
- lemon
- your favorite brand of chips



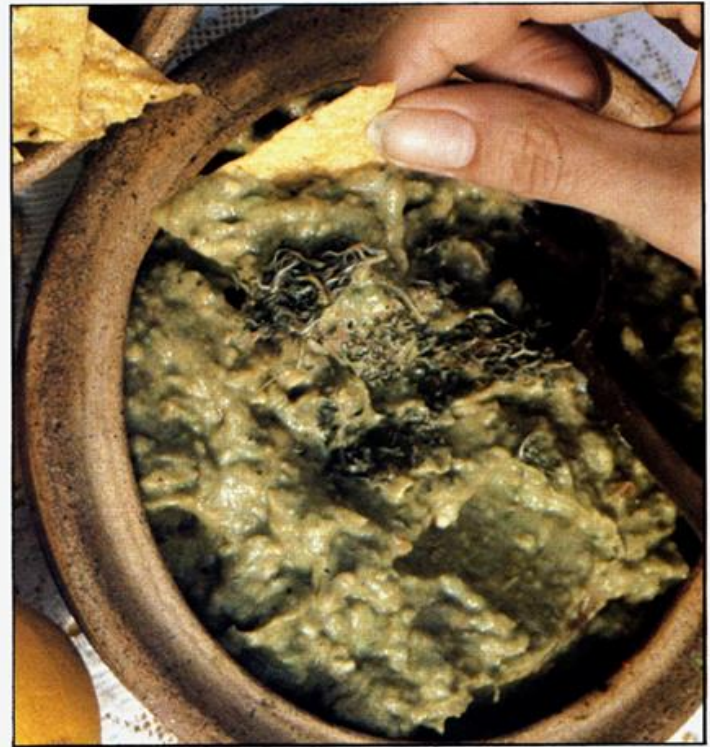
Mix olive oil into well-chopped marijuana, mash well, and let sit for at least a half hour, till mixture is uniformly green.



Peel and mash avocados. Add chopped tomatoes and onion.



Sprinkle finely chopped garlic and parsley into mixture. Season to taste. Combine with marijuana/oil mixture; stir thoroughly.



Add lemon to prevent discoloration. Chill. Serve with chips.

Main Course: Stoned Shepherd's Trout

- 2 five-inch buds or equivalent in loose, clean stash
- ¼ lb. butter
- large handful parsley
- 2 garlic buds
- salt and pepper

- chopped almonds (optional)
- marjoram and thyme (optional)
- 2 fresh or completely thawed rainbow trout
- 1 head lettuce
- lemon



Chop grass buds fine and mash evenly with the butter.



Add finely chopped parsley, garlic, almonds and other favorite spices.



Stuff fish with half this mixture and rub the rest on the outside of the fish.



Place fish on tinfoil and broil until browned, turning once (approximately six minutes per side—watch carefully). Serve on bed of lettuce with lemon garnish.

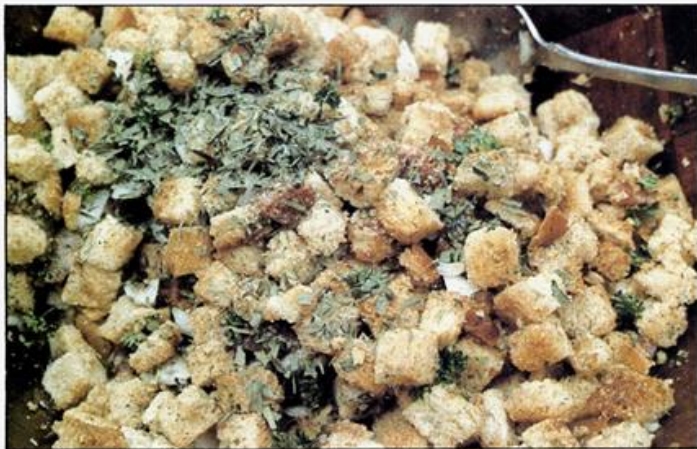
Main Course: Gaure Hens a la Scrooge

- 2 or 3 grass buds
- 2 tablespoons cooking oil
- 2 Cornish hens
- paprika, sage and pepper

- ½ cup chopped parsley
- approx. 3½ cups breadcrumbs
- 1½ cups orange juice



Chop grass buds and mix with oil. Let sit.



Crums should be moist. Add oil/spice mixture to breadcrumbs and toss like a salad until evenly distributed. Stuff hens loosely and seal ends (truss) with toothpicks or string.

Rub hens inside and out with paprika and any other preferred spices (do not use salt—it toughens the skin of the hens). Measure out spices for the stuffing, add to parsley and mix into grass/oil mixture evenly. Take breadcrumbs and sprinkle with orange juice while stirring constantly.



Cover and bake at 300° F. for 30 minutes.



Continue to bake uncovered for 15 minutes.

Dessert: Blitzed Brownies

- 1½ grams hashish
- ¼ cup butter
- any brownie mix that uses butter
- ½ cup pecans



Sift hashish through a fine screen onto a plate.



Mash with butter into a fine, smooth puree. Let sit for at least 30 minutes.



Then gradually mix butter mixture into chocolate of brownie mix.



Add nuts. Bake as per brownie recipe, 15 minutes at 400° F. or until a toothpick can be poked into and out of brownie without sticking to it.



Cool, then cut with a wet knife.

Dessert: Sleigh-Me Fruit Smoothie

- 1 gram hash oil
- 2 cups heavy cream, chilled
- favorite fruits, chopped (we used cantaloupe, strawberries and pineapple)



Heat end of oil vial.



Pour into a wide bowl.



Add very small amounts of cream slowly and stir rapidly until evenly mixed.



Pour into blender, then add balance of cream and the fruits.



Blend at medium-high speed. Pour into cups, garnish with extra fruit and serve. 🍓

DOPE IN THE COMICS, PART II HOW GOTHAM CITY WENT COLD TURKEY

BY MIKE McGRATH

All child drug addicts and all children drawn into the narcotics traffic as messengers with whom we have had contact were inveterate comic books readers. In the lives of some of these children who are overwhelmed by temptation the pattern is one of stealing, gangs, addiction, comic books, and violence. The parallel with crime comic books is striking!

—Dr. Frederic Wertham, *Seduction of the Innocent* (Port Washington, N.Y.: Kennikat Press, 1954).

There you have it—proof positive that comic books lead to stronger stuff (as anyone who ever rolled and smoked an issue of *Howard the Duck* will attest). At least that's the opinion of the infamous Dr. Wertham—the Joker, Red Skull, Lex Luthor and Dr. Doom of the “real” comic-book world.

This allegedly well-intentioned child psychiatrist (and sometime director of the Bellevue looney bin in New York City) is the man who almost single-handedly changed the appearance of

comics in the '50s. This snooper into the private lives and four-color fantasies of prepubescent youth published the landmark reference work quoted above, which revealed some of the weirder and more perverse goings-on in comics during their sleaziest period of existence.

While Wertham did cite some legitimate demonstrations of perversion (like the infamous *Mister Mystery Comics* cover featuring a hot poker about to be plunged into an eye), he generally raved on

TRAPPED!



THIS IS BILL JONES, A
HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT...
HE THOUGHT HE KNEW
ALL THE ANSWERS... HE
WAS WRONG, BUT HE
HAD TO LIVE THROUGH
A NIGHTMARE
BEFORE HE LEARNED
HIS LESSON!



One deep drag and Bill is Trapped! . . .



. . . but cool Kathy, "acting like a drip," really knows where to get off!

about such nonsense as how Bruce (Batman) Wayne's armpit resembled spread beaver female genitalia and how kids had developed a secret society to disseminate and get off on these covert references.

The end result was that the best publisher of the period, Bill Gaines of EC (Entertaining Comics) was forced out of comics. (Of the entire EC line, the only survivor was Mad, which became a magazine.) The comic books that were left became boring as hell. If kids wanted to be titillated by scantily clad superheroines they had to go to the library, take out Wertham's book and look at all the illustrations.

Granted, before standards governing the industry were set, some of the shit that was

published was so sick that *The Exorcist* and *Alien* look like Candyland in comparison. Some of the sicker books probably contributed to some psychotic nightmares, but Wertham couldn't have been more wrong about the EC line: He attacked it as an enemy, but, in fact, he and EC were on the same side.

EC was the line with the most talented staff in comics history. Harvey Kurtzman, now a satirist on *Playboy's Little Annie Fanny*, edited a highly realistic line of war books in addition to founding *Mad*; the list of artists who trained and labored there includes Jack Davis, Wally Wood, John and Marie Severin, Al Williamson and the master of all, Frank Frazetta. When EC did a story,

they did it well.

Al Feldstein's cover visual for EC's *Shock SuspenStories* number 12, "The Monkey," depicts in painful detail a junkie writhing in withdrawal on a dirty sheet in a seedy hotel room, his spoon and needle beside him—but no smack (which explains his agonized expression).

Inside the book Joe Orlando's artwork is even fiercer. The poor, twisted junkie is now eating those filthy, disgusting sheets while thinking, "I've waited through the hours while the perspiration poured from my pores and my stomach tied itself into knots and my muscles felt like red-hot rods and the monkey on my back began to scratch and tear and scream until I had to hold my trembling hands tight

over my mouth to shut that maddening monkey up . . ."

And you know where young, blue-eyed, high-achiever Eddie picked up the monkey, now, don't you? "It was less than a year ago that I took on my first roach." Flashback to that first fatal roach: "Gimmee another one, Sid, I'm flyin'!" "These things cost dough, Eddie!" By the next page Eddie's up to pharmaceuticals: "Jackets . . . Devils . . . B-Pills." And soon, just as your high-school counselor warned you: "Hi! Sid! I need Hi!" Toward the end of the seven-page story, Eddie splashes his old man's brains across the floor with a lamp and steals his wallet in order to cop a fix. Then a call to Sid leads to the long wait on those sleazy sheets until a

knock sounds at the door. It's not Sid, but John Law come to arrest a sobbing Eddie for patricide. Eddie stumbles off in cuffs, cursing the day "I reached into my pocket to fork over what was to be my first in a long series of payments for 'the stuff.'"

Does that sound like a story that would lead juvenile readers down a drug-ridden path? It's almost enough to make us stop smoking! What put EC out of business wasn't its treatment of drugs, but that it dared to run comic-book stories about police brutality and rape, and publish Harvey Kurtzman's biting satires in *Mad*, as well as his insistence on showing both Americans and Koreans among the battlefield dead. A McCarthy-like Senate investigation in 1953 intimidated comic-book publishers into policing themselves via the Comics Code Association. The code doomed comics to the province of unreality by cleansing them of any references to sex, drugs, murder and homosexuality and even removed the word "crime" from comic-book covers.

For a somewhat lighter treatment of drugs in the comics, let's look up a few old Disney books. After all, wasn't Fantasia made for acid and Disneyland for being high, even though Walt would never admit it? One man who worked for Disney couldn't keep hallucinogens out of the fantasy lands he created for four-color ducks. That man was the immortal Carl Barks.

Barks created such characters as Uncle Scrooge, Gyro Gearloose and the Beagle Boys, and added to the characters and personal legends of Donald and his three "illegitimate" nephews, Huey, Dewey and Louie. Duckburg and its looney inhabitants were Barks's private world, a realm where he made the rules; he bent them considerably in 1954 with *Donald Duck Four Color* number 328, featuring "Donald Duck in Old California."

Donald and the nephews are tooling along a backwoods California cow path in their little R. Crumb balloon car convertible when Donald misses a turn and

slams head-on into a boulder. Next, our heroes awake in an Indian village, where they are being tended by a medicine man who treats their injuries with a tribal healing dance accompanied by "a bowl of herbs" that they imbibe. The overhead panel explains that "the dance and the herbs have a strange effect," while Huey decides, "I feel like we're living in a time long ago!" Donald and the boys are thus launched into a book-length adventure in the California of gold-rush days, replete with ravishing señoritas flashing fans before their cobalt eyes.

At the end of the adventure, Donald and the boys are rudely awakened in a disturbingly modern and sterile surrounding. Says the doctor hovering over Donald, "Don't you remember? Your car struck a rock—and some Indians tried to doctor you with dancing and herbs!"

"Oh, sure, sure!" replies a shaky Donald. "Yeah—the

medicine man."

"He must have given you some powerful stuff!" says the doc. "You've been in a coma six weeks!"

We'll pass on that particular brand of dope for now and look back on that staple of the old Disney-Dell Comics line, Walt Disney's Comics & Stories. In the January 1950 issue Donald has his first psychedelic experience and, like a lot of us, the duck takes his first trip on ether.

Once again, the foursome are in California, but the nephews want to go home to Duckburg for the winter. So they trick Donald into believing he's been bitten by a bug that's made him sleep till 1990. While Donald is exploring this future world in the standard balloon car with his nephews, a bottle of "that ether Unca Donald uses to doctor his cheap gasoline" breaks open in the back, causing the driving duck to hallucinate quite heavily.

One of the nephews tells

him not to worry, but Donald begins to react like he's dropped more than a few tabs of purple microdot, and the ride becomes more interesting; buildings and cars twist wildly out of shape and, best of all, realistic-looking dogs and cats (as hard to find as real humans in these Disney stories) suddenly appear, but they're separated at the middle, or the head is detached from the body, or both.

Donald decides that the world of 1990 consists of "rubber buildings!" and "people that walk around in pieces!" just before he crashes the car into a fire hydrant that turns out to be not nearly as resilient as it looked to the looped duck. The kids win their way back to wintertime, Donald is as thoroughly confused as usual, and a valuable antidrug lesson is conveyed: Never drive with a fucked-up duck! (Rubber buildings, Unca Walt?)

Speaking of car crashes, it's no surprise that Donald began or ended states of altered consciousness with crackups; they're unusually popular in drug-related comics. The final page of *Kerry Drake* number 9 is our personal favorite. Only nine panels after the young lad who "lost" his own cigarettes tries one offered by a stranger ("Go on! Light up! These are... kinda Special!"), he flies away in a psychedelic fog, climbs into his convertible with his ponytailed main squeeze (who just happens, a few pages earlier, to have escaped from a psychotic murderer captured by *Kerry Drake*) and drives at 75 mph into a crowded intersection and the side of another car.

We'd say that it must have been primo Hawaiian for young Bow Tie to be so blitzed on his first flight, but the exchange, following, between rough, tough pusher and innocent lad leads us to think differently:

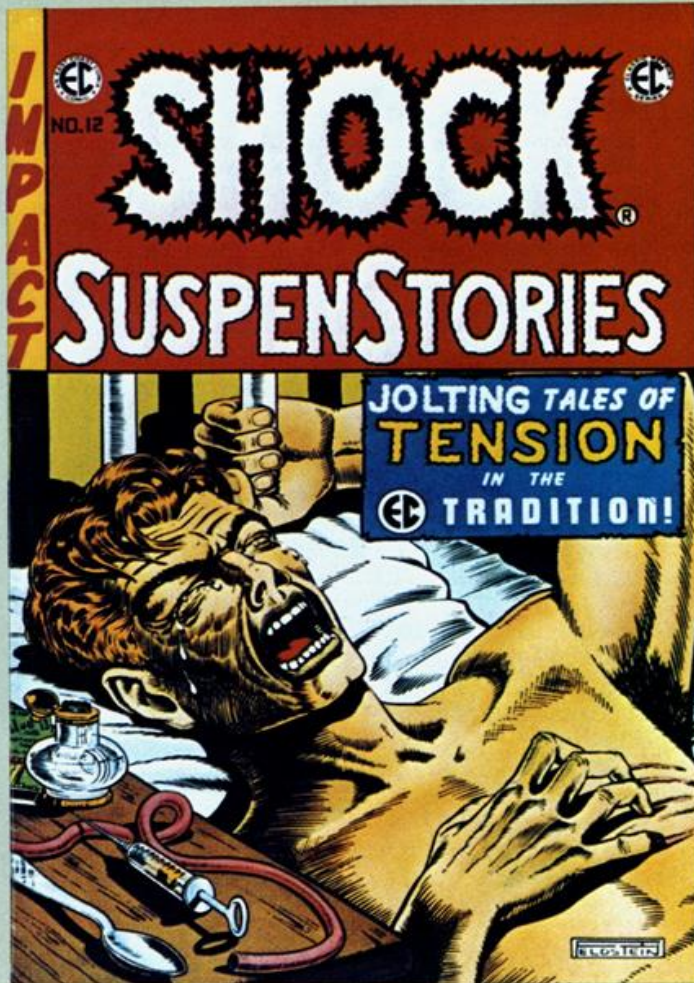
"YA-AK! Tastes like Hay!" says Bow Tie, lighting up the spliff.

The pusher replies, "Did ya like the first olive y'ever tried? Give it a chance!"

Either that joint was rolled from the foulest Mexican



If you think *High Times* is the definitive authority on drugs, you obviously don't know that "the whole ugly truth" came out in 1947, in "Murder, Morphine and Me!"



The genius family that spawned *Mad* magazine also created *Shock Suspense Stories*. *Mad*'s longtime editor, Al Feldstein, penned this brilliant cover portrait of junkie agony.

© By William M. Gaines

known to man or Kerry Drake's creator, Alfred Andriola, never smoked weed. Or both.

That conversation appeared on the last page in Kerry Drake number 9. In the following number Kerry and his associates track down the fiend responsible for this drug-induced irresponsibility, a villainous cretin known as Meatball. As Kerry vows in a house ad for number 10: "Of all the slimy contemptible rackets, this is the lowest! Making marihuana addicts out of kids! If I ever nail the rat behind it..."

Kerry Drake, clone of ace detective Dick Tracy, wasn't the only newspaper star whose adventures dealt with drugs. One of the most famous (and expensive) dope comics of all time follows the same format. In the fast-dealing world of old comic sales the book known as "Teen-age Dope Slaves!" lists in the price guide for \$360 in perfect shape (which is like saying that a pound of

resinous sticky red buds "should" cost \$360). Generally the book trades hands for just under a thousand bucks. So what's so special about this 1952 comic book whose official title is Harvey Comics Library number 1?

Simple: This "Shocking Dope Exposé," with "Teen-age Dope Slaves" printed so large and lurid that it takes up practically half the cover, features none other than Rex Morgan, M.D. Rex was a tad more physical in the '50s than he is now, so there's lots of good action, not the talk, talk, talk that characterizes the strip nowadays.

The action gets underway almost immediately as two thugs try to rip off Dr. Rex's office, give his nurse, June, a good scare and minor working over and have to split with "a lousy six narcotics tablets."

A little later in the story we uncover an incredible coincidence! It seems that the pair of thugs (who slugged Dr. Rex to make their getaway) was a vile pusher and his

trapped high-school junkie. The robbery was staged only to demonstrate to the kid his total dependence on Manny, the pusher. Now the kid's girl friend just happens to be the daughter of an old friend of Dr. Rex's. In fact, Rex is spending a lot of time with this friend these days. (There's no fat in this strip!) The kid's name, by the way, is Bruce Grayson, a composite of the names of Bruce Wayne and Dick Grayson, the alter egos of Batman and Robin. Wonder what good ol' Doc Wertham would make out of that one?

Anyway, Manny the slimy pusher gives Bruce some "sticks" (teen slang for Cannabis sativa L.) for him and his girl, but she's a good kid and Bruce doesn't want to "get her started." Apparently, '50s grass was so lousy it made you seek relief in heroin. "Sure, sure!" replies despicable Manny. "You're a nice kid, too... And you ought to do things together!"

Makes sense to me. But Bruce's straight girl friend gets worried, and the girl, her father and Dr. Rex rush over to Bruce's place to find the kid sprawled out cold on the bed. Macho Morgan, M.D., takes down the door with his shoulder and gets the kid to a hospital. Later on, Manny tries to get Rex, M.D., to spike the kid with a lethal dose during a hospital visit, but Manny is foiled when Rex squirts the dope into Manny's face.

There follows a long and surprisingly involved withdrawal sequence drawn in intimate detail, including shots of Rex fixing the kid with smaller and smaller amounts. There are also a lot of panels of the kid freaking out, making suicide gestures and generally having a very cool

Thanksgiving dinner. In the end, the love of the girl combined with the skill (not to mention morphine) of Rex, M.D., saves Bruce. On the inside back cover Dr. Rex gives us his final warning: "Beware! Warning! Dope leads to death!"

Let's talk about scare books. Remember those films they used to show you in high school about people who drink and drive and then leave various limbs all over the highway? If you went to Catholic school, you also got to see how getting a girl pregnant (or "in trouble," whichever came first) led to car accidents or at least falling down a flight of steps. But if you went to high school in the '50s, chances are somebody handed you a copy of *Trapped!* and told you to "take a lesson."

An infamous 16-page newsprint giveaway published by the Columbia University Press in 1951, *Trapped!* tells the sad, sad tale of Bill, who foolishly heeds the advice that "one puff never hurt anybody." We can tell there's a car crash coming from the moment his friend says, "Take a deep drag and begin living, boy!" The best feature in *Trapped!* is the relatively realistic candy-store dealer who supplies these hopeless hopheads. In the '50s, on the East Coast, sleazy characters like the dealer were a reality.

Only a few pages after his first toke Bill is snorting heroin (the book was educational, since most school kids didn't know you could snort horse), then he's into the spike, and the obligatory car crash appears a scant few panels further on. Bill steals money from his folks, his friend's works are dis-

Kerry Drake vows: "Of all the slimy contemptible rackets, this is the lowest! Making marihuana addicts out of kids! If I ever nail the rat behind it . . ."

covered at school, and the two of them pull a gun on the candy-store pusher for more skag. The cops appear, realize the kids are punks who won't use the gat and take them both in without a shot fired. When the buddy who got Bill "trapped" hangs himself in an adjacent cell, Bill spills his guts to Mom:

"Oh God, . . . why did I ever take that first reefer! Now I'll never be able to stop . . . I'll wind up like . . . like him!"

There you have it, campers, conclusive proof from Columbia University: Smoking marihuana leads to hanging.

The 1966 HEW giveaway *Hooked!* tells the same old story: Kid smokes dope, graduates to skin-popping and snorting heroin, meets nice girl and gets her "hooked"; she hooks, he steals, and they graduate to pharmaceuticals that, the hospital doc explains, "can do even more harm than heroin!"

The revelation here is that you can tell the junkies from the regular people by the fact that their faces turn bright yellow right after they shoot up. Not only is it an easy way to keep tabs on who's a junkie, it also makes up for the lack of any good car accidents. You heard it straight from HEW: Shooting heroin makes you Oriental!

The funny and fantastic Plastic Man encountered marihuana during his comics career in the '40s. The official price guide for comic books has long carried a line following their listing for Police Comics number 5 that reads, "Plastic Man forced to smoke marihuana!" This line lit up our imagination like a joint of skunk Hawaiian. Unfortu-

nately, the Plastic Man story in that issue is a real dud; a giant, cigar-smoking bull dyke captures Plas (as he's known to his friends) and forces him to smoke reefer after reefer until he forgets who he is and reverts to his former identity, becoming Eel O' Brian, petty crook. Eel goes on a crime spree (see what smoking grass does to a reformed criminal!) and remembers that he's Plastic Man only after police bullets bounce off his head.

But we expect better from Plastic Man's creator, the legendary Jack Cole (who also drew for *Playboy*), and we get it in the pages of *True Crime Comics*—the ultimate collector's book! Numbers 2, 3 and 5 all feature classic Cole drug stories and covers. Numbers 3 and 5 are both sleazy and excellent, but we want to take a closer look at number 2. The cover of number 2 screams the classic comic book catchphrase "*Blast the Rats!*" You know you're looking at a winner!

The opening story has been called "the ultimate comic-book crime story," and Dr. Wertham thought enough of it to pull several examples of panels that he felt would warp young minds. The story is titled "*Murder, Morphine and Me!*" and concerns the exploits of a doll who falls in with bad types, such as the pusher who tries to poke her eye out with a dripping hypodermic filled with morphine on page 2 (this is a 15-page story, and it gets better!).

Very adult stuff here. She "dances" with the pusher's ugly friends, who push twenties into her trembling fist before disappearing with her; she returns a short time later to another, uglier "friend."

THE MONKEY

I SPRING FACE DOWNWARD ON THE SWEAT-SOAKED IRON BED OF A DISMAL CHEAP HOTEL ROOM, WITH MY BUTS LONG EMPLOYED AND THE SINK STAINED BILIOUS FROM MY HEAVINGS, AND I TREMBLE AND SHIVER, STARTING AT EVERY SOUND THAT ECHOES OUTSIDE MY DOOR. MY FIT LIES OPEN BESIDE ME, THE INSTRUMENTS OF MY RELIEF SPILLED OUT UPON THE DIRTY BED SHEETS. . . THE SPIKE, THE NOSE, THE BLACKENED SPOON, THE CAN OF STERNO AND I WAIT. I WAIT WITH MY FIT FOR THE WELCOME FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS. . . FOR THE STACCATO KNOCKING UPON THE DOOR. . . FOR THE FAMILIAR FIGURE TO SAUNTER THROUGH IT WITH HIS HAND EXTENDED, TAKING MY MONEY AND SLIPPING ME MY PRECIOUS JOLT OF 'W. I'VE WAITED. BUT MY PUSHER HAS NOT COME. . .



I'VE WAITED THROUGH THE HOURS WHILE THE PERSPIRATION POURED FROM MY PORES AND MY STOMACH TIED ITSELF INTO KNOTS AND MY MUSCLES FELT LIKE RED-HOT RODS AND THE MONKEY ON MY BACK BEGAN TO SCRATCH AND TEAR AND SCREAM UNTIL I HAD TO HOLD MY TREMBLING HANDS TIGHT OVER MY MOUTH TO SHUT THAT MADDEENING MONKEY UP. . .

AND AS I LIE HERE WITH MY BODY RACKED IN PAIN AND MY THROAT DRY AND BURNING AND MY TONGUE FUZZY IN MY MOUTH, I THINK OF HOW I FIRST BECAME A HEAD. . . A USER. . . A DOPE ADDICT. . .



"The Monkey" appeared in *Shock SuspenStories* number 12. Here a sweating, trembling junkie thinks back in despair over his "first roach. . ."

Nobody drew less appealing humanity than Jack Cole when he was cookin'!

There are gun battles galore, including a final shoot-out between gangsters and police that's as good as anything done in the movies, and a seduction/pickup scene in a bar that's wonderfully real, uncaring and brutally honest. The word balloons get smaller and smaller as the characters lapse into whippers; the effect is positively chilling.

True Crime Comics number 2 is drug-crazed gangsterville at its most violent, brutal, sexual—and realistic. There's no heavy-duty moralizing, although even Doc Wertham would have to admit that few young ladies would be tempted to follow in the lifestyle of this fallen, but incredibly interesting, woman, who winds up scarred, addicted, used and abused.

Wertham just didn't understand the educational value of such a pulp masterpiece! He thought *Trapped!*

was an example of a good comic (you do heroin, so you die), and couldn't get past the eyeball scene in "*Murder, Morphine and Me*," much less stomach a slinky blonde making cash by "being nice" to a pusher's ugly pals.

Seduction of the Innocent is a fine collection of sleaze that's much more fun to read than most of the comic books from which the illustrations and quotes were culled. Another interesting work of '50s comic-book suppression is Geoffrey Wagner's *Parade of Pleasure* (New York: Library Publishers, 1955). Wagner refers to the comics as "the marihuana of the nursery." Hot damn—rolling and smoking those Donald Ducks.

But in all sincerity we ask that you heed the sage advice of Rex Morgan, M.D., as he tells the tale of "Bruce—the desperate boy who thought he could quit anytime—and discovered—too late—that he had sold his soul to the devil!" And back then it cost him only a dime. ☐

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What to Wear to a Customs Party

DEA fashion tips for traveling light
by Dean Latimer

Con Dogherty of the Drug Enforcement Administration's public-information office is, I do believe, guilty of failing to report a misdemeanor, which is a misdemeanor in itself. "It's gorgeous!" I was squawking to him over the phone last April. "It's the honest-to-God DEA emblem on a white T-shirt, all beautiful pastel colors in a big circle with 'United States Department of Justice' around the top and 'Drug Enforcement Administration' across the bottom. Boy, that is one mean mother eagle on that thing! Where can I pick up a case of them? You guys selling them anywhere? I got one on now, but it'll be filthy in a week, and I don't think it'll take washing very well."

Dogherty didn't believe the DEA itself was flogging its emblem on T-shirts but was happy to hear it looked so pretty. I was surprised there weren't more available (they were going one to a customer at \$5 a shot here) because, after all, when Miami DEA chief Wayne Ginley printed up a mess of S.S. *Heidi* T-shirts last spring, to commemorate a 200-ton mother-ship bust, he ran off about fourscore more shirts than anyone would buy.

So I went on wearing the same shirt, letting it get all grimy with about three weeks' alluvia of Manhattan dirt, blood, coffee and come stains, because it turned out to be handy for business: When part of your job is to gain the confidence of active dope movers, a DEA shirt will go a long way, since no honest-to-Bensinger narc, no matter how deep his or her cover, would be caught dead in a DEA shirt.

I encountered one sticky situation. I was standing in line at a midtown deli, cigarette pasted on lower lip (with this abomination under my skanky Levi jacket), when I caught the gaze of a girl by the meat counter. She kept squinting at my shirt and then glancing at the guy next to her. They were in their late 20s, mildly scruffy with long, straight hair, and—oh-oh—both were carrying bright, brand-new, authentic brown leather shoulderbags, festooned with buckles and zippers. At least four ki's between them moving from the 86.8 dealer to the mannitol sifters at the cut house. And they did everything you're not supposed to do with a narc at hand.



The couple saw my DEA T-shirt and did everything you're not supposed to do with a narc at hand.

When she caught her old man's attention the girl nodded straight at me. He took one look and started shaking. They exchanged glances again, and then the guy edged across to the milk counter at the other end of the room and sat down in a perfect caricature of feigned nonchalance, drumming his fingers on his knees and tapping his feet, broadcasting fear vibes so loud they actually attracted the attention of the little old lady in line before me. The girl stayed by the meat counter, still as a stump, looking down at her white, clenched knuckles.

I got my ham and cheese from the sleepy Chinese counterman and got out at about the point Paul Markonni would've walked up to the girl and pro-

duced his "consent" card.

Paul Markonni is the hypermotivated DEA hotshot who runs the mule-skinner (Courier Interdiction) squad at Hartsfield International Airport in Atlanta, Georgia. You may have noticed his name in this magazine before: Markonni has been doing a wonderful job of getting the citizens of this country protected from outrageous police malfeasance by inventing the celebrated DEA Drug-Courier Profile. Judges hate the profile. Even when they convict a person Markonni's busted with it, they always go to great lengths in their written opinions to point out that the profile did not, all by itself, give Markonni reasonable cause to stop that person and institute a dope search. Usually the cases never even get to court. When Markonni shows the prosecutor a batch of dope he seized because the person carrying it through Hartsfield "fit the profile," they drop the case, knowing the dope will never be allowed as evidence. So far, Markonni's profile cases have effected some very splendid federal law: His airport capers have turned judges on to many gross and subtle police improprieties.

The profile is used in every airport that dope moves through: Atlanta, Kennedy, La Guardia, Detroit, Buffalo, Houston, Miami, everywhere. Markonni's profile narcs scan everyone from the first to the last of a disembarking line: One at the front may be anxious to get out of the place quick, one in the mid-

Dos

DEA Profile Dos and D

Take your time before
calling your connection

Wear a good
cop watch

Wear
formfitting
clothes

Use regular
tourist
luggage

Don't smoke
too much



Don'ts

Don'ts

Don't mob the phone

**Don't keep
looking around**

**Keep tickets, etc.,
out of sight**

Avoid flashing cash

**Slick luggage with too many
locks, clasps, etc., is a no-no**

dle may be trying to get lost in the crowd, while one at the rear may be scouting to see if the coast is clear. Anomalous luggage stirs suspicion: scruffy hippies with bright, new American Tourister suitcases, bristling with locks. If the luggage is too heavy, it's grass; too light, it's coke. Anyone who goes straight from a plane to a phone is suspected of calling a local connection. An immediate round-trip reservation for a return cross-country flight is very suspicious, and paying for expensive tickets with big wads of cold cash will definitely catch the mule watcher's eye. One name on the ticket and another on the reservation blank just smells to high heaven! Two or more people who get off the plane together but pretend they don't know each other inside the airport are probably up to no good. A young, well-dressed woman traveling alone will incite the attention of a Markonni-op; he'll wait for the damsel to bend over, and if her tushie doesn't take a properly feminine dip into the small of her back, he'll have her in the strip shed in a minute. Being visibly nervous in an airport is an established profile characteristic: Chain-smoking has been cited by mule skimmers as reasonable cause to initiate close surveillance that may end in a body search.

So if you're in Hartsfield and you see a five-foot 11-inch guy in his late 30s with short, dark brown hair parted severely on the left, a straight-edged mustache neatly trimmed to the lip corners, open-necked sport shirt under a polyester leisure suit, big metal-banded Rolex on left wrist, and his piece not-too-discreetly stashed in the right front pocket of his drip-dries—well sir, you know that ain't no recruiter for the Hare Krishnas.

Once he's got somebody under surveillance, a Markonni mule skinner has numerous ways of making people dig their own graves. Picture yourself in Hartsfield, with the above mule skinner watching you and your girl friend-partner in crime. Instinctively you move away from each other, only to discover, oh shit, another obvious narc is watching her! These creeps work in twos. Doomed, panicked, scared stiff, you both leave your luggage rolling around the carousel and try to split by separate exits.

But Markonni comes up to your lady friend in the parking lot, tells her he's a cop, and asks to see her ticket and ID. The names, it may happen, are different, and maybe he tells her she's under arrest for "false ID"—"Come this way." Meanwhile the other narc's got you buttonholed, pointing out that your friend appears to be in trouble, so you may as well come along. Your luggage is waiting for you inside the Hartsfield DEA airport office (a two-room cop shop decorated with wanted posters, shotguns and other police paraphernalia). At this point Markonni explains that you have the right to refuse a search of your person and luggage; but if you refuse, a warrant will be obtained forcing your

compliance. Then he asks your lady friend if she'll consent and, believing you both to be under arrest, she nods. Next thing you know—after some ugly business in the next room with the strip matron—you're both in court on coke charges.

Busts very much like this one have been known to take place in Hartsfield. If you don't ever want to talk to an airport narc, you can pick up two or three critical pointers from the above episode. If anyone ever comes up to you, anywhere, and identifies himself or herself as a cop, don't say word one. Cops cannot demand to look at your identification, your ticket, or up your asshole without first officially putting you under arrest and reading you your Miranda rights. You can say, "No," or "Go away," or "My mother told me never to talk to strangers and you're the strangest son of a bitch I ever saw in my life." That's *all* you have to say or do: Any other pre- or postbust communication you have with a cop just ties the knot in your own noose. And don't think that anything you say to a cop may help anybody else on the premises with you, even if it's the other person who's carrying the dope and you're clean. You'll be tying a knot in your *friend's* noose. The best thing is to carry a lawyer's card. If, after you've refused to say word one to the cop, you get busted, just give the cop the card and keep your lip zipped till your attorney shows.

You've got no problem if you notice you're being watched *before* you get your luggage and there's nothing on your body. No matter if there's 16 pounds of Mexican mud in your bag and your name's on the baggage tag and claim check: If you don't pick it up, the cops can't take it off the carousel and hand it to you. Markonni himself established this federal precedent in a case he lost in Detroit.

Really, you'd almost think this narc was on our side! I've gone over every opinion every federal judge has written on a profile bust and I swear, they roast Markonni with such colorful vituperation you'd think they were writing about the *defendants*! The sixth circuit actually personally congratulated him (see "Highwitness News," May '79) for turning them on to some evidence-nailing ruses so sly that they were barred from future use.

Markonni may have done a favor for grass and coke movers everywhere by creating this profile business: You just put a couple of slightly scruffy people on the plane, all outfitted with swanky combination-locked American Tourister luggage, and tell them to chain-smoke, flash cash, look nervous and avoid each other in the airport. The mule skinnors spend half an hour playing hide-and-seek with these absolutely clean profile decoys, while you blithely walk through the place in a tidy leisure suit, with six ki's in a slightly battered attaché case. Jeez, just whose side is

this Markonni on, anyway?

As a matter of fact, there are no files on Markonni. Atlanta attorney Bruce Pashley, who has gotten famous for shafting Markonni on the stand in case after case, says he believes Markonni's bucking for a gig as a federal prosecutor or maybe even attorney general of the United States. "I never saw a cop bossing around a prosecutor in my life," says Pashley, "but Markonni does it. He calls the shots for the U.S. attorney in half the cases he brings up."

Cops cannot demand to look at your ID or up your ass without first arresting you and reading you your Miranda rights.

This is a trace above and beyond the normal call of duty, even for a Drug Enforcement Administration narc. Cops, in court, are there strictly as witnesses, not prosecutors, but Markonni sees his job differently. One of Pashley's associates, Joel Merrin, got into a rap with two of the prosecution's forensic chemists and Markonni in the course of a coke-muling trial not long ago. Merrin and the chemists were talking law theory and they agreed that as sworn officers of the court it was their basic trust and duty to determine the truth in any given case and get it on the record without favor or prejudice. Not so Markonni: It was his job, he was convinced, to "get that dirt bag"—meaning the defendant. He left it open as to whether he would kidney-punch a "dirt bag" into a search consent in the Hartsfield cop shop or lie under oath to "get" him or her, but he is clearly a trace more conviction-hungry than an eagle scout. Though nobody in the Atlanta mule-skinner squad is up on perjury right now, Pashley can show you transcripts in which the testimony of Markonni and his cohort is so widely divergent, you'd think the same bust had come down in two different airports.

I used to assume that Markonni's broad plan was to get the official DEA Drug-Courier Profile established in federal court as legitimate grounds for stopping and searching any person who answered to, say, four of its seven cardinal criteria. As a chain-smoker and a scruffy-looking person, I'd fit two of the seven straight off. As a stone acrophobe, I'd be nervous as hell around all those *airplanes*, so I'd fit another profile criterion. Jesus, with all that on me out front, all I'd have to do is make a phone call and Markonni could have his finger up my asshole in two minutes. And if he entered a fecal-stained coke condom as evidence later on, it would be my word against his whose shit was on it.

But Markonni hasn't really got a chance of having the profile established in law as grounds for search and seizure; the Supreme Court just ruled that narcs can't even pat-search you for dope without a warrant unless you stupidly consent. But the ruling hasn't stopped narcs from making profile busts, even if the case is going to be thrown out of court because the evidence was illegally obtained.

"It's snitch work," says Pashley. "Somebody in L.A. who's snitching for the cops will call in to the DEA there that so-and-so's taking such-and-such a flight to Atlanta with a load of skag. They'll telex to Hartsfield a description of her, what she's wearing, maybe even a photo. As soon as she gets off the plane, the narcs have everything set up: They fake her into going through some of these profile acrobatics, bust her and say in court later that that's how they sniffed her out. It's bullshit. If the L.A. snitch ever comes out and owns up to the tipoff, it's perjury. But that's what the courier profile really amounts to: The narcs make up all this profile rigmarole so they don't have to identify their working snitches who call in the tips. Otherwise they'd have to put that L.A. guy's name on the indictment, and the L.A. movers would blow him away."

Pashley can carry on literally for hours about the DEA Drug-Courier Profile and be hugely entertaining. If you're ever popped in Hartsfield, give the guy a ring; or, if you ever tipped the DEA off to the itinerary of a dope mule, believe me, you could mail the details to his Atlanta office (295 Cities Service Building, 3445 Peachtree Road NE, Atlanta, Georgia 30326), and he will not put your ass in a sling for it. As an officer of the court, it's his trust and duty to get the truth out, but not if it means getting folks dusted by the mob or the DEA.

For all his expertise, though, Pashley never advised me that wearing a DEA T-shirt is a misdemeanor offense under Title 18, USC Sect. 701, drawing a penalty of up to six months in the joint or a \$250 fine. I had to learn that from the DEA itself. One day as I was going through the Freedom of Information files on this magazine's late founder, Tom Forcade, I found one of the exceedingly few things in it that hadn't been entirely censored: an ad we ran in 1976 for DEA T-shirts. Attached to the ad was a very nasty letter to the manufacturers from the DEA, advising them that it's against the law to reproduce, manufacture, exhibit, sell, purchase, possess or wear any unauthorized federal emblem.

"What you in for, buddy?"

"Aw, some dirt bag called me up to say he was wearing a DEA T-shirt, and I didn't bother to tell the Ninth Precinct of the New York City Police Department about it. Six months!"

"Jeez, that's a bummer. You shoulda got this guy Bruce Pashley for a lawyer. I'm doing ten days for 60 pounds of Lebanese hash." ■



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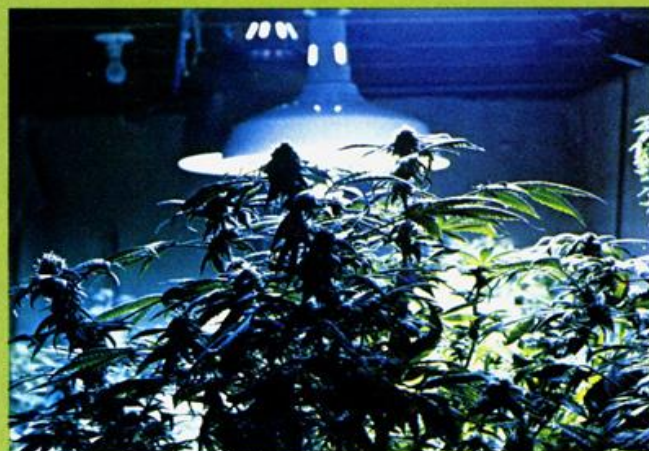
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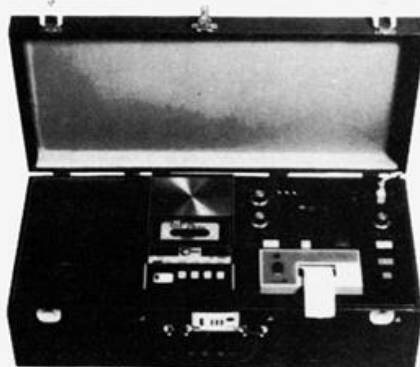
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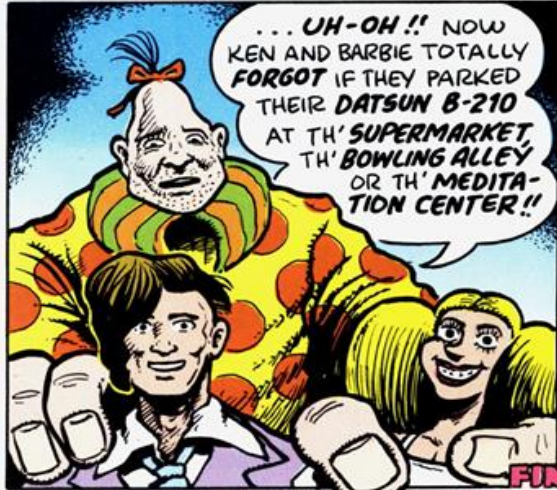
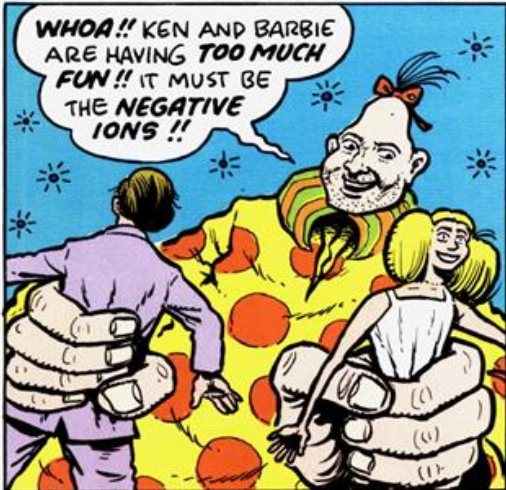
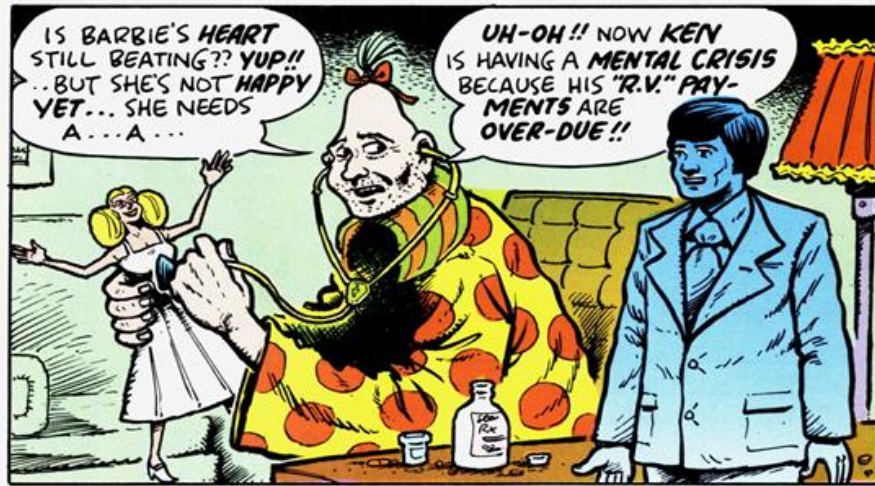
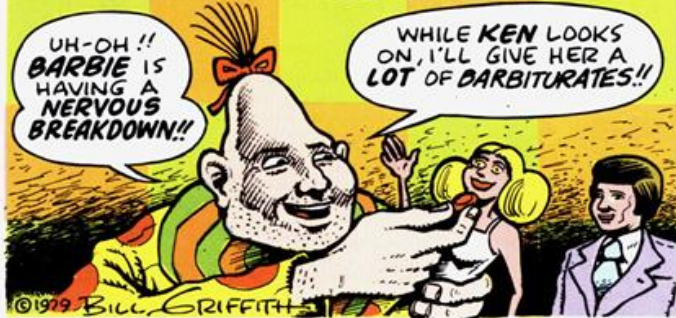
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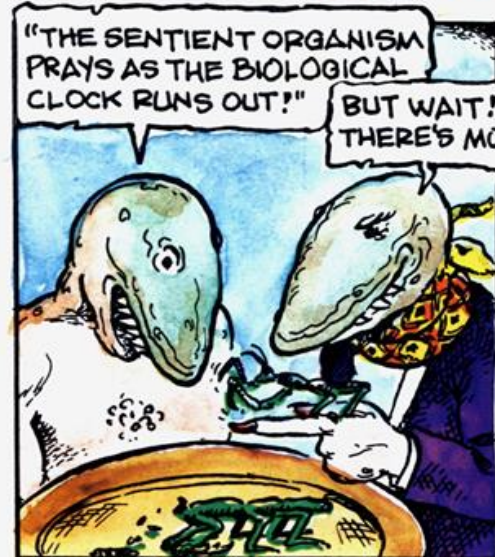
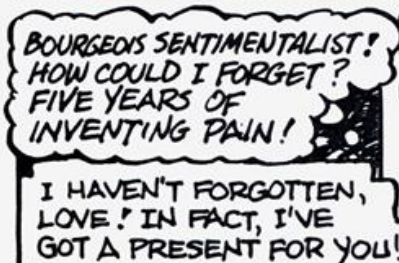
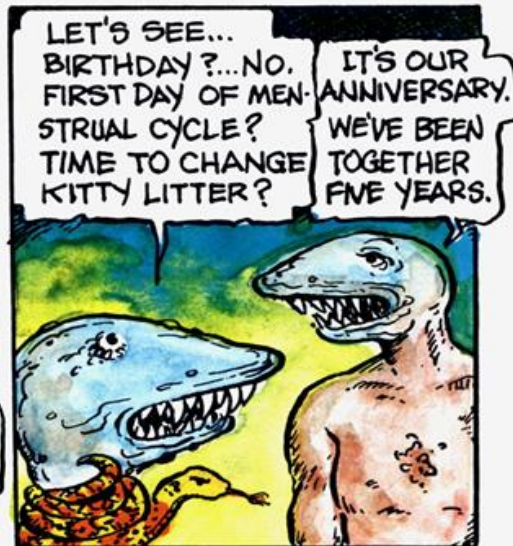
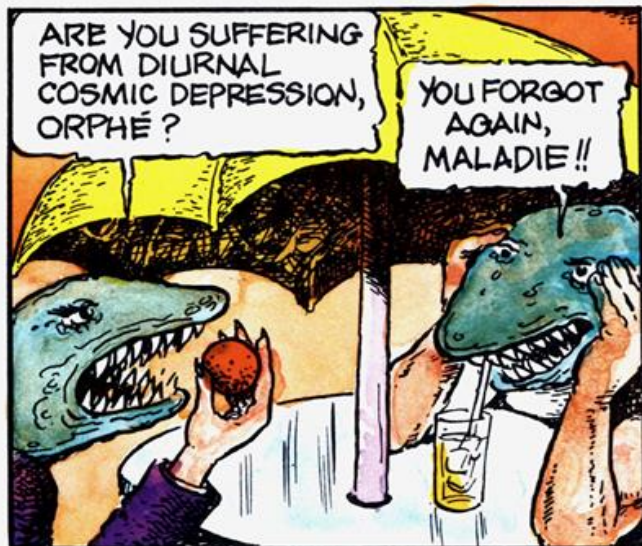
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CAMP BURP'N PEE

"AS WE WERE RELAXING IN THE VERY HOT WATER, WE MET THE CAMP'S SOCIAL DIRECTOR... GAY BOB."

HI THERE, KLEM! GLAD TO THEE YOU COULD MAKE IT! LET'TH GO WORK OUT IN THE GYMNASIUM!

SOUNDS LIKE FUN! WANNA COME, BARF?

I'LL MEET YOU THERE LATER, KLEM... THIS HOT WATER FEELS SO RELAXING ON MY SUPPLE, MASS-PRODUCED, POLY-STYRENE BODY!



"LATER, IN THE GYMNASIUM, I RECEIVED THE SHOCK OF MY LIFE..."

ONE...TWO
ONE...TWO...

KLEM! GAY BOB! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



OH... HI THERE, BARF! WE WERE JUST EXERCISING OUR MOVEABLE JOINTS!

THEN WE'RE GOING OVER TO THE GOLDEN THOWER... CARE TO JOIN UTH?

ERRR... NO THANKS... I'LL BE OVER BY THE LAKE...



WERE KLEM & BOB REALLY EXERCISING, OR WERE THEY GETTING THEIR PEBBLES OFF? I WONDER...



I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TELL YOU THIS, BARFIE-POO, BUT GAY BOB AND I ARE GETTING MARRIED... I'M MOVING INTO HIS CARDBOARD CLOSET!

OH, KLEM... HOW COULD YOU? AFTER ALL OUR YEARS TOGETHER IN OUR PORTABLE PINK PLASTIC APARTMENT! WHY HIM?

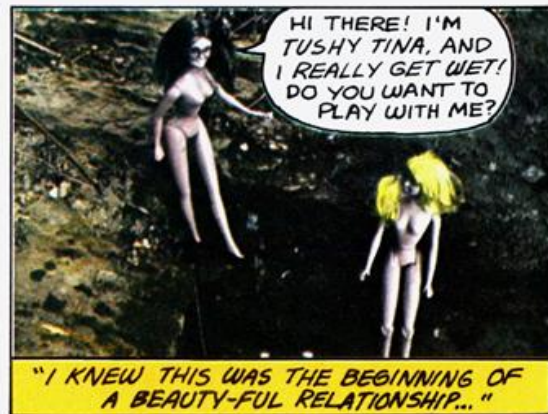
I'M THORRY, BARF, BUT I CAN OFFER KLEM THOMTHING YOU NEVER COULD...

... A COMPLETE ANATOMY!

OH NUTS!



"MY LITTLE HOLLOW HEAD WAS IN A DAZE... MY LIFE SEEMED TOTALLY RUINED... ALL MY HOPES AND DREAMS WERE CRUSHED. BUT WHAT COULD I DO? I SAT BY THE EDGE OF THE LOVELY LAKE, WISHING I COULD CRY REAL TEARS OR DEVELOP A REAL RASH, WHEN SUDDENLY..."



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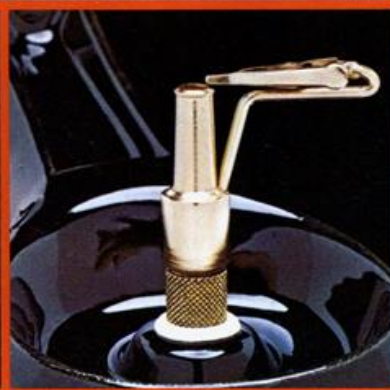
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HIGH STYLE

Teeing Up

The T-shirt, along with jazz, shopping centers and the Edsel, is a basic American form of artistic expression. In recent years, the plain white T-shirt has been transformed from its status as standard "biker/greaser" uniform to a multimillion-dollar fashion industry. Everyone wears T-shirts, and anyone with \$100 and some ambition can venture into the T-shirt business. The shakers and movers of the dope scene are no exception. Paraphernalia manufacturers, independent artists, right-to-smoke organizations and smugglers have jumped on the bandwagon and taken the art form to new heights, adapting the medium to their own ends.

In an effort to salute this trend and to suggest inexpensive stoned stocking stuffers, *High Times* presents a cross section of the hundreds of dope-oriented shirts that have cluttered our fashion desk over the past months. There's something here for everyone.



Photography by Adam Kozlowski
Hair and makeup by Lydia Snyder

Eat the Rich in red only. Small, medium, large. Men's, \$3.50; Women's, \$4, from the American Harvest Committee, 625 Post Street, San Francisco, Ca. 94102. **Roll 'Em** in small, medium, large, \$6.95, from Rollem International, 10 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017 and the T-Shirt Gallery, 154 East 64th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021. **Save the Tunas**, \$6.50, from Save the Tuna, 2979 N.W. 36th Street, Miami, Fla. 33142.

High Times official shirt in small, medium, large. In yellow, \$5, from High Times, Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003. **Marijuana Brand Logo** in small, medium, large, \$6 plus \$.75 postage and handling, from Electronic Specialties, P.O. Box 234, Island Park, N.Y. 11558. **Bambu Logo** in small, medium, large, x-large, \$5, from Bambu Sales, Department HT, P.O. Box 691, Westbury, N.Y. 11590.



A young woman with blonde, wavy hair is smiling and looking towards the camera. She is wearing a bright yellow t-shirt with a circular graphic. The graphic features a marijuana leaf in the center, with the text 'THE ABOLITION' at the top and 'OF MARIJUANA PROHIBITION' around the bottom. Below the circle, the word 'CAMP' is printed in large, bold, black letters. At the very bottom of the t-shirt, there is small text that reads 'For 1988 National Marijuana Day'. She is also wearing dark blue jeans with a brown leather belt. She is holding a red object, possibly a cup or a piece of paper, in front of her. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

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The Head's Head in white only. Small, medium, large, \$10. From Pop Porn, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10012. I

Love Lemmons in black only. Small, medium, large, \$6.95. From Pro Mark, Inc., P.O. Box 16762, Tampa, Fla. 33687.



Electric Moon Color
Spoon lights up in the dark. Small, medium, large. In black only, \$20 plus \$.50 postage, from the T-Shirt Gallery, 154 East 64th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021. **Right to Harvest** and the **Yippie New Nation Flag** shirt in assorted colors. Small, medium, large. Men's, \$3.75; women's \$4; tank tops, \$3.50, from the American Harvest Committee, 625 Post Street, Box 531, San Francisco, Ca. 94102. **Smuggler** shirt in assorted designs. Small, medium, large, \$5, from Wendrick, P.O. Box 37, Big Pine Key, Fla. 33043. ■

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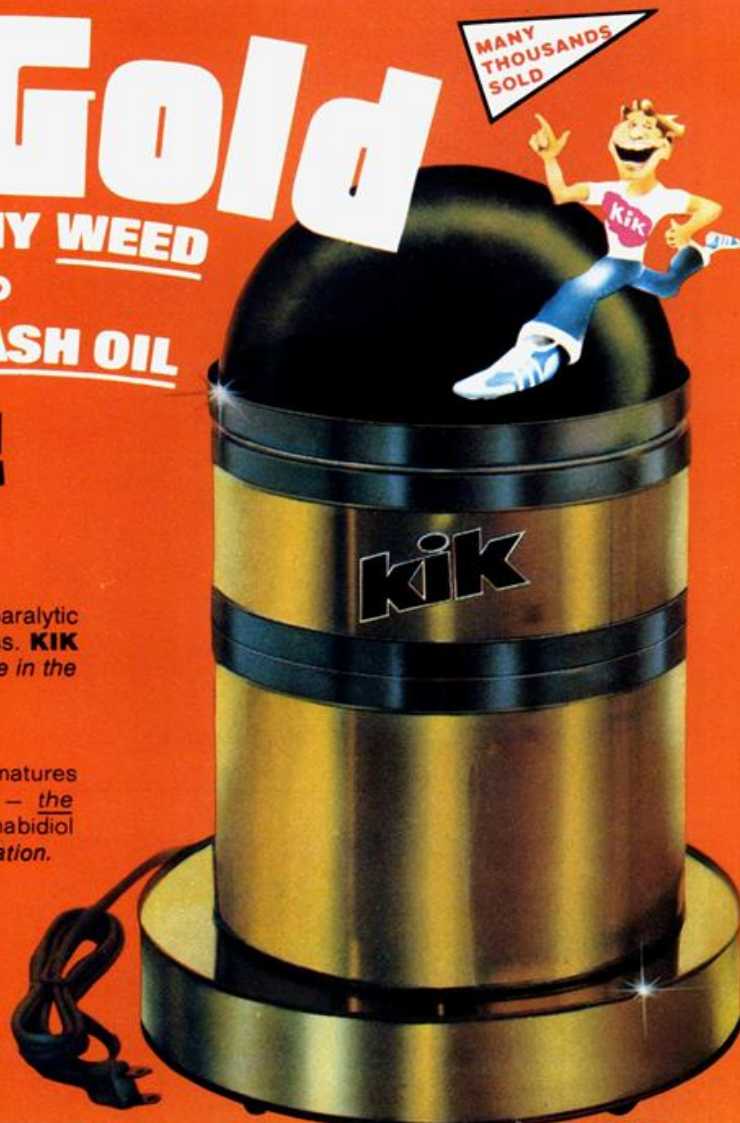
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PUTTING THE X IN XMAS

(continued from page 23)

Not all our celebs were that lucky; in fact, a few missed the boat entirely. In Yonkers, New York, Jackie O. photographer and Brando punching bag **Ron Galella** confessed he doesn't get many gifts, erotic or otherwise. Nor does mystery writer **Mickey** ("**Mike Hammer**") **Spillane**, who jut-jawed, "I don't give gifts and I don't accept them; usually they're bribes." And the most erotic gift odds maker **Jimmy** ("**The Greek**") **Snyder** ever got? "The time my wife said I didn't have to give her anything." Ho, ho, ho, hum...

Political journalist **Pete Hamill** at least got something romantic if not outright erotic: "Some paintbrushes and paint from Shirley [MacLaine]." Okay, Pete, whatever turns you on. Writer/adventurer

Melvin Van Peebles
responded,
"Oh, yes,
there is one
other erotic gift
I want this
year... but
she's married!"

George Plimpton was a little more enigmatic about his gift: "a small toothbrush glass." George, who has impersonated so many heroes in his life he's on the verge of losing his own identity, refused to elaborate on who gave it and why. "Draw your own conclusions," was the summation. Fortunately, comedian **Alan Robin** ("Welcome to the LBJ Ranch," "Naked, Really Naked") saved the day for eroticism. "I won't tell you what the present was," he whispered evasively, "but three shots of penicillin made it all straight!"

For champion wrestler **Gorilla Monsoon**, it was the Christmas of '59, when he got named to an Olympic wrestling team that toured the world. Told that that wasn't very erotic, Gorilla wrestled with the problem. "Oh yeah," he remembered, "I always get a lot of propositions in the mail from women. They want to do this, they want to do that, they send me their undies and things, you know. Somebody once sent me a bunch of bananas for Christmas. I'm still trying to figure that one out." Hang in there, Gorilla, it'll come to you.

For television and stage star **Barry Newman** ("**Petrocelli**"), it was a case of almost going bananas. "The most erotic

gift I ever got was a massage... a real, hour-long massage by a beautiful blond-haired, blue-eyed Swede." Barry neglected to say if it was a masseur or a masseuse. Aye, there's the rub!

Oddly enough, one of porndom's most influential filmmakers, **Gerard** (*Deep Throat*) **Damiano**, said, "I've never received an erotic Christmas present. For some reason people are afraid to mix erotica and religion. A lot of people do remember that Christmas really is a religious holiday. As far as I'm concerned, it's really in bad taste to fuck with somebody's religion. So I've never sent or received anything outrageous." Which, in and of itself, is kind of outrageous, don't you think?

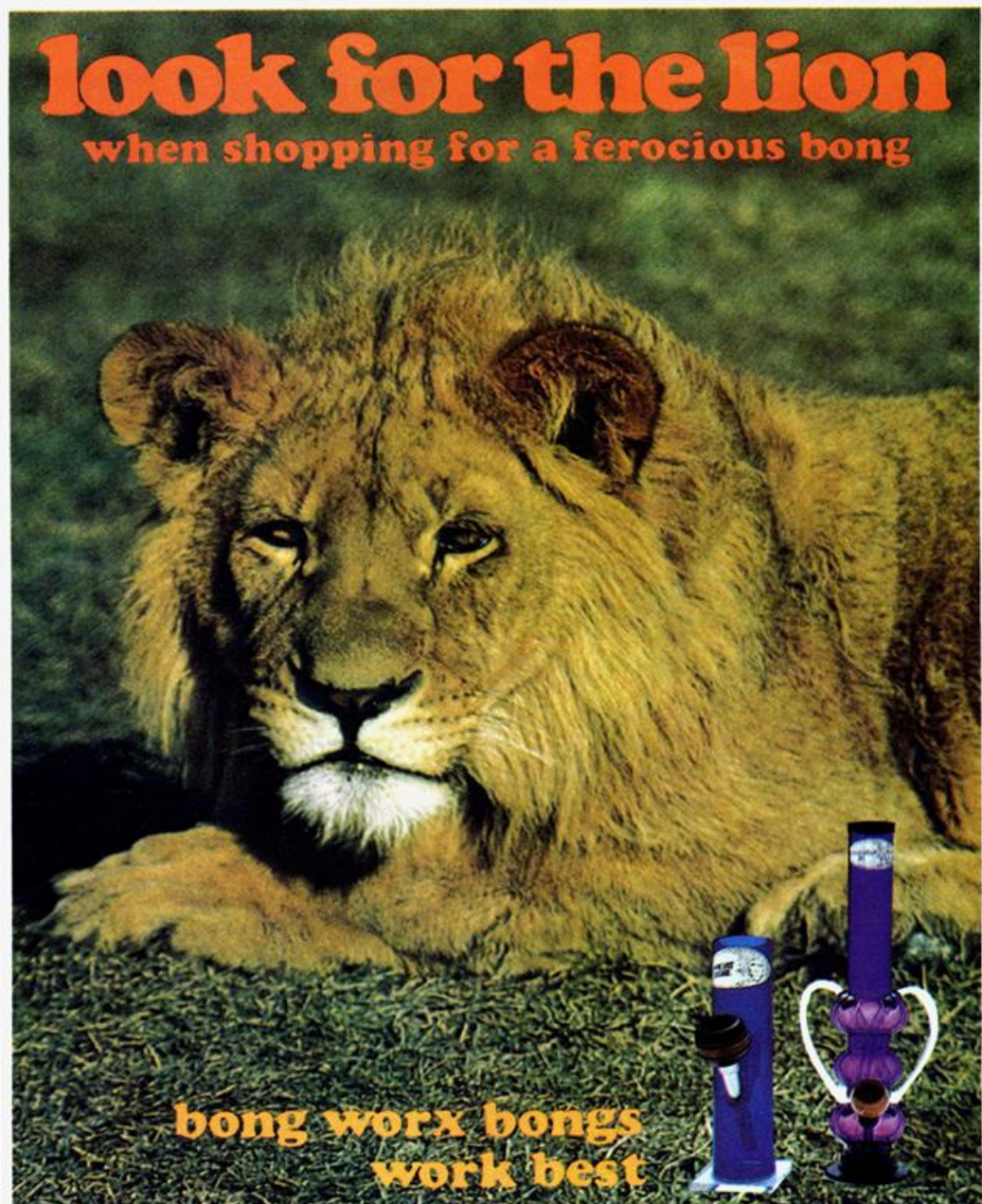
For another kind of filmmaker, **Melvin Van Peebles** (*Sweet Sweetback's Baad-aassssss Song*), Christmas is a sometime thing. When you're up, it's fantastic. But when you're down, it's: "A coat when I was living on a park bench." Fortunately, subsequent successes in film and on

Broadway turned that around. Now it's "up" time. Melvin, who showed us two pair of black bikini briefs, one with a lion and another with a rooster sewn on the crotch, smiled and said, "From a secret admirer. It's hard to be a sex symbol. Oh, yes, there is one other erotic gift I want this year... but she's married!"

And the present that turned on svelte and sensuous black actress **Pam** (*Coffy*) **Grier** the most was "a white cockatoo."

Of course, we've saved the most erotic for last. Junoesque porn star **Jennifer Welles** came through as only a real pro can. Asked what her most erotic gift was, Jennifer said throatily, "I got the best head of my life under the Christmas tree. In return, I gave the guy the best blowjob he's ever had, I'm sure."

Ah yes, the spirit of Christmas, and in cases like these, it's just as much fun to give as to receive. Merry Christmas, out there in readerworld. Hope it's the most erotic and enjoyable ever. ☐



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THE PLANET

The Yukon Was Ice Age's Garden of Eden



ALASKA—The Yukon was very possibly the most pleasant area on this planet during the last Ice Age. University of Washington geologist Lee Porter, excavating animal fossils from Yukon rock strata dating to around 30,000 B.C., has turned up abundant remains of lions, bison, musk oxen and eohippus protohorses (which were about the size of a Saint Bernard). Many of these bones are shattered, chipped, fractured and gnawed, obviously by human beings who—lacking the proper sort

of flint for tools and weapons—bashed the animals to death with large bones.

While human remains dating from before 40,000 B.C. have been discovered elsewhere in North America, rarely have Ice Age human remains been found alongside such abundant evidence of wildlife. From about two million B.C. to only 12,000 years ago, the earth was mainly covered with miles-thick glaciers, supporting barely habitable tundralike zones in North Africa, the Middle East, East Asia

—and Alaska, as Porter's dig demonstrates. From the abundance and evident robustness of the animal remains, it looks as though the northern Yukon environment may have been more like that of an African savannah than a tundra, in fact.

The mildness of the Alaskan climate, say meteorologists, may be due to its massive mountain ranges in the north and south, which clearly guarded it from the encroaching glaciers.

Earth's Own Heat Could Power East Coast Industry

CRISFIELD, MARYLAND—Homes all along the eastern coast of the United States could maintain steady indoor temperatures up to 80° F., according to the U.S. Department of Energy, simply by tapping the earth's own nuclear-power facility: geothermal radiation, which heats rocks to 80° at a depth of 1,000 feet all along the Atlantic Coastal Plain. Under the supervision of Deputy Director Jack Salisbury, the department has bored 40 heat-seeking wells in locations from here to New Jersey and found that the subterranean

heat levels are considerably higher than was expected, and superbly constant up and down the coast.

The East Coast sits on top of a 3,000-mile aquifer, a deposit of permeable granite containing water. The normal decay of unstable elements in the granite—uranium, thorium and potassium—heats the water. Insulated for eons by the layer of earth above it, the water in the aquifer reaches temperatures as high as 185° F. at a depth of 4,700 feet.

A 1,000-foot well, currently being dug here,

will be connected to a system of heat pumps to determine if the system is feasible for heating homes on an experimental basis during forthcoming winters. Once the home systems are perfected, says Salisbury, new systems will be developed to tap deeper, hotter geothermal levels to produce electricity for industrial use. Since the heat-generating aquifer appears to stretch from Maine to Florida, it could conceivably eliminate the need for oil and conventional nuke plants for the entire eastern United States.

New Draft to Start with Mass Registration

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA—Kids take note: When the draft is reinstated, probably by 1982, every male between the ages of 18 and 21 will be required to sign up at local fire stations, armories, schools and colleges. Under the old system, discontinued in 1974, kids routinely signed up with the county clerk when they reached their 18th birthdays; but the Selective Service (S.S.) has plans to launch the new draft with a massive nationwide registration campaign, mobilizing youths for forced signups over a two- or three-day period.

The details of the S.S.'s contingency planning, for the day when Congress passes new draft legislation, have been obtained by the Quaker Friends of Peace Committee here, under Freedom-of-Information-Act disclosures. The S.S. plans to reestablish new local draft boards exactly along the lines of the old ones and to then staff them with hyperconservative people recruited from the American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars. "Members may be hostile to conscientious objectors and opponents of the draft," warns Friends worker Tom Conrad.

Kids today know very little about the special restrictions the draft places on an individual's legal, civil and human rights. Draft registrants will be required (in contravention of the Constitution) to carry cards and papers showing their current draft status and to pro-



A decade ago, draft cards were very useful: You could get into bars with 'em, or light up a joint, or make a political statement, like this young man is doing.

duce them on demand. Changes in employment status, health and residence will have to be put on file. Registrants will be subject, at any time, to close and intimate physical ex-

aminations, including blood and urine tests. And upon forced induction into the armed services, they lose virtually all their rights as U.S. citizens and human beings.



Rat Patrol: Only in America could a man train a squirrel to water-ski behind a remote-control boat at a teeth-chattering 12 mph.

UFO Port Adds "Good Vibes" Transmitter

OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON—The world's first official landing strip for extraterrestrial spacecraft has been open for over a year (see "Highwitness News," October '78) but so far there have been no official touchdowns. Futurist Walter Aho, whose New Age Foundation outfitted the 14-acre Mount Ranier landing site with lights and beacon, is now convinced that the UFOs are simply afraid to make open contact with humans, and has set out to literally coax them down.

"They are afraid of us," explains Aho.

"They know about the earth's great stock of nuclear weapons."

Aho's scheme involves enticing timid space voyagers into visiting his strip by broadcasting friendly feelings up to them with the aid of large signal towers powered by a huge battery. New Age people will sit around it, join hands and transmit good vibes to our brothers and sisters (and God knows what sort of relations) out in the empyrean. "With this signal tower we can convince them of our friendly intentions," says Aho.

Ozone Holds Up against Aerosols

PALESTINE, TEXAS—The ozone layer doesn't seem to be falling apart, as had been predicted, from the effects of aerosol-released fluorocarbons. After what was expected to be the critical test for evidence of ozone depletion, researchers at the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's Jet Propulsion Laboratory here were perplexed to find that things weren't deteriorating as expected.

According to the ozone-depletion scenario, aerosol cans and jet planes emit fluorocarbon chemicals that rise up into the ionosphere, where a broad layer of ozone particles deflects harmful solar radiation from reaching the earth; in the ionosphere, the fluorocarbons are broken down into chlorine monoxide (ClO), which in laboratories is known to literally devour ozone. The more ClO in the ionosphere, it was predicted, the less ozone and, consequently, the more skin cancers on humans exposed to sunlight.

However, when Jet Propulsion Laboratory chief Robert Menzies sent a balloon, equipped with a laser radiometer, 40 kilometers into the ionosphere to check for ClO, he found about 300 percent more ClO than expected. If it were breaking down ozone, there would be much less ClO itself, and more broken-down by-products of ozone and ClO. Yet the ClO seems to mingle ineffectively among the ozone.

So the ozone itself seems immune to fluorocarbons. The effect of ClO itself on solar radiation, however, is yet to be determined.

North Country "Cellar Dwellers" Now Ecological Avant-Garde



This, in 1952, was the start of a house. Now it's a new evolution in energy conservation.

HOGANSBURG, NEW YORK—People who have been living in the ground here for the last 20 years—in a part of the country that records winter temperatures approaching 40° below zero—may have prompted a new architectural fillip in the continual search for energy-saving home-construction schemes. The cellar dwellers report annual heating-fuel costs of at least 25 percent below those of

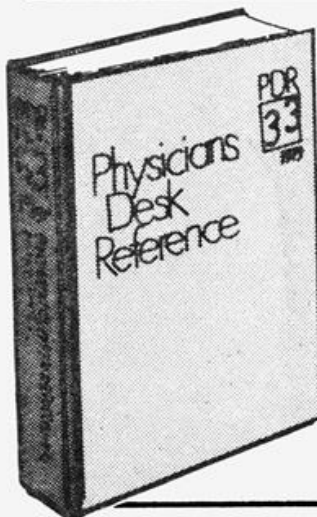
their house-dwelling neighbors. Now a whole new movement of "underground" architects is studying ways to exploit the obvious advantages of using the earth itself as natural home insulation.

The Hogansburg cellar dwellers, like many others in northernmost New York State, were originally lured to this traditionally depressed area in the early '50s by the infamous St. Lawrence Seaway project. As promoted by construction planner Robert Moses, the seaway was supposed to provide a permanent flow of capital into the underdeveloped north country, and people who moved here to work on its construction would be in on the ground floor of a permanent bonanza. However, once the St. Lawrence had been dammed, broadened and fitted with locks to allow deep-sea vessels free passage from the Atlantic Ocean to the Great Lakes, the north country went back to business as usual—that is, no business at all.

The completion of the Seaway in 1957 put hundreds of once-hopeful Moses employees in a bind—their split-level homes were only partially constructed, there was no money to complete them, and no one was interested in buying their land. Many took to living in their cellars, roofing them over and furnishing them, and they have been living this way ever since.

Stiff Pistol Law Cuts Homicides by Half

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS—Progun lobbyists have been handed a stunning setback by the success of this state's four-year-old handgun law, the toughest in the country. Possession of an unregistered handgun in Massachusetts draws an automatic one-year term. Since the bill took effect, the number of assaults, robberies and murders has dropped dramatically: The rate of handgun homicides has dropped by 45 percent; stickups are down 35 percent; and assaults with guns are down 20 percent. Hoods may be switching to other weapons as a result of the law—but it's lots harder to hold up stores and commit murder with knives or blackjacks.



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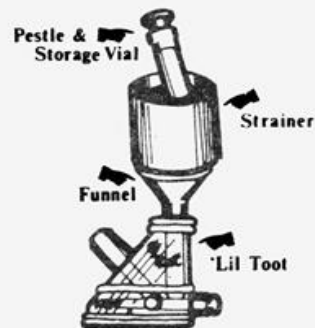
Cellar dwelling, it turns out, is really ideal for any area that, like the north country, sustains extremely cold winters and humid, sultry summers. Besides lower fuel costs, another small fortune is saved by having no bills for warped and cracked siding, because only the roof is exposed to the seasonal temperature changes. Early on, cellar dwellers discovered that they had to install batteries of sump pumps to handle the flooding brought about by the spring thaw, but this could be avoided in planned cellar homes by picking a high and dry location. The biggest necessary expense, of course, is the installation of skylight windows. Some local cellar dwellers (most of them on welfare) went without them for years but report that, once installed, skylights with southern-tilt exposure provide a uniquely lovely illumination.

Architectural promoters of cellar dwellings note that when using earth for insulation there is no need to install even "passive" solar-energy devices like south-facing double-pane windows, and summertime air-conditioning is totally unnecessary. Cellar dwellers could even turf over their roofs and grow vegetables on them. The construction of an underground home with more than one story would, of course, be more expensive than building a multistory house, but the energy savings would more than make up the difference.



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U.S. Poisons Poor Nations with Banned "Pesticide Plagues"

BOGOTÁ, COLOMBIA—The aerial spraying of U.S.-manufactured pesticides in this country has poisoned thousands of countryfolk, killed thousands of cattle, and forced mass migrations of whole peasant communities, a government study has shown. Dozens of brands of insecticides that have been banned in the United States—such as DDT, aldrin, lanate, malathion and methyl mercury—are routinely unloaded by their manufacturers on poor countries in Latin America and elsewhere. These countries buy them because they're cheaper than safer insecticides and because the U.S. State Department (though required by law to do so) rarely warns foreign officials of the health hazards of these poisonous chemicals.

Few developing nations have the capacity of measuring the levels of pesticide contamination in their food. This year, however, the Central American Research Institute checked out Caribbean-grown cabbage and tomatoes and discovered contaminations by lanate ranging up to 180 parts per million (the United States only allows .2 ppm, tops). Potentially toxic levels of DDT were found in milk, seafood and grains from all over the hemisphere; and the U.S. Food and Drug Administration itself has determined high DDT



Junked U.S. pesticides poison coffee crop.

residues in Latin American coffee beans being imported into the States.

When U.S. health officials ban a brand-name pesticide for domestic use, the manufacturers typically reduce its price and promote sales to developing nations; since these countries desperately need to increase

agricultural production, they use these poisons intensively. Supposedly, whenever the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency determines a chemical is unsafe for use in the United States, the State Department is required to so inform all foreign purchasers; but it doesn't do so in many cases. The U.S. General Accounting Office recently reported that "an official at one embassy told us he did not forward notifications on chemicals not already registered in the host country because it may adversely affect U.S. exporting." The State Department has repeatedly opposed congressional legislation that would require it to provide pesticide-consuming foreigners with adequate information on the chemicals' hazards.

Even when such data are provided, their bureaucratic State Department prose commonly makes them unreadable. The result has been a series of plague-like pesticide contaminations all over the world. In 1972 in Iraq, 6,500 people were poisoned by methyl mercury. In 1976, 600 Egyptian water buffalo were killed by leptophos, and in Pakistan 2,900 people were felled by malathion. Insecticide epidemics have occurred in Nicaragua, Sri Lanka, Indonesia and Malaysia. All were caused by U.S.-exported chemicals, of which 300,000 tons are sold per year; the World Health Organization in Switzerland estimates that a half million people per year are poisoned by insecticides around the world, with about 50,000 annual fatalities.

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Stogie Rationing Imposed in Cuba



Will Fidel be forced to take up White Owls?

HAVANA, CUBA—A vicious blue mold has put a damper on Cuba's prime prestige export —Havana cigars—for at least this year's harvest. The new mold blighted so much of last year's tobacco crop that Cubans themselves are being allowed only one cigar per week. The price of cigarettes has reportedly gotten so high that it might not be unprofitable for Marlboro movers on the old Virginia-to-Barranquilla run to divert an occasional shipment to Cuba.

Gringo "Linguists" Teach Indians That Old-Time Religion

by Antonio Huneeus

LOMALINDA, COLOMBIA—The foothills of the Andes drop away abruptly here, affording a view hundreds of miles south over the rolling green savannah and jungle-fringed rivers that flow a thousand unexplored miles away, into the Amazon of Brazil. Colombia's Meta Province is home mainly to giant brightly colored birds, jaguars, wild pigs, nomadic Indians—and a huge, little-known "farm" called the Summer Linguistics Institute (SLI).

SLI is an American outfit ostensibly concerned with recording native Indian tongues, studying their grammar, philology and etymology, working out bilingual dictionaries and recording native myths. SLI has worked in several Latin American countries for over 20 years, though in that time it has published less than five scientific volumes. In those 20 years the Meta Province "farm" here has been charged with gross legal irregularities by several government commissions and accused by leftists of organizing the Indians into a cheap work force for multinational development corporations. Recently, they were even called "drug traffickers" by the Havana party mouthpiece Gramma.

The SLI is, in reality, a direct outgrowth of the Wycliffe Bible Translators Foundation, formed in the 1930s by California evangelist William Cameron Townsend, and today its "linguists" are trained mainly at the University of Oklahoma. In 1935 Townsend himself opened the SLI proper in Mexico, with its headquarters somewhere in the Yucatan jungle. The group first penetrated the Amazon region in 1946, living in a jungle settlement called Yarinacocha in eastern Peru. (The group was expelled by the suspicious Peruvian military in 1976.) Between 1953 and 1960 the SLI opened centers in Ecuador, Guatemala, Bolivia, Brazil and Honduras, and in 1962 arranged for its Meta operation with the Colombian government.

Since then, SLI operatives infiltrated more than 60 different Indian tribes in Colombia, influencing some 400,000 people with their "linguistics research." They acquired 40 DC-3s and several helicopters and move freely about the Amazonian territories between the countless landing sites they've created. In addition, they opened their own "Radio Bonaire," which broadcasts what they openly call the "evangelical word" in every language of the region.

Since the Colombian government itself has so far failed to gain access to much of this region, there's a great deal of controversy about letting the SLI people go in first with their Bible-toting linguists. Bocayán state representative Napoleón Peralta has repeatedly called for a thorough investigation of the SLI by the congress. The 1962 SLI contract, says Peralta, "was never really approved or disapproved by congress. It violates our civil code, since the institute did not represent itself as a church, but as a scientific linguistics institute."

Though Peralta emphasizes the SLI



In the 1500s, Bible-wielding Dominican friars forcibly "converted" the South American Indian elite and worked the commonfolk to death in silver mines. Today, Yankee Protestants are doing much the same thing with bushstrips and radio sermons.

shouldn't be evicted merely "because they're gringos," he agrees there's no question that they're a religious outfit. Even more damning is a blatant pro-SLI blurb recently run in the right-wing *La Republica* that glowingly describes Lomalinda as "a clean and healthy environment with a strong community drive, severe social and disciplinary norms, and where no one smokes or drinks for religious reasons."

In fact, the Summer Linguistics Institute's "linguistic" endeavors have been almost exclusively confined to the translation of the Bible into Paez, Guambian, Guajiro, Cogui, Witoto and other Indian tongues and the readings of scripture and fundamentalist fire-and-brimstone sermons over Radio Bonaire. An American "linguist" termed the Indians "silly and liars, so that it's almost impossible to help them and convince them of the necessity of God's Word, because they are so often disinterested in listening."

In the opinion of many knowledgeable officials, the SLI is methodically destroying eons-old patterns of aboriginal Colombian cultures and replacing them with a banal and subhuman ideal of American "born again" Christianity. Even the superreactionary head of the Department of Administrative Security, Gen. José Joaquín Matallana, called for the SLI's expulsion from Amazonia in 1974.

Yet despite these pressures, the SLI stays firmly implanted at Lomalinda. Observes Sen. David Aljure, "The institute must have some very influential godfathers and heavy-weight contacts, if there have been petitions from congress, the army and the national press to expel it. This makes one suspect that underneath it there are some hidden interests nobody knows about." Many suspect the putative abundance of uranium deposits in the region may be a factor: What better labor force for uranium mines could there be, after

all, than 400,000 freshly deculturated Indians programmed to work themselves to death if God and Jesus tell them to.



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3,500-Year-Old Earthwork Revamps Britain's Bronze Age

NORTHAMPTON, ENGLAND—Archaeologist Jim Pickering has uncovered a full-fledged mystery that disturbs modern historians more than all the notions of Erich von Daniken put together. For years, Pickering has specialized in aerial observation of British archaeological sites, photographing Bronze Age monuments like Stonehenge and Avebury from the air. During that time he also observed various peculiar foliage patterns dotting the countryside, especially around Lincolnshire in eastern England. Indistinguishable at ground level, from the sky they indicated different sorts of trees. Among broad tracts of first-growth trees appeared streaks and patches of second growth. After mapping and connecting these streaks from aerial observation, Pickering confirmed his suspicions with ground excavation: From at least 1400 B.C. until the Christian era, a line of colossal ditches as wide as a six-lane superhighway had stretched over 110 miles from the Humber River southwest beyond Northampton along the Lincolnshire border.

The earthworks were laid out uniformly, three parallel ditches with two intervening banks, 13 feet deep by 50 feet broad. They obviously served as military boundaries between the Lincolnshire tribes and the Midland tribes to the west. By Pickering's



Stonehenge may have lost some of its mystery, since startling new evidence indicates that a complex civilization existed in England early enough to build the circle of stone.

estimate, they must have been dug around 1400 B.C.—contemporary with Stonehenge and Avebury—and were in continuous use until the Roman invasion under the emperor Claudius in A.D. 43. They appear to have been filled in shortly thereafter, as part of the Roman policy of erasing boundaries between native tribes.

The implications of Pickering's giant ditch are positively revolutionary. Until very recently, archaeologists doubted that Bronze Age Britain supported a large enough population to expend the time and make the highly coordinated effort to put up Stonehenge itself. But to survey and engineer the monumental Lincolnshire earthworks, hundreds of thousands of people must have been required over several generations' time. And from that, Pickering points out, it follows that much of the land must necessarily have been under cultivation; furthermore, there must have been cities and roads, courts and police forces, trade entrepôts, harbors and industrial centers.

For years, archaeologists studying in northern Spain, France and Belgium have suggested that unified Bronze Age civilization flourished there; since such a civilization would be as old as the Sumerians and Egyptians, most scientists have been reluctant to officially embrace the idea. But Pickering's ditch seems to conclusively tie it all together. "He has hit on something major, which will

add a completely new dimension to European history," says Dr. Graham Webster of Birmingham University. "These archaeologists will just have to grit their teeth and swallow the idea."

Scared Suburbanites Stock Up on Fake Handguns

BLACKPOOL, ENGLAND—Uptight residents in this crime-plagued industrial suburb are taking to arms, even if they are only fake weapons. Strict firearms-control legislation still keeps real handguns out of the reach of most Britons, but the trade in exact-replica dummy pistols is booming. Colt .45s, Barrettas, .352 Magnums and German Lüggers, varying from the genuine articles only in that they fire strictly blanks, are available by mail order for anywhere from \$20 to \$200, and scared suburbanites are gobbling them up.

This greatly disturbs the police, who are genuinely anxious to remain unarmed after British tradition. Malefactors who are thwarted by fake pistols, they fear, may take to using shotguns, which are available freely through mail order. If this happens and the buckshot starts flying, bobbies might be forced to carry guns—and police mortality rates would undoubtedly rise.

FAMOUS MAGAZINE REPORTERS' SCHOOL

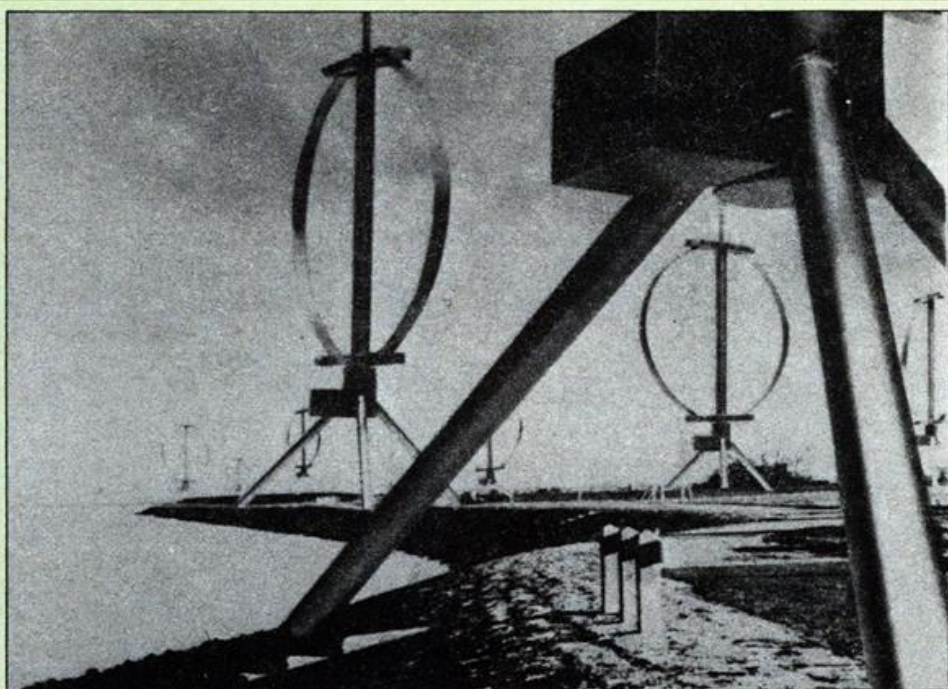
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Europe to Become Third-Rate Power?

BREDA, THE NETHERLANDS—Europe, by the turn of the century, may qualify as an underdeveloped global backwater area, observes the European Committee for Research and Development. The declining Continental birthrate will reduce Europeans to only 5 percent of the world's population by the year 2000 (it was 20 percent in 1800), and an observed decline in the rate of technological progress here over the last ten years will, if it

continues, give the United States and Japan a decided edge in industry and commerce.

"Europe has little space, few valuable materials, and not much easily exploitable fossil energy," comments economist Jan Schils in the committee's special report on future global trends. "A new impetus to research and development," the Research and Development report concludes, must be instituted "in order to stem Europe's decline."



This may be Holland's new landscape if the Dutch government decides to back a pilot project to build 5,000 giant wind turbines along the west coast. While the machines are certainly commendable as efficient alternative-energy sources, the traditional Dutch windmill made a much better wall clock.

Swiss Bank Accounts May Be on the Way Out

ZURICH, SWITZERLAND—Investors in Swiss banks should be aware that their much-prized secrecy arrangements are currently under stiff attack in both the legislature and the courts here. Last year several top banking officials went to jail as the result of an \$800-million currency swindle and enough big investors were ripped off in the course of the scam that they now want the whole numbered-account system to be trashed.

In presenting their case, the government prosecutors came dangerously close to publicly exposing the realities of the numbered-accounts system and how it's used by international arms merchants, dope traffickers, terrorists, multinational corporations and spy agencies around the world. The prosecutors suggested that some banks had become "states within states," and likened the secrecy system to the Cosa Nostra's "code of silence." And in the parliament, leftist legislators are demanding that all secret accounts be publicly divulged.

If huge Swiss institutions like the Kreditbank lose their secrecy setups, economists anticipate a truly massive migration of

investments to Cayman Islands banks in the Caribbean—the only other place in the world that offers Swiss-style investment confidentiality.

German Hovertrains Ready for Mass Transit

HANOVER, WEST GERMANY—The world's first commercial hovertrain is tentatively scheduled to go into operation at the Hanover Fair here next year. Hovertrains gain tremendous speed with absolutely no vibration or friction, gliding three-quarters of an inch above magnetically charged rails. Run by computers, they need neither on-board engines nor engineers. A 1,000-yard test track in Brunswick, using a single 40-passenger car, has already demonstrated the feasibility of hovertrains, and *H-Bahns* are already under construction here and in Dortmund, West Berlin and Nuremberg.

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U.S. Propaganda Radio Drops Soviet Muslims

ALMA-ATA, KAZAKH SSR—Minority Muslim nomads of the Uighur nation have been cut off from the daily propaganda broadcasts of America's Radio Liberty, evidently as a concession to China. Uighur-language editors and broadcasters for the American radio network, with ultrapowerful transmitters in West Germany, Spain and Portugal, heatedly protested the suspension of Uighur broadcasts, calling it a "decisive blow" against the oppressed Muslim community subsisting precariously in this desiccated mountain region.

There are only 20,000 Uighurs in the USSR, Radio Liberty points out in explanation. The majority of Uighurs, approximately 5 million of them, migrate among the oases of Xinjiang Province in northern China, where they were accorded nominal political autonomy by Peking in 1955. The refugees in the Kazakh SSR represent a fringe group that fled China after the 1948 revolution of Mao Zedong; Radio Liberty broadcasts directed toward them, florid with anticommunist demagoguery and praises of the USA, were enjoyed by the Xinjiang Uighurs as well. Suspended Uighur broadcasters in Europe, noting that their programs were canceled "shortly before the visit of Vice-Premier Deng Xiaoping to the United States" last spring, charge that Radio Liberty clearly "thought it advisable to discontinue the Uighur desk in order not to annoy the Chinese."

Other international observers point out that the ban on Uighur broadcasts coincided with the formation of fundamentalist Muslim regimes in Iran and Afghanistan and the rise of similar movements elsewhere in central Asia. The rise in Pan-Islamic solidarity throughout the whole region, from the Black Sea to Mongolia, has deeply unsettled the Asian political scenario, raising grave concern both in Russia and the West. Radio Liberty's cancellation of Uighur-language programs is seen by some as a first step in a general policy of discouraging political consolidation among the many Muslim ethnic populations of Asia.

Radio Liberty's management responds that the Uighur ban was "entirely fortuitous," undertaken because the propaganda facility—a branch of Radio Free Europe and subsidized openly by the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency until recently—"was not authorized to broadcast in China." In any case, says Radio Liberty, it will con-

tinue broadcasting throughout the region in Uzbek, a Turkic language closely related to Uighur, which supposedly constitutes the *lingua franca* of central Asia.



Africa

Revolutionary Marriage Law Sparks Kenyan Furor

NAIROBI, KENYA—Basic women's rights are probably inevitable in this swiftly industrializing East African nation, but an animated debate currently raging in the parliament here shows that traditional male supremacists aren't giving up without a fight. "It is very African to teach women manners by beating them," snorted traditionalist legislator Kimunani Soi when the latest revision of the revised marriage laws—which would prohibit marital battery by either sex—was read at a legislative session.

Nearly every provision of the new marriage bill was condemned as "un-African" by old-line black nationalists when the bill was presented by Charles Njonjo, the attorney general. The original marriage bill was defeated in 1976 largely because it made adultery a two-year criminal rap; and if the legal definition of adultery had been applied to the be-

havior of many men in the Masai and Kikuyu tribes, where extramarital dalliance is expected on certain occasions, Kenya's jails would have been stuffed with uncomprehending "adulterers," and their wives and children would have starved.

Most Kenyan tribesfolk live by patriarchal polygamous setups, so the notion of protecting all women's marriage rights in one measure is really extremely radical. Under the proposed bill, a man's first wife would have to give her written permission for him to contract future marriages, which has offended many men. And it would furthermore give second and third wives equal inheritance shares with the first wife—which has offended many women.

As for the adultery issue, the new bill makes adultery grounds for divorce when committed by either sex in a marriage.

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China's Biggest Daily May Not Be Kosher

PEKING, CHINA—The Peking Daily has shaken the faith of untold millions of its readers,



Cute, fuzzy little Lan Lan is not romping adorably in her cage in Tokyo's Ueno Zoo in this photo, kids. No, Lan Lan is stiff as a board. Deceased. Gone to the original teddy-bear picnic. A late panda. Sorry about that, but there's nothing to be done.

both here and around the world, by revealing that untruths may have been published in its pages from time to time. Specifically, the Daily's editors now admit that a continuing series of glowing reports last year from the construction site of a major irrigation project in far-northern Heilungkiang Province was all just—to be candid—propaganda. The project has never even been started, the Daily now reveals.

"Deliberately manufactured falsehoods" like this, the editors confess, may actually quite often have been planted in the Daily's copy. China is an enormous country, long-range communications are still quite primitive in many northern and western areas, and the Daily's team of out-of-town reporters seems to include some "who cannot clearly differentiate between writing news and writing fiction."

Affirmed the Daily, "We must clearly see that opposing false reporting is a major duty still facing us." The Heilungkiang irrigation scandal, they hinted, may be only the tip of the iceberg. They also mentioned that some years back the Daily ran a profile of a "revolutionary martyr" who was supposedly executed in the '40s by a Kuomintang (Chinese nationalist) firing squad; actually, the Daily now asserts, the man was murdered by renegades from his own Red Army militia.

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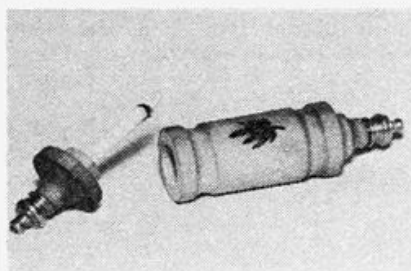
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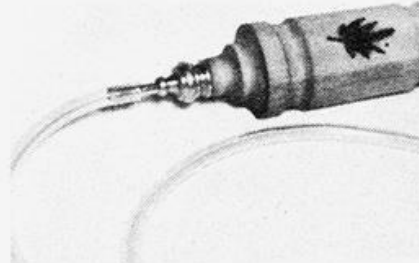
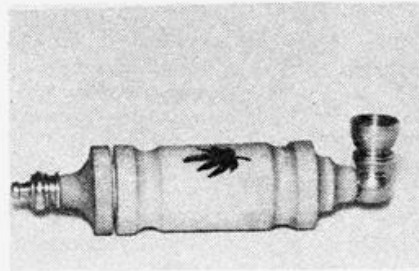
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City Sewage Swamps the World's Seas

by Libby Bassett

Thor Heyerdahl, the famed scientist and explorer who has sailed the world's oceans in balsa rafts and papyrus boats, believes that modern man's perception of the sea is often as primitive as the reed ship.

"We think we are still on a flat earth," he says. "We act as if we can generate millions of tons of industrial and human waste, and then just sweep it away, dump it in the sewers and forget about it. If we place our pipes and sewers far enough away from the beaches, we feel that we can send everything off the edge of the planet."

Another strange notion we entertain, he says, is the belief that the oceans are endless and somehow different from other bodies of water, like lakes and rivers. Not so, he says. "It just so happens that this planet is round, and you can sail in any direction and you'll hit land. The ocean is a landlocked lake. It is no saltier than some smaller lakes, no deeper, on the average, than many Asian lakes. It is simply larger."

Heyerdahl thinks it is important to make these points because, acting under such misconceptions, the industrial nations have so polluted the world's oceans that mankind's very life is threatened.

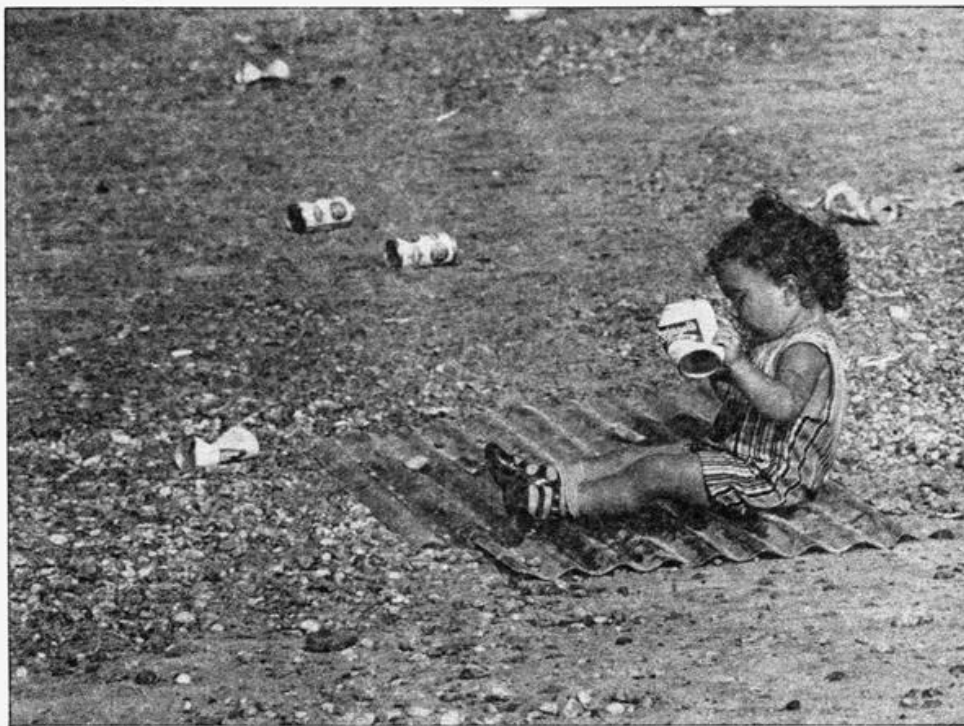
"And we must realize," he says, "that this 'lake' is the heart that pumps life into this planet. Without the ocean there can be no life here."

Heyerdahl, who first brought attention to the pollution of the oceans with the expeditions of the *Ra I* and *Ra II* in 1969 and 1970, now believes that the oceangoing tankers that dump oil and sludge at sea are not the principal causes of ocean pollution.

"The real risk is not so much what the ships dump in," he says. "There are very few ships compared with cities in the world. We forget that all the sewers from all the cities go either directly into the ocean or into a river and from there to the ocean. Very little is done to stop that kind of pollution." If something is not done now, he says, life on the planet may end in the oceans, just as it began there.

Heyerdahl, now 65, has studied the oceans for 40 years and knows them nearly as intimately as the fish that inhabit them. When he first began studying the ocean currents on the Polynesian island of Fatu Hiva in 1937, he and his wife "spent one year on the beaches and in canoes and didn't see a single drift object that could be attributed to human activity."

Even ten years later, when he sailed *Kon-*



"We found oil—big black lumps, and small ones, like rice." Heyerdahl believes that what he discovered was not sludge from oil tankers but sewage from the cities that fringe the ocean, and those inland cities that dump both human and industrial waste into the rivers that flow to the ocean. This, much more than oil slicks, says Heyerdahl, poses the real risk to the oceans.

"Most people don't realize it," he laments. "They say, 'Oh, the ocean has received pollution from rivers and so on for millions of years.' But that is not pollution. It's the wrong word. That is nourishment for the bacteria and the plankton that will be recycled. The

Tiki across the Pacific, he "never saw any sign of man, for 101 days, 4,300 miles from Peru to the Tuamotu Islands in Polynesia."

Sometime after that, he says, the changes began. "When I started the first *Ra* expedition in 1969, I prepared my crew for the beauty of the ocean, the cleanliness of the ocean, and I got a shock myself. The first day at sea off Morocco we found the water full of oil clots and covered with a great sheet of oil. So we climbed the top of the mast because I was quite sure a ship had dumped something right there and then. But we didn't see any."

A year later, on the *Ra II* expedition, U.N. secretary general U Thant asked Heyerdahl to make day-to-day observations of pollution at sea. "We found solidified oil clots 43 days out of the 57 days it took to cross the Atlantic, from Africa to Barbados. That was a shock to everybody."

Scientists who analyzed the samples of gunk that Heyerdahl collected were even more surprised to discover that the oil "represented washings from the entire world fleet of tankers." The pollution was not localized, but dispersed throughout the world's oceans, rotating with the currents.

Since that 1970 expedition an even more drastic change has occurred, he says. "On our last voyage across the Indian Ocean (last year), the pollution was completely different. In mid-ocean between Pakistan and Africa we sailed into a red belt—the color was exactly like the peel of an orange. It was narrow, no broader than a ship, but it ran for miles and miles like a red river in the sea. We sailed from morning to night along it, and we never saw the beginning or the end."

"We also found tiny white particles that looked like dissolved cardboard, and enormous quantities of plastic fragments."

Outside the Persian Gulf, Heyerdahl expected to find the ocean thick with oil clots.

problem is that in recent decades we have brought into existence so many new combinations of atoms that will not disintegrate, that will not recycle, that are perpetual.

"It is impossible for anybody to be a prophet and say whether it will take 10 years or 50 years before there is a disaster," says Heyerdahl. "But you don't have to be a prophet to say that sooner or later even the ocean cannot absorb everything that we send into it."

Heyerdahl contends that despite national sovereignty over coastal waters, the time has passed for narrow self-interest in the sea.

"There is no 'our waters,'" he says. "The water is moving. The water belongs to the whole human family. What is African water one week is American water some weeks later. What is American water is then quickly converted into Asian water. The ocean is there one day and another place another day."

"So I think that this is really something that in the long run could unite all intelligent nations in a common effort to do something that can give future generations a hope of surviving."

"It's a matter of life and death for this planet," Heyerdahl says. "We cannot get away from the fact that in the beginning the only way for long-breeding species to survive on this planet was that plankton in the ocean helped produce oxygen that created the first atmosphere. If we take away the plankton in the oceans, we take away the basis for life."

Late last spring in Geneva experts from 14 of the 18 Mediterranean governments reached agreement on the language of a new treaty to control land-based pollution, factory waste, municipal sewage, agricultural pesticides and fertilizer in the Mediterranean. The treaty, expected to be signed this spring in Athens, represents the first such regional accord to save the seas in mankind's history.

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7 paperback publishers dominate the mass-market for books.

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Ramses II: A Marlboro Man?



Pharaoh Ramses II, who ruled Egypt between 1292 and 1225 B.C., erected the enormous statues and temple complex at Karnak and is widely credited with allowing (or possibly compelling) the migration of the Israel-

ites under Moses into the Sinai. The pharaoh was also a nicotine addict, a new autopsy of his mummy has confirmed. Traces of nicotine and actual tobacco leaves were found in the pharaoh's corpse. The discovery is surprising

because Sir Walter Raleigh was believed to have been the first to export tobacco from America in the 1600s. The discovery lends heavy credence to the theory, advanced by Thor Heyerdahl and others, that the ancient Phoenicians engaged in regular transatlantic trade.

Record Resistance

Parisian songstress Catherine Riberio was determined that when Philips Phonogram released her new album, it would have her title and her liner notes. But Philips was equally determined to hack out their own copy for it, so Riberio took a page out of Gandhi: She locked herself in a Pigalle movie theater and swore she wouldn't eat a bite of food until she saw her album, properly produced, in front of her. Philips gave in and had the jacket printed her way before she'd lost five pounds. Riberio's show-biz associates have noted her method was cheaper and quicker than hiring a lawyer.

Lemmings Just Careless

London Times columnist Philip Howard has discovered a bitter fact that just may make some people stick their heads in the gas oven: Lemmings don't commit mass suicide. "No credible observer has ever recorded the mass suicide of lemmings," Howard flatly observed after researching the subject intensively. "The most that can be said is that on their periodic emigrations to escape from overcrowding, lemmings cross rivers and lakes tumultuously, like migrating ants, and many are drowned." Though the popular image of lemmings mindlessly swimming into the North Sea to their certain deaths is mentioned in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, Howard has discovered that even the *Britannica*'s basic sources are mere folklore and hearsay.

So why the hell does everybody believe this lemming slander? Points out Howard, "The only animal that regularly commits mass suicide is *Homo sapiens*," and maybe we need a four-footed scapegoat for it.

Help! Police?

Scotland Yard has been working overtime tracking down British bobbies who take advantage of their special police powers to supplement their appallingly scanty incomes. One cop who put in a lot of overtime was District Sgt. William Keating, a forensic chemist at the Holborn crime lab in London, who got nicked for putting in 100 bogus overtime vouchers, pleaded guilty to 6, and went to jail.

Meanwhile, up the Thames in Hertfordshire, beat constable Ian Hyne was switched to a new neighborhood after a two-year wave of auto-accessory ripoffs in his own precinct. As soon as Hyne was absent, the ripoffs stopped. Their suspicions aroused, the Yard's Sherlocks dropped by Hyne's flat and sniffed out evidence that some £1,300 in car stereos, cassettes and similar equipment had been fenced through the constable.

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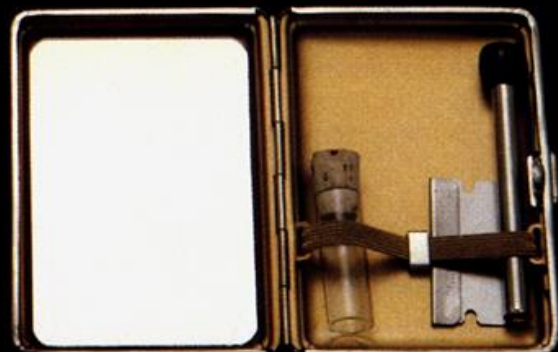
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In Like Flynn

(continued from page 95)

and pencils provided by public and bartender, I signed indiscriminately for a time, Batistans, Castroites, Cuban bobby-soxers. All the while, I was looking out of the corner of my eye for my contact. Where was he or she?"

The contact turned out to be the airport's traffic manager, Bill Patton, a young American married to a Cuban woman. Patton, it turned out, had helped Flynn on his last trip to Cuba, when he flew there in his own plane, a single-motored Navion.

Patton told them to wait at the Grand Hotel for Castro's personal plane, which would fly them to the rendezvous. While waiting, Flynn recalled, they learned that Camagüey was under siege, that four rebel forces had strongholds commanding all approaches to the town.

When Castro's red and silver Cessna landed, Patton got Flynn and McKay past the Batista sentries by saying they were scouting the countryside for Cuban Rebel Girls locations. Once aboard, Flynn asked the pilot about the gun at his side. "In here it is fully loaded," he replied. "I got this bullet marked. That's for me if they catch me."

"Why?" asked Flynn.

"I'm not going to let the Batistans torture me," the pilot smiled.

Flynn later heard from Castro's own lips that his pilot, whose name Flynn never learned, never had a chance to use his bullet.

In an hour they landed at a small airstrip next to a farmhouse, where they were met by Capt. Luis Perez. Flynn carried a rifle and searchlight and took off on a wild two-day jeep ride through the cane-field region, deeper into rebel territory. Every hour or two a new man would enter the car and stay with them for a relay, as they approached Castro's quarters. Once they saw Batista prisoners captured by Castro's soldiers, and they talked with them; apparently they were being well-treated by the rebels.

Early in the evening of Saturday, December 27, 1958, they arrived at a big sugar mill called the Central America, where inside they found Castro sitting on a bed, his ear on a small radio receiver, a Belgian revolver on a table next to him. Castro was wearing his customary tan army fatigues, as were two others, a male officer and Castro's female secretary, the dark-haired, slim "heroine of the revolt," Celia Sanchez, who wore a pink orchid on her right shoulder and a .32-caliber revolver lashed to her waist.

Flynn noticed, much to his surprise, that Castro had grace, agility of movement, and a simplicity of manner. He didn't look

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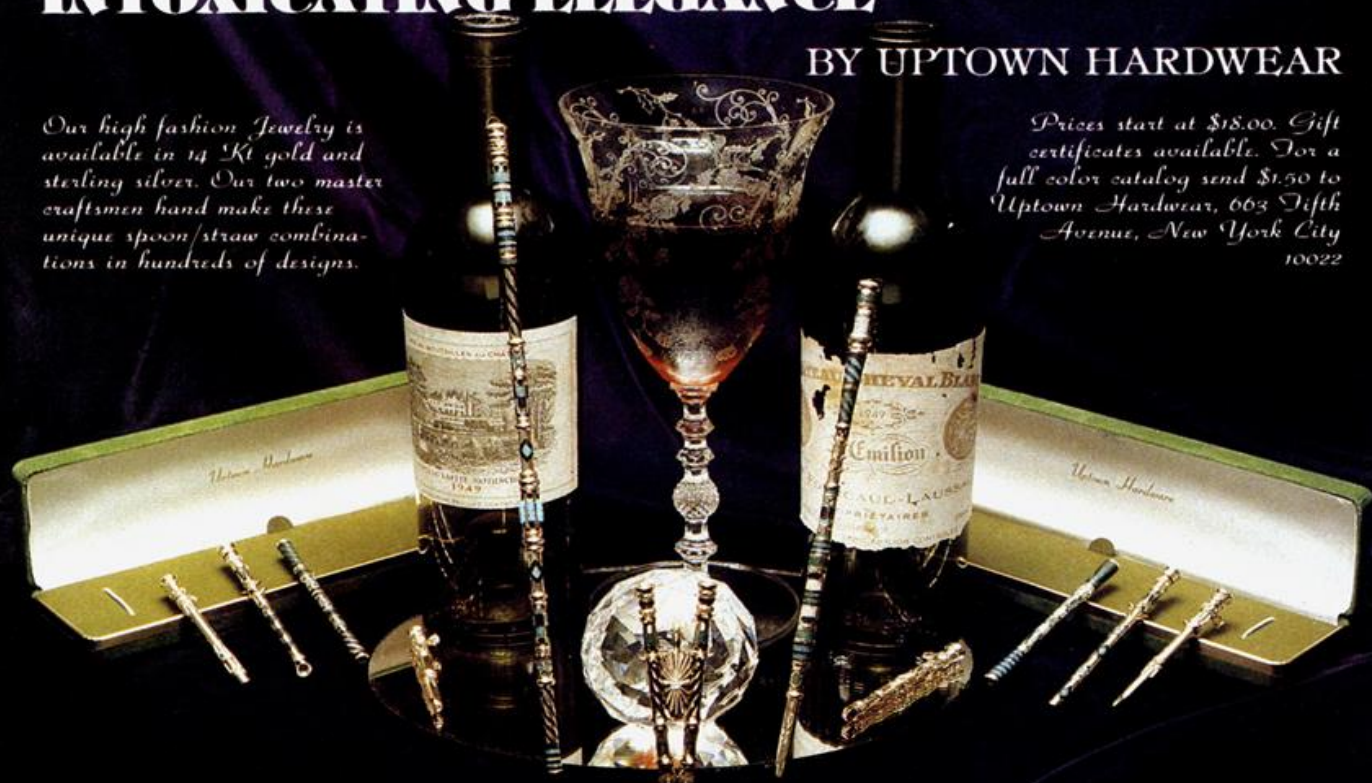
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like a man who had been burned up in the sun, nor did he show signs of having lived five and a half years in the jungles.

Castro suggested that Flynn go to the village of Palma Sorino, which had just been liberated, so that he could observe how the Cubans felt after they had been taken out of Batista's hands. Castro counseled Flynn to talk to whomever he wished, and to take all the pictures he wanted to take—in short, to see the happy faces of the "liberated Cuban citizens." This was quite a contrast to the Batista camp, where Flynn learned that a few U.S. journalists had been tossed into the clink.

Castro regretted he couldn't stay and chat any longer, that urgent matters demanded him elsewhere, but that they would talk again before Flynn's departure for the United States. Castro's farewell words to Flynn were "Roam about as you please, you have the complete hospitality of the Castro camp. Good luck."

Legend has it that when Castro finally rode his jeep triumphantly through the streets of Havana upon winning the revolution, there was Errol Flynn by his side, both of them waving at the grateful people of Cuba.

"ERROL FLYNN WAS LIFE OF PARTY MINUTES BEFORE HE DIED," read one headline about Errol Flynn's death by heart attack at the age of 50 on October 14, 1959.

He died laughing, having a good time and enjoying himself, said Mrs. George Caldough, his hostess at the party. She and her husband had offered to buy Flynn's yacht, *Zaca*, and while visiting them in Vancouver he complained of severe pains and asked to see a doctor. The Caldoughs took him to the home of Dr. Grant A. Gould, where Flynn talked of long-gone friends, the late John Barrymore and the late W.C. Fields. "Hell, dying is not so much," Flynn commented, and then asked for a room to lie down in, adding: "But I shall return." His last words—he died soon in the next room.

The coroner's deputies said it was a heart attack, with complications of malaria, hepatitis, gonorrhea and tuberculosis. After the autopsy one of the coroner's deputies remarked, "His was the body of a tired, old man—old before his time, and sick." John McKay remarked: "It was like having a reputation as a gunslinger. Everyone would try to outgun him. They'd make cracks about his girl friends or his drinking. He always had to have a few drinks just to be on an even keel with the wise guys." Said widow Patrice Wymore in Washington, calling friends on the West Coast, "Those vultures preyed on him out there. They killed him! They killed him!"

But it wasn't drink, dope, sex or bad company that killed Flynn—it was curiosity. Yet his memory lives on in the dashing figure of the long-haired, leotarded, pencil-mustached swashbuckler still flickering on the silver screen. ■

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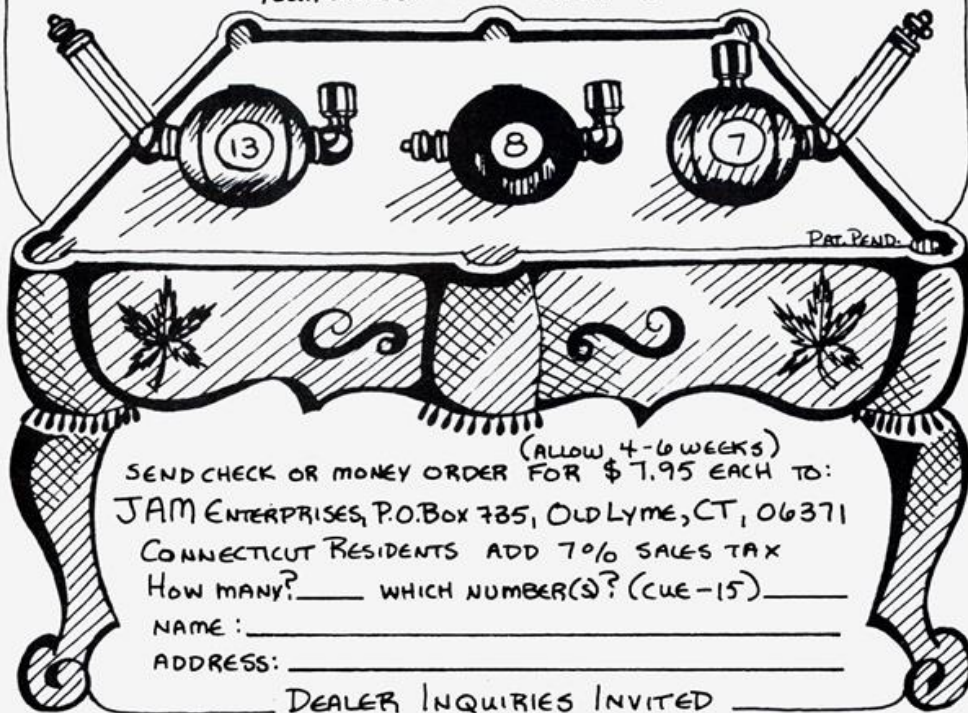
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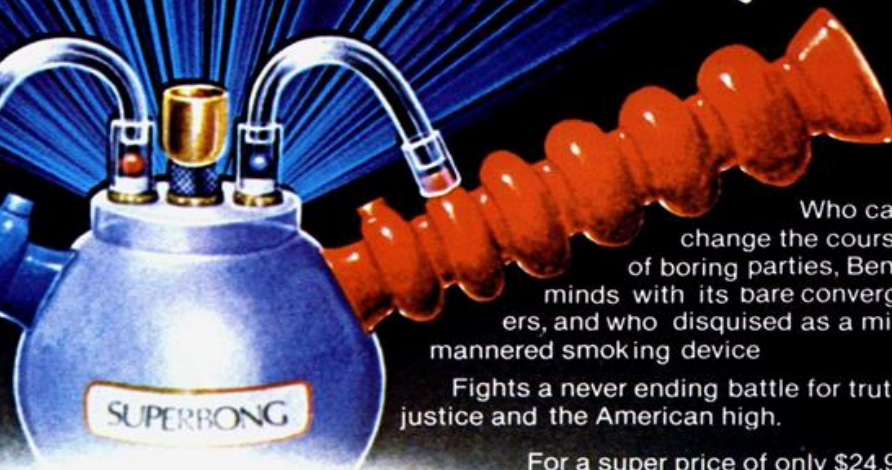
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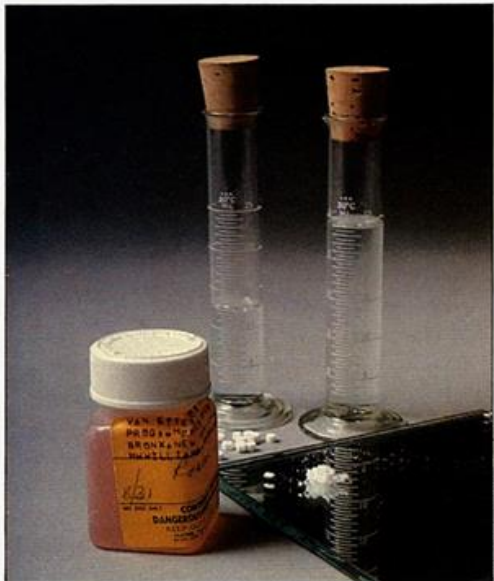
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METHADONE EMPLOYED IN PAIN CONTROL

NEW YORK CITY—Thanks to recent relaxations in federal regulations, terminal cancer patients and other victims of intractable pain are increasingly being treated with methadone at the Sloan-Kettering



Photos by Jack Abraham

Methadone: no longer strictly for junkies.

ting Institute here and in other hospitals around the country. Until very recently, methadone was available strictly as an "addiction maintenance" drug, a legal replacement for heroin disbursed to junkies through detoxification centers. Federal narc bureaucrats clamped strict controls over methadone after it emerged that it was actually more addictive than heroin (unlike heroin withdrawal, the physical trauma of kicking methadone can be fatal), and a sizable black market developed for the drug. These controls were only eased in light of the additional fact that methadone is the single most efficacious treatment for chronic and intractable pain.

Previously, specialists here treated chronic pain with a preparation called "Brompton's cocktail"—a combination of morphine and cocaine suspended in ethyl alcohol, with Compazine on the side to reduce morphine's nausea effect. Their basic objective was to kill the pain with the morphine and use the cocaine "euphoria" to break the vicious cycle in which a patient's fear of pain augments the pain itself.

However, federal restrictions on the disbursement of cocaine last year made it almost inaccessible to pain-control specialists. Thus, a more effective painkiller was sought, and was found in methadone.

Methadone is equal in analgesic effect to morphine, is slightly less emetic and lasts conspicuously longer in the body. Patients on the new pain-control regimen are "prepped" a week beforehand with Elavil (amitriptyline), an antidepressant that helps to reduce the anxiety of terminal pain patients; when the methadone is administered after the first week, the Elavil may further intensify and prolong its analgesic effect. Vistaril (hydroxyzine), an antihistamine with antianxiety properties, is also given, largely to reduce nausea caused by methadone.

The search for the ideal chronic-pain preparation is proceeding apace, though federal narco restrictions on drugs like methadone and cocaine continue to hamper researchers' efforts. It is nearly impossible to prescribe methadone to outpatients, for example, since most pharmacists are afraid to carry it in their supplies for fear of being picked out for special harassment by the Drug Enforcement Administration. "It's a shame," says one oncology expert at another New York hospital, "since these are legitimate uses for these drugs and these people are in terminal, incurable pain. Addiction simply isn't a factor to consider in cases like these."

INSOMNIACS SHOULD SET CLOCK FORWARD

NEW YORK CITY—Insomniacs who try to adjust to a nine-to-five daytime schedule by trying to go to sleep early in the evening are simply going about it rear-end-to, reports Dr. Elliot Weitzman of the Sleep-Wake Center at Montefiore Hospital here. It seems nearly impossible for "night people" to work into a daytime schedule by



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trying to retire early, says Weitzman, but it appears to be astonishingly simple for them to do so successfully simply by going to sleep later each day, until a daytime schedule is established.

Montefiore researchers put six insomniac patients on a programmed sleep-adjustment schedule. The patients had been going to sleep each night at about 4:30 A.M. and rising in the early afternoon, but under the new schedule they began turning in three hours later every day, at 7:30 A.M., then 10:30 A.M., 1:30 P.M. and so on. When they finally began retiring at 11:30 P.M. and rising at 7:30 A.M., the rotation was suspended. Remarkably, the subjects appeared to maintain their new, daylight-oriented circadian rhythm: Two months after readjustment, all six were still on the new, preferred sleep schedule.

The six Montefiore "night people"—three in the sleep clinic and three at home—all benefited from close counseling by clinic staff. Whether the same forward-moving sleep adjustment would work for most uncounseled insomniacs is uncertain. But if it did, it would certainly beat the vicious cycle of sleep medications and fatigue to which most insomniacs are condemned.

NEW DOSAGE MONITOR FOR PSYCHIC DRUGS

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND—The Burroughs Wellcome drug company is currently developing a technique through which the patient-by-patient effectiveness of antipsychotic medications can be closely monitored. As Dr. Solomon Snyder of Johns Hopkins University points out, patients who suffer from varying degrees of this mental disease require varying dosages of neuroleptic medications like Thorazine, Stelazine and Sereniti: While one patient may require over 2,000 milligrams per day, another may need only 100 mg. Yet doctors to date have been largely unable to calibrate the exact dose needed by any given patient to function properly. And an excess of any of these neuroleptics, administered over a long period, can result in chronic constipation, lethargy and a condition called tardive dyskinesia, which turns the patient into an unsightly, drooling mess, suffering from gross spastic convulsions on the lips, jaws and extremities.

Burroughs Wellcome's new labeling process uses a radioactively tagged chemical to pinpoint to what degree a patient's brain receptors for the neurotransmitter hormone dopamine are being blocked by the medication. Since all the major neuroleptic drugs work by turning off dopamine receptors, the labeling technique will indicate the dosage of medication tailor-made to alleviate each patient's schizophrenic symptoms, without neuroleptic side effects. □

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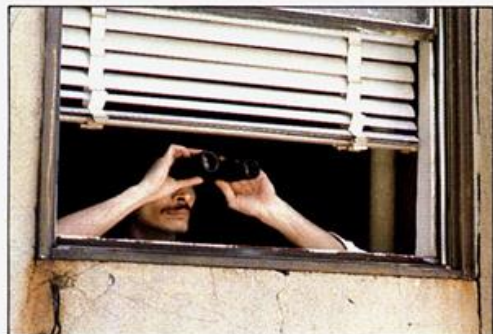
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Law

NO SPYGLASS SNOOPING WITHOUT A WARRANT

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA—Spying on people with binoculars is as legally unacceptable as spying on them with bugs and phone taps, the California Court of Appeals for the Second District has ruled in a smut case. Cops investigating an alleged porn-film ring here conducted a ten-day surveillance of the Playboy Building downtown. The case was broken when an



No-nocs law: spyglasses too "Orwellian."

officer on top of a hill nearby zeroed in, with binoculars, on suite 804, where the drapes were fortuitously drawn; though he could see only vague shapes with the naked eye, the 'nocs showed him a flip-top box with "a picture of a nude woman" on it, and two men "handling" it. On this basis a search warrant was obtained and the men were nailed for possession of smut with intent to distribute.

The district magistrates tossed it out, comparing the use of spy-nocs to Watergate-style tapping and buggery, which "intrude on private conversation surreptitiously in an Orwellian degree." People have a constitutional right to be unobserved in any place where they have a "reasonable expectation of privacy," and warrantless spyglass snooping is as intrusive as unauthorized bugging.

FLORIDA BANKS RECYCLE

GAINESVILLE, FLORIDA—Cops and legislators here are squaring off against the First City Bank of Gainesville, with the hope of ditching a Prohibition-era law that some say benefits dope smugglers. Under the law, vehicles confiscated in the course of dope busts aren't liable for public auction (with the bread going into the county till) if they're actually owned by "innocent parties" unaware of their criminal use. During Prohibition, this law saved many folks from losing the family

Model T after it'd been nipped by hoods and used to run moonshine.

But a \$300 Model T is pretty far from a twin-engine Beechcraft, such as the one nailed at Gainesville Airport in late 1977, with manifest traces of *marimba* strewn around its ripped-out interior. Two eminent local businessmen subsequently pleaded nolo contendere to moving four consecutive shipments of Colombian to Florida and got off very lightly. The plane, though, turned out to be mortgaged to the First City Bank—for \$50,000, considerably more than its real value—and so it missed the auction block. Bank president John Jennings eventually sold it to an attorney who had represented one of its previous owners; the attorney then sold it to a Fort Lauderdale man. The very next day the Beech was found abandoned at the Crystal River airport, redolent of weed.

Local do-gooders, of course, were incensed about "legitimate business becoming a handmaiden to crime," as a Gainesville Sun editorial ranted. They did not feel much better when the DEA told them about a certain DC-3 they've busted three times for dope but each time loſt to some bank.

DUE PROCESS WORKS FOR KIDS, TOO

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA—Parents cannot authorize the police to search and seize the property of their children, the California Supreme Court has ruled in a marijuana case here. A 17-year-old youth's mother had found some grass in her son's bedroom drawer and called the cops to say she believed he was dealing. When a local narc showed up and busted the kid—without a warrant—the father told the narc to search his room. There the narc turned up a locked metal box, and when the father told him to pry it open with a crowbar, the kid produced the key. Inside were nine baggies of grass; the kid pulled a probation term in lower court.

Reviewing the conviction, though, the court observed that "it is established that minors have a liberty interest that entitles them to due process whenever a state initiates action to deprive them of liberty." Whatever obvious problems the parents here had in imposing parental authority on their kid, when the police came into the picture the kid was as protected as any adult from warrantless search and seizure. "We reject the view," concluded the court, "that the father here could effectively waive the son's right to be secure" in the possession of his own locked steel box and authorize its opening by a cop without a search warrant. ■

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NIGHT OF THE LIVING STIFFS

"If it ain't Stiff, it ain't worth a fuck" is the slogan of England's Stiff Records, the up-and-coming bad boy of the music industry. If you're too pooped to punk, too downed-out for disco and too light-headed for heavy metal, then the breezy bouncy sexy groovy wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am Stiff style of rock 'n' roll is for you. Before Elvis Costello went Stiff, he couldn't get it up the charts. Before Ian Dury went Stiff, he was just a limp-gimp wimp. Before Nick Lowe went Stiff, he was a pub-rock schmo with no dough. Stiff is to the rock 'n' roll biz what the underground newspapers are to journalism—an alternative outlet for crazy, off-the-wall artistes who retain almost complete creative and political control over their product. The recent SRO Be Stiff tour in the United States, featuring newcomers Lene Lovich, Rachel Sweet and Ian Gomm, has resulted in a holiday rush of lively new Stiff releases to hide under your Xmas tree or Hanukkah bush—Nick Lowe's *Labour of Lust*, Ian Dury's *Do It Yourself*, Lene Lovich's *Stateless*, Rachel Sweet's *Fool Around* and Ian Gomm's *Gomm with the Wind*.

Nick Lowe started in rock 'n' roll because "I nearly lost me marbles on acid, I went like a vegetable for quite a long time, and after that I realized I couldn't do anything else. It was almost like a straw to clutch at—a duff old guitar, that was all I had." He played bass and composed for the cult British pub-rock phenom Brinsley Schwarz from '65 to '75, until Jake Riviera and ex-Brinsleys manager Dave Robinson started Stiff Records in '76, debuting with Lowe's single "So It Goes," backed with "Heart of the City." Both songs later appeared on Lowe's first album, *Pure Pop for Now People* (titled *Jesus of Cool* in England).

When Stiff formed, Nick became the producer because "I was the only one who had worked in a studio before." As producer of Elvis Costello and others, he wants his bands to "sound desperate, even if it's a slow love song." As a performer, he just wants "to achieve a fuckbeat."

**Stiff is to rock 'n' roll
what underground
newspapers are to
journalism—an outlet
for crazy,
off-the-wall artists.**

Nick Lowe's jumpy new album, *Labour of Lust* (Columbia JC36087) continues his happy-go-lucky mayhem. On his first album, *Pure Pop*, he loved the sound of breaking glass and the sight of silent-movie star Marie Provost getting eaten by her poodle. On *Labour of Lust* Nick screams, squirms and claims you've got to be "Cruel to Be Kind."

Nick's lust boils to the surface in "Born Fighter" ("Girls like that bring a lump to my pocket"), backed by manic drums that ride through the song like a galloping bronco. Dope references abound in "Cracking Up" ("I'm crackin' up, I can't take anymore, no pills, that's all I can take"), "Big Kick, Plain Scrap" ("You kiss me in the nighttime, on drugs") and the venereally contagious "Dose of You" ("I caught a dose of you tonight, I need a stiff shot badly"). *Labour of Lust* seethes with unbridled passion from the orgasmic guitar work of tricky-fingered Dave Edmunds and slick strummer Brinsley Schwarz, both veterans of Nick's pub-rock days.

If Lowe glorifies sadism, the other side

of the Stiff coin is his clubfooted compadre Ian Dury, who's the maestro of masochism with his new hit single, "Hit Me with Your Rhythm Stick" ("Hit me! Hit me! Hit me!"). But those of you who thought the single was just a disco satire will be surprised at Dury's new album, *Do It Yourself* (Stiff/Epic JE 36104), which includes "Rhythm Stick" as a bonus single, because it turns out Dury has abandoned his Cockney cabaret/ vaudeville shtick to become a demented disco droid. The lyrics are still fun, like on "Inbetweenies" ("Put your feelings where my mouth just went") and "This Is What We Find," about a "forty-year-old asswipe... whose husband had only half a stalk."

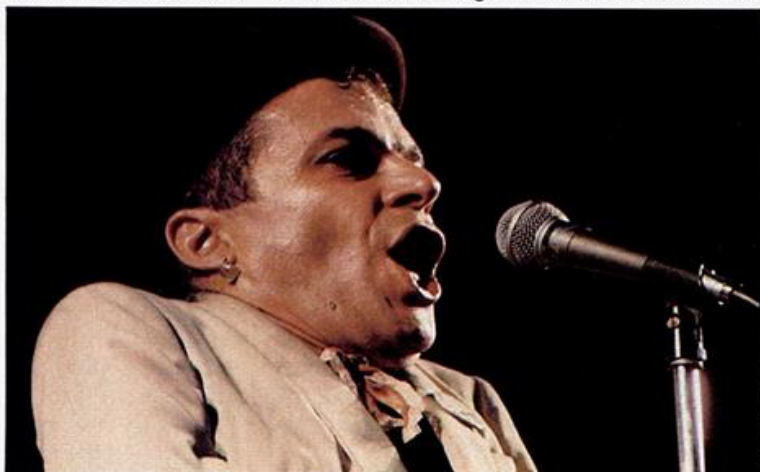
Dury, Lowe and Costello premiered in the United States on a Stiff package tour in '77, expanded the following year to a five-act Be Stiff tour that debuted the bizarre and bouncy talents of, among others, two young lovelies with the strangely fitting names of Lene Lovich and Rachel Sweet. Lene's from Detroit and Rachel's from Akron, but since a prophet is always without honor in her own land, both beauties had to detour through England to find success.

Lene Lovich (pronounced "love itch") has a voice like Patti Smith, but she dresses like Morticia Addams. Her first album's title, *Stateless* (Stiff/Epic JE 36102), is appropriate: She was born in Detroit, went to art school in London, played sax in Scandinavia and Yugoslavia, dubbed screams for monster movies in France and belly danced in Turkey. Her self-confessed musical influences are Motown (she says, "Growing up in Detroit, I loved the old Stax stuff, where the horns play simple lines, exclamation points") and eastern-European composers ("My Yugoslavian father used to play Tchaikovsky really loud").

Lene also believes she is either reincarnated from a previous existence ("I think I've lived through other lives in other



Nick Lowe: A veritable new-wave Todd Rundgren.



Ian Dury: From Cockney cabaret to disco drooling.

countries that I don't really know about") or deposited from outer space ("I got worried that I was an experiment from another planet, an experiment that wasn't really working very well").

There's a feeling of mystery on *Stateless*, a feeling that Lene is a stranger in a strange land, an alien from another country, another time, another planet or dimension. "I don't wanna go back anymore," she wails on "Home," the opening cut. "Home is just emotion sticking in my throat, home is hard to swallow, home is like a rock." "Home" features a great Farfisa organ and a guitar break reminiscent of early Clint Eastwood spaghetti westerns.

The album's aura of strangeness peaks on "Telepathy" ("I know what you've done/I seen it in my crystal/I saw you makin' love/I'm gonna get my pistol/Telepathy's/Gonna be the death of me"). And then comes "Momentary Breakdown," about a man and a woman whose eyes, paths and destinies cross for one brief moment. Says Lene, "'Momentary Breakdown' is about the person of the opposite sex you see in a crowded subway and then they disappear into the crowd. But sometimes it's the crowd that disappears."

The best, weirdest and most otherworldly song on the album is "I Think We're Alone Now," in which Lene transforms the Tommy James and the Shondells '60s favorite into a tale of interplanetary love between a flying-saucer pilot and the earthling girl who saw him land. The Farfisa makes noises like a flying saucer in lift-off, and Lene provides a lot of sweaty, sexy, syncopated heavy breathing as if she's in the ecstatic throes of intergalactic intercourse.

The rest of *Stateless* is an entertaining smorgasbord: Lene chants in Russian on "Sleeping Beauty," does a good imitation of an air-raid siren on "Lucky Number," and sings the first and only rock 'n' roll polka on "One in a Million." Most of Lene's impressive accompaniment is by Les Chappell, her boyfriend and mysterious mentor, a bald-domed Lex Luthor look-alike who hands her a glowing orb on the album's back cover. Lene and Les are

Stiff's best bet for immortality.

Lene sings backup vocals for Rachel Sweet—Stiff's answer to Tanya Tucker—on *Fool Around* (Stiff/Columbia JC 36101). Candy is dandy, but Rachel Sweet won't rot your teeth. As the Beatles would say, she's just 17 and you know what I mean. She looks like ripe young jailbait on the album cover, but, Rachel says, "I've paid my dues. I've been a trouper for ten years." She spent her first five years in Akron, Ohio, tire capital of the world, home of Goodyear, Goodrich, Firestone

Nick Lowe started in rock 'n' roll because "I nearly lost me marbles on acid and couldn't do anything else."

and Devo. By the time she was six, bored with "sittin' around in the Firestone parking lot," Rachel was traveling to and from New York to do TV commercials for everything from Dole bananas to Frigidaires. Listening to her mother's Elvis Presley and Johnny Mathis records, she wanted to become a rock 'n' roll star, but "got into country-western 'cuz no young girls were doing rock, but there was Tanya Tucker, and that was my goal. So I sang country till I was old enough to rock 'n' roll." Rachel toured with Mickey Rooney and Bill Cosby, recorded in Nashville with producer Roy Acuff, and turned down Linda Blair's roll in *The Exorcist* "because of all that bad language." But she really hit paydirt when Liam Sternberg, son of an Akron lawyer, sent some of her stuff to Stiff.

Fool Around's best moments are Rachel's sweet covers of '50s big-band rock-romancers, "B-A-B-Y," Del Shannon's "I Go to Pieces," and "Stay Awhile," which all sound fresh, with hard-driving accompaniment by an Asbury Jukes-style horn section. Then versatile Rachel puts on her hard-edged Debbie Harry voice for

"Cuckoo Clock," a bitter social critique: "Look what's inside the clock/Dirty streets, sweatshops, scrapyards and bars/All perfect, and they reproduce/Little sharp things that will prick you and make you do things, buy things, self-induced." "Who Does Lisa Like?," "Suspended Animation" and "It's So Different Here" are also Blondie-sound-alike rockers. *Fool Around* is rounded out by a plaintive country-blues wail, "Wildwood Saloon," a Linda Ronstadt-style lament called "Sad Song," the slide-guitar tearjerker "Pin a Medal on Mary" and a cover of Elvis Costello's stab at country-western, "Stranger in the House." Rachel Sweet's not just foolin' around on *Fool Around*; she means business, and she's got many years ahead of her in the nymphet niche. Brooke and Tatum, eat your hearts out.

The newest of the Stiff releases is Ian Gomm's *Gomm with the Wind* (Stiff/Epic JE 36103). Gomm used to play guitar with Nick Lowe in Brinsley Schwarz; now he sings and plays lead guitar on his own perky hum-alongs in the eclectic Lowe tradition. "Hold On" sounds like Jackson Browne's world-weariness; "Hooked on Love" sounds like Herman's Hermits doing "Sea Cruise"; "Sad Affair" sounds like McCartney's Wings; and a weird slow cover of the Beatles' "You Can't Do That" sounds like a bluesy, slow version of the Beatles' "Octopus's Garden." The album's choice cut is "Airplane," about an American Indian pissed off about the loud, noisy, jammed airport encroaching on his reservation. Throughout the album, Chris Parren's clear, crisp keyboards, Barry De Souza's powerhouse drums, Herbie Flowers's thumping bass, and an anonymous horn section with the sharp precision of the Tijuana Brass make Gomm's *Gomm with the Wind* more than just another offering of stale, chewed-out bubble gomm.

So get loose and buy Stiff. If these five new albums are any indication, Stiff is the shape of things to come in the music biz. I've seen the future, and it's Stiff.

—Harry Wasserman
(continued on next page)



Lene Lovich: *Stateless* but lots of class.



Rachel Sweet: A ten-year veteran at 17.

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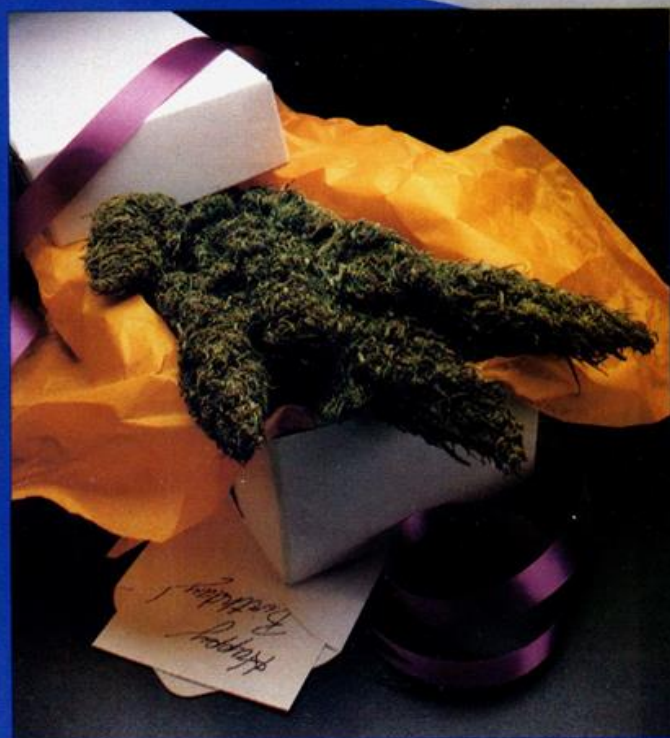
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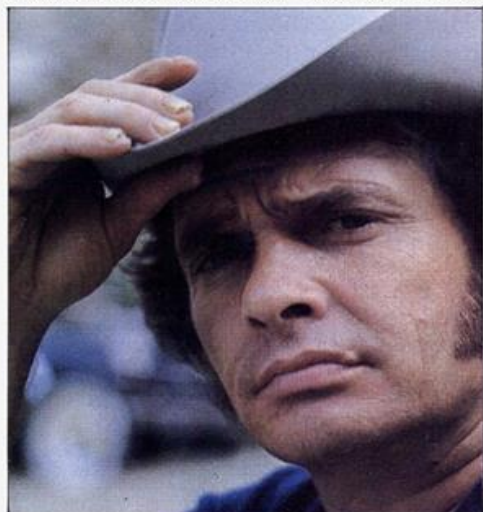
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OKIE FROM MUSKOGEE

Forget about your Rhinestone Cowboys and Willie Waylon Walker or any of the Outlaws who travel with an entourage that includes an accountant. They're all Miller Lite compared to what ol' Hag is serving up in *190 Proof* (MCA 3089). Haggard is the undisputed king of country, and this new album is further testament to the



Merle at 43: Still kicking ass.

durability and vision of one of America's true poets of vinyl.

"My Own Kind of Hat," for example, manages to faithfully recreate the good-time feel of Bob Wills and the Texas Play-boys yet also seems to have been influenced by the domino-lyricism of Dylan's "No Time to Think":

There's two kinds of lovers and two
kinds of brothers
And two kinds of babies to hold
There's two kinds of cherries and
two kinds of fairies
And two kinds of mothers I'm told
Cowboys and outlaws, right guys
and southpaws
Good dogs and all kinds of cats
Dirt roads and white lines and
all kinds of stop signs
But I stand right here where I'm at
'Cause I wear my own kind of hat.

Then there's "Footlights," a moving song about creeping age and the toll it takes on performers who must transcend the rootlessness and monotony of one-night stands. Along with these biographical glimpses Merle trots out a nice new assortment of "broken-hearts-and-empty-bottles" ditties. "Heaven Was a Drink of Wine" takes a playful slap at "psychoed-out psychologists" who offer Freudian fillips to a man who keeps seeing broken hearts in those inkblots.

Throughout, Merle's longtime backup band, the Strangers, play with a crispness and clarity that pumps ol' Hag's world-weary voice along, even over some filler material on side two.

The last time I saw Merle Haggard was

backstage at a concert in Madison, Wisconsin, in 1972. He looked roadworn then, far older than his 36 years, and he was complaining that the songs weren't coming easily any more. "How many songs can you write about the inside of Holiday Inn rooms?" he wondered disconsolately. His deification by Middle America for "Okie from Muskogee" and "The Fighting Side of Me" had left him bewildered, since he never saw himself a politician. But somehow he survived, with his strength and artistic integrity intact. He's 43 now and still kicks ass as he sings, "I'll hide my age and make the stage and try to kick the footlights out again." —Ratso Sloman

BIRD LIVES

Here is some of the most inventive music the world has ever heard. *The Complete Savoy Sessions* (five albums and booklets, \$25.98; Savoy 5500, distributed by Arista Records) documents the musical changes of Charlie Parker, AKA "Bird," jazz master of the '40s and '50s and as seminal a musical figure for alto sax as Hendrix



Charlie Parker: Classic sax fiend.

was for electric guitar. Bird was the original, though, and he opened up improvisatory territory that sax players are still exploring.

Savoy had released two albums from this period (1944-1948), *Master Takes* (SJM 2201) and *Encores* (SJM 1107), but they were final takes. On this set you'll hear all, eavesdropping on the creative process, going over the false starts, the fragments and the breakdowns. Interspersed are snatches of conversations Bird had with his sidemen and producer, illuminating in their brevity.

So it's nothing but outtakes, right?

Wrong. Of the 1,000 or so recordings Parker figured in, only 125 of them were for Savoy, but they were crucial. The earliest sessions with the Tiny Grimes Quartet in September '44 shows us Bird as a relatively inexperienced sideman. Just two months later he debuted as a ses-

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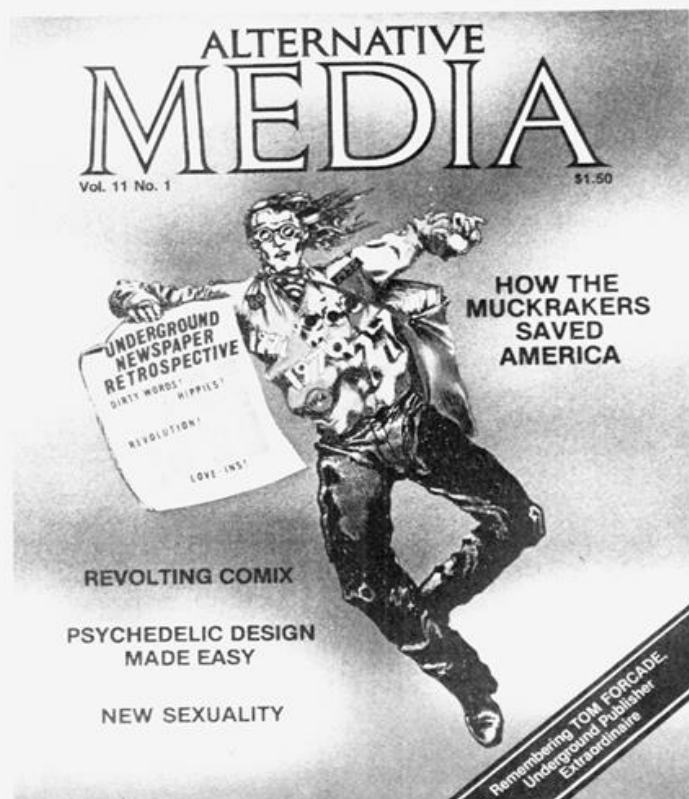
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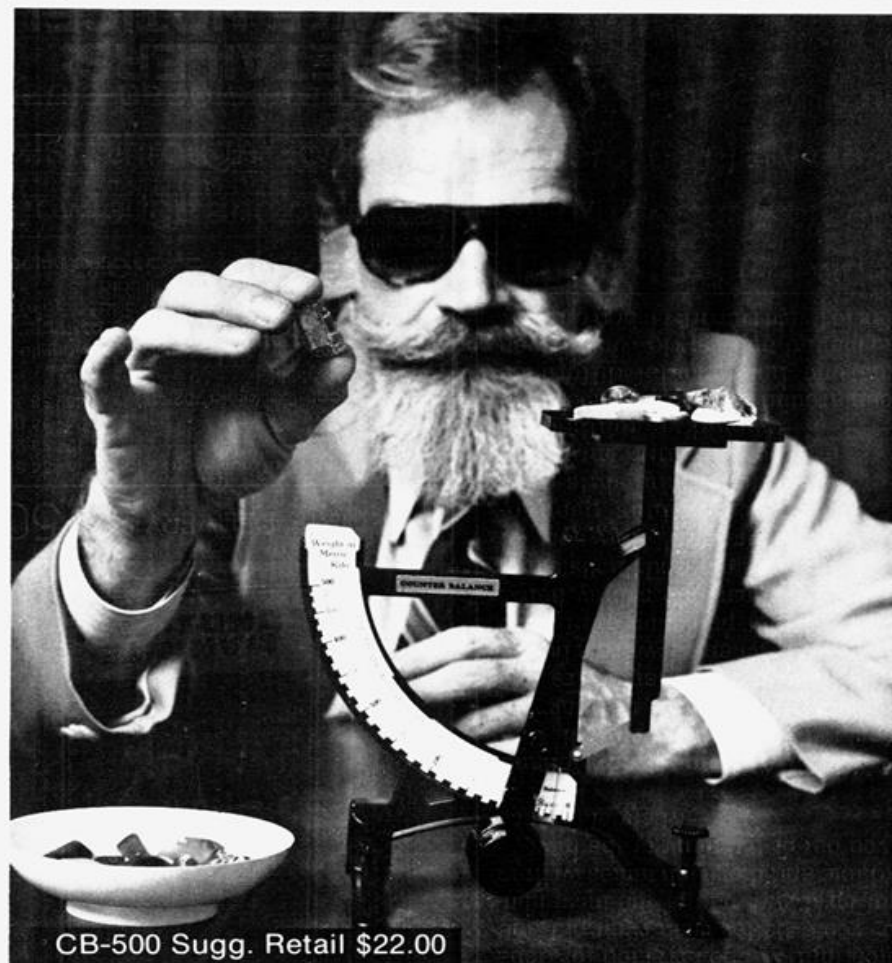
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sion leader. The recordings made on May 8, 1947, mark Bird's return to the recording studio after a disastrous and tragic stint in Camarillo State Hospital in California, where he was committed for drug addiction. (Ross Russell's biography, *Bird Lives!*, still in print, documents that period of his life.)

On the Milestone session in September '47, Bird makes a rare appearance on tenor, under Miles Davis's young but firm hand. These sessions range from Bird's early performances before he was a real "name" to the period when he was the only name. After 1948, though, his career was guided by producer Norm Grantz, who took his music out of the insular world of jazz and brought it to a larger public.

During these sessions, Parker is at his swinging best. A great improviser, he remained deeply rooted in traditional blues, often using this uniquely American idiom to "go out on" by way of chord changes from familiar popular songs. Most jazzmen of Parker's day, notably Dizzy Gillespie, were more into composition using interposed introductions, interludes, internal choruses and codas to give their works body. Bird just blew. As he once said in an interview, "It's just music. It's playing clean and looking for the pretty notes."

Spontaneity. That's the guiding theme, and that's really the delightful aspect of this lavish five-album boxed set. The ten-page booklet by Bob Porter features technical and biographical data interspersed with photos and music-score facsimiles. It only enhances the listener's pleasure. Such an attractive repackaging makes it ideal for the collector or indeed anyone who demands nothing but the best in his or her music library. All heads can dig this.

And, right, Bird still lives.

—David Walley

LIVE HEARTBREAKERS

When the New York Dolls, forerunners of the glitter, punk and new-wave rock scenes, burned themselves out in 1975, guitarist Johnny Thunders and drummer Jerry Nolan set out to form another trend-setting New York band, the Heartbreakers. Bassist Richard Hell, who'd just left Television, and local guitarist Walter Lure were recruited, and two weeks later the group played its first gig to its first turn-away audience. Today the Heartbreakers (Thunders, Lure, bassist Billy Rath and a revolving-door drum seat, occupied on the album by Ty Styx) continue to be the biggest draw on the New York club circuit.

Live at Max's Kansas City (DTK 213) was recorded a year ago at one of the band's never-ending series of farewell concerts, and, as Lure says, "it captures us as we really are, a great live band. It's by a band that's eating, living and breathing rock 'n' roll." Hard-core fans get a collection of 12 rude, crude, fast and

powerful rockers. Though the record does not include the band's "Too Much Junkie Business," it does include controversial favorites like "One Track Mind," "All By Myself," "London" (an answer to Johnny Rotten's put-down of the New York Dolls on the first Sex Pistols album) and "Chinese Rocks," written by Thunders, Nolan, Hell and Dee Dee Ramone.

"Someone called me on the phone/Said, hey, is Dee Dee home?/Do you wanna take a walk? Do you wanna go cop?/Do you wanna suck some Chinese cock?/I'm living on a Chinese rock/All my best things are in hock/I'm living on a Chinese rock/Everything is in the pawnshop."

The album is live all the way, including



Heartbreaking duo Thunders (left) and Lure.

mistakes and a brief tune-up. Among the highlights is the sometimes hilarious between-song dialogue ("The name of this song is 'Can't Keep My Cock in Your Face or Mouth' or whatever"). Unfortunately, a preponderance of "dirty" words will keep the album off the radio, and what the band calls "a fucked-up drug reputation" may keep major record companies from picking up the album. Live at Max's Kansas City is available at Max's Kansas City or at any record store serviced by Gem Records Distributors.

—Everynight Charley Crespo

HISTORICAL WHO'S WHO

The Kids Are Alright (MCA 2-11005) is the perfect eulogy for the late Keith Moon. The Who have put together 15 years' worth of their incredibly powerful and perceptive music, and all of it was recorded live. The double album is the soundtrack to the Jeff Stein film of the same name (the title comes from a 1966 single),

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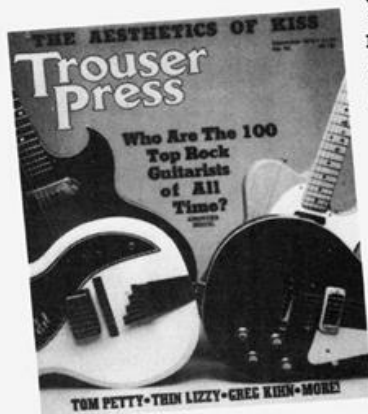


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and it's appropriate that the Who have chosen to release both as they find themselves embarking on a new Keithless era.

The Who, with hit albums such as *My Generation*, *Tommy* and *Who's Next*, established themselves as the best live rock



The Who: Still the best live band.

group in the world, a reputation that Keith had a major role in building. If there ever was a better rock drummer than Keith, this reviewer has yet to hear about it.

The record contains 17 cuts, and while a few are already available, the great majority are rare collector's items and live versions of songs previously available only on studio tracks.

The opening cut is a shortened version of the classic "My Generation" that was recorded during a 1967 appearance on the Smothers Brothers TV show. (In the film there's a particularly hilarious sequence when, after performing the song and smashing his guitar, Townshend grabs Tommy Smother's guitar and proceeds to smash that also.)

Other standouts are "Happy Jack," recorded on tour in Sweden in 1966, a smoking version of "Young Man Blues" that is (unbelievably) even better than the one on *Live at Leeds*, an intense version of "A Quick One" that was performed for the aborted Rolling Stones Rock 'n' Roll Circus TV extravaganza and an incredibly tight blues-arranged medley of "Join Together/Roadrunner" and "My Generation" that was recorded at Pontiac Stadium in Detroit.

These are just the appetizers. The album's real knockouts are "My Wife," "Baba O'Riley" and "Won't Get Fooled Again," songs that have been previously unavailable live (1971).

Throughout, the musicianship of the Who shines. Daltrey contributes some frenzied harmonica playing, and Townshend's guitar has never sounded better, as he cuts out those famous Who power chords and exhibits some of the fastest

and most imaginative fingers in the West. While Moon was generally acclaimed as rock's premier drummer, Townshend never fully received his due as a guitar player. A listen to the *Kids Are Alright* and *Live at Leeds* should convince anyone he is the equal of any guitarist around.

As an added bonus the package contains a beautifully designed picture book with many great photos, a short synopsis of the making of each song and a brief history of the world's greatest rock group.

—Seth Flaggberg

OK TONIO K.

C'mon, everybody, get on your feet. There's a brand-new dance craze sweeping the nation called the Funky Western Civilization, and Tonio K. is leading the chorus line of cretins hopping. Who? Look sharp, laserbreath, or you'll be jumping onto a full bandwagon before you know it. Tonio K. is the Malibu equivalent of Johnny Rotten, but it's life in the foodchain



Tonio K.: Biting at stardom.

and love among the ruins instead of anarchy and safety-pin silliness. Sorta like Warren Zevon meets the Clash and has a wild and crazy time killing innocent brain cells with jackhammer Stratocasters and microdot revelations. Pure power-pop for PCP people.

The music, deployed by some of El Lay's top session types, is basically three-chord fistfucks to the frontal lobes, while Tonio screams about lost love (side two) and the fall and decline of America's beloved social decadence (side one), a heavy-metal *Doonesbury* on dope. It's hysterical, hilarious and hyperactive to the point of radioactivity, but anyone who can sing "I wish I was as mellow/As for instance Jackson Browne/But 'Fountain of Sorrow' my ass motherfucker/I hope you wind up in the ground" should be your friend too.

Life in the Foodchain (Full Moon JE 35545) is the real rocket to Russia, a one-man nuclear blitzkrieg, and Tonio K. is crazy enough to push the Big Button just to watch the fireworks. Not for the squeamish or stylish.

—Chris Clark

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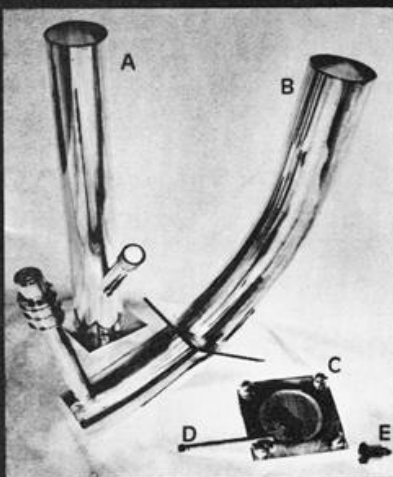
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SCANDALS, CLEAVAGE AND SLEAZE

FLESH AND FANTASY, by Penny Stallings with Howard Mandelbaum (New York: St. Martin's Press, \$9.95).

Flesh and Fantasy is a coffee-table book that not only documents all your favorite box-office bustlines—Jane Russell, Jayne Mansfield, Jane Fonda, Sophia, Gina, Raquel, Liz and Annette—but discloses the never-before-revealed back-lot secrets of those same bazooms. During the filming of *The Wizard of Oz*, we are told, Judy Garland's "bountiful maturity was painfully bound to keep it from bouncing as she skipped down the Yellow Brick Road." Howard Hughes had to invent and construct a special hydraulic-lift bra for Jane Russell in his controversial, cleavage-

resplendent *The Outlaw*. Janet Leigh, who took a sexy but fatal shower in *Psycho*, won the Golden Bust Award from a bra manufacturer in 1962.

Not since Kenneth Anger's notorious *Hollywood Babylon* has a book so daringly exposed the sleazy side of Sunset Boulevard. A section called "Great Hollywood Rumors" includes such tantalizing tidbits as: Clark Gable was with another woman when he received the news of wife Carole Lombard's death in a plane crash. . . . Columbia's boss Harry Cohn used his mob connections to convince Sammy Davis, Jr., that he wasn't the man for Kim Novak. . . . Marilyn Monroe was murdered by the CIA because she knew too much about the Kennedy assas-

sination. . . . Garland, Presley and Gable kept their weight problems under control with Dexedrine. . . . Perry Como blew his movie career by singing "Fuck you, Mr. Mayer" instead of the final chorus of "Happy Birthday" at the MGM boss's studio birthday party. . . . James Dean's unusual sexual preferences won him the nickname "the human ashtray."

Flesh and Fantasy is also a treasure trove of rare photos, including Elvis before the hair dye and mascara, Marlo Thomas before her nose job, and practically every actor and actress in Hollywood dolled up in drag or blackface. A perfect holiday gift, *Flesh and Fantasy* will make all your Xmas nights X-rated delights.

—Harry Wasserman



Read this book while listening to Sid Vicious singing "My Way," or, better yet, to Dylan singing "My Back Pages."



Lynn Goldsmith

POSITIVELY ULTIMATE DYLAN APPROXIMATELY

BOB DYLAN: AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD, text by Alan Rinzler, design by Jon Goodchild (New York: Harmony/Crown Publishers, \$8.95).

Dylan hasn't received such a glowing photo tribute since his bar mitzvah album. Rinzler chronicles every major event in the troubador's tumultuous career: his friendship with Woody Guthrie, his explosion on the Greenwich Village folk scene at the age of 18, his appearance at the '63 march on Washington, his conversion to electric rock and black leather at the '65 Newport Folk Festival, his motorpsycho nightmare and successive rebirths as country gentle-

man, wandering cowboy, Vegas crooner and Jesus freak. Dylan's sexual cynicism is traced through bitter love songs to his many ingenues, including Suze Rotolo, Joan Baez and Sara Lowndes (Ms. Sara Dylan for 13 years). The part that drugs have played in his career is also covered in detail: how he turned the Beatles on to pot, scored on the road, turned his drug experiences into poetry in songs like "Mr. Tambourine Man" and may have had a heroin habit, according to Yippie garbologist A.J. Weberman.

Rinzler's dossier on Dylan is nowhere near as complete and involving as Anthony Scaduto's Dylan bio, his analysis of Dylan's lyrics is not as deep as A.J. Weber-



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David Gahr

man's, and his feel for Dylan's life on the road is not as affectionate as Larry Sloman's account of the Rolling Thunder tour. But the book's inspired design by Jon Goodchild merits space in any Dylan time capsule. Included are psychedelic photo solarizations, full-color reproductions of record covers, and a cornucopia of never-before-published photos: Dylan rolling a tire on the Bowery, his first folk concert in the Village, palling around with a couple of steelworkers, skinny-dipping, hugging Patti Smith, pickin' his guitar and pickin' the cooties out of his hair. Read this book while listening to Sid Vicious singing "My Way," or, better yet, to Dylan singing "My Back Pages."

—Spy Smasher

(continued on page 165)

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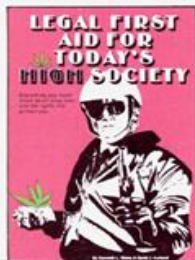
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LEGAL FIRST AID FOR TODAY'S HIGH SOCIETY, by Kenneth L. Weiss and David J. Kurland (Clearwater, Fla.: Legal First Aid, Inc., \$9.95). If you're one of the more



than four million people who have been busted for dope in the past decade, you'll wish this book had come along sooner. It is a top-notch dope-law book by top-notch dope lawyers. Kenneth L. Weiss and David J. Kurland work in Clearwater, Florida. Clearwater is to dope what Washington, D.C., is to politics, and the authors have encountered many of the myriad situations they write about.

What happens if you're at a concert and a big, sweaty fist wraps itself around the hash pipe in your hand and clamps on cuffs? Will the feds intercept the ounce of grass you've just mailed your traveling boyfriend, and what will happen to him when he picks it up? Who gets to search your rectum, and when? Can you sue the government to get back confiscated pot? You'll find the answers here.

Like contemporary medicine, law culture today stresses preventive protection: there is no need to deal with the malady if you don't get in trouble in the first place. As the authors note, "Ignorance of the law is no excuse. Your failure to exercise your constitutional rights has the practical effect of eliminating any protection which they may have afforded you."

Documented by case histories and interviews with cops, lawyers and defendants, *Legal First Aid* outlines your present rights in just about any trouble spot: traffic stops, airplanes, border patrols, pot-smelling dogs. The authors observe that while dope searches and seizures continue to mount, so do legal precedents restricting such searches and seizures. If you are aware of these recent rulings you are less likely to do something stupid, such as let a cop in the door for a search when he tells you the warrant is on the way.

If the book has a flaw, it is its failure to advise readers of the single most effective prosecutorial weapon: the Big Lie. The authors note: "It is astonishing how often people leave roaches in their ashtray, plastic bags of marijuana sticking out of a shirt or coat pocket, on a coffee table or in plain sight of a law enforcement officer."

But the fact is that if a cop doesn't like your looks, he'll shake you down anyway, and if he finds something, he will claim later that he smelled smoke on your breath or saw something that looked like a roach on the floor or was suspicious of a bulge in your pocket that looked like a weapon. Invariably, these fabrications are accepted as truth by courts because of their source. All cops, prosecutors and judges know this, and it gives them a big edge in the

game of justice.

This, however, is not a book about justice, it is a book about law, and one of the best. If you don't want to be one of the half-million that will be arrested for dope this year, you'd better rush right out and buy *Legal First Aid*, one of the most concise, readable and thorough tomes written to keep you out of the maw of the law.

—Michael Chance

HUMAN SCANDALS, by Brad Holland (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co., \$12.95). Brad Holland used to hang out



with us ten years ago when we were a bunch of punks on the Lower East Side, skinny, hairy, snot-nosed "artists and writers," the sort of pretentious pseudo-Bohemian shits that even our mothers would've loathed, if they'd been around the neighborhood. But there was one fundamental difference between Holland and us: He wasn't even pretending to learn a craft; he had already



A surrealistic vision of doom.

created and was creating real honest-to-God art. Art that would last forever, he was already doing that stuff. You couldn't even envy him, he was so good. He was doing the "Ribald Classics" spot art in *Playboy* and by 1971 his stuff was all over the Op-Ed page, the Week in Review and the Sunday Book Review of the New York Times. None of us has seen the son-of-a-bitch since then. Not once.

So I'm glad to say he hasn't gotten any better over the intervening decade. Naw, as every plate in this book witnesseth, there is no such concept as "better" when it comes to the sort of stuff special people like Holland do. It's art: It's political art, sure, but the politics inform the art, as integral an element to it as the soft breathing of a naked baby. When Brad



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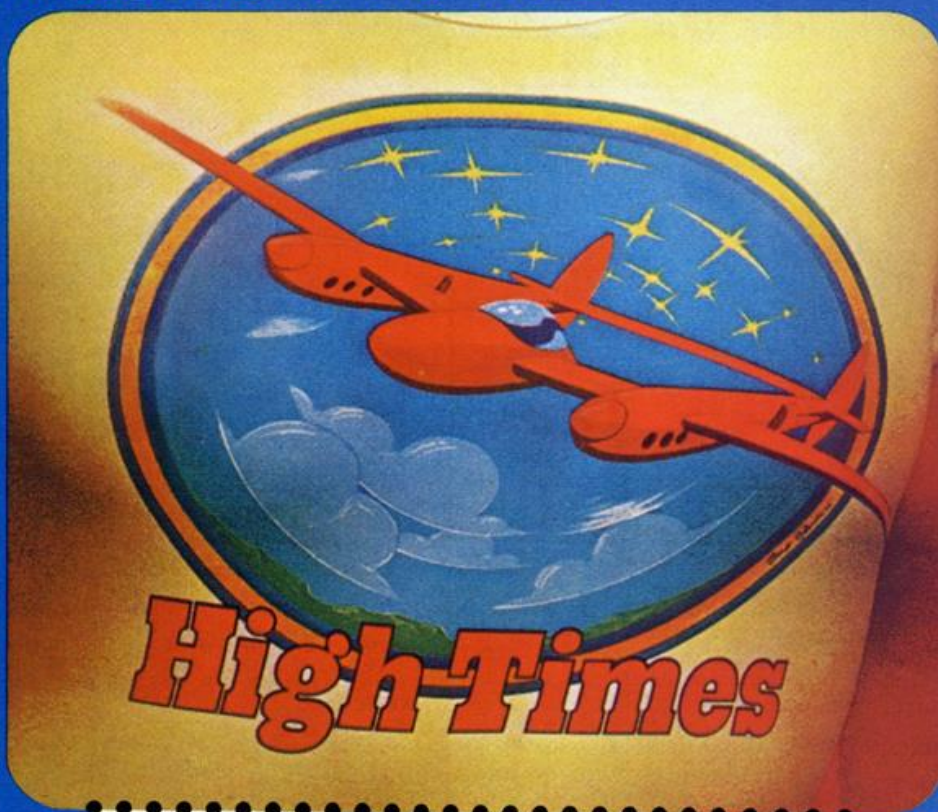
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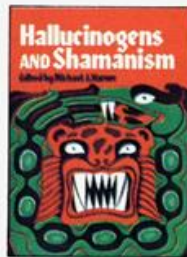
draws the poor and beaten, you feel hit with a truncheon. When you see his Nixons, you sense that sick and filthy thing in every one of us (even those who love to hate him) that allowed him ever to become our president, even for a minute. His occasional naked lady will chop you straight in the Adam's apple with instant longing, and then you'll see, off toward the margin of the page design, the horrid little truth he's revealing about your lust.

As Times editor Tom Wicker points out in the introduction, there's really no ideology behind this political art. The very first visual in the book is a closeup of a fat face—it could be any race, color or creed—grinning smugly through a row of teeth that are the blank faces of the people within his mouth: They're not trapped there, not devoured up in there, just doomed to be there. There's also a cat on its hind legs, sweeping up a pile of tickytacky suburban slum houses, with a broom that consists of a splay-whiskered Norwegian rat. What are we to make of this? Whatcha gonna do about it? Who's in charge here? Who ought to be? Who could be?

So much for *Human Scandals*. You shoulda seen the visuals Holland drew for a book of Russian folk stories back around '68, now that was art. Even then it was plain forever art. Some of us from that bunch of shits are still just learning the craft. A few of us are dead.

—Dean Latimer

HALLUCINOGENS AND SHAMANISM, edited by Michael J. Harner (New York: Oxford University Press, \$3.50). Psyche-



delic flora have been used since the dawn of time by spiritual leaders (shamans) to invoke trances in themselves and their people for the purpose of perceiving and manipulating supernatural forces, but until recently they have

been underplayed or totally ignored by ethnocentric anthropologists who couldn't recognize a "drug" unless it was in chemical or pill form. Today such plants are still ingested by primitive cultures but increasingly by us "moderns" as well.

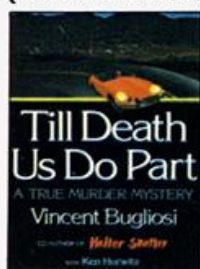
These ten reports document the use of the *Banisteriopsis* vine (yagé) in the Amazon, psilocybin mushrooms in Mexico, the peyote cactus in the United States, and certain members of the potato family in late-medieval European witchcraft. They do not cover similar phenomena in the East—*Amanita*-mushroom piss rites among Siberian Eskimos, for example—but they are a useful complement to R. Gordon Wasson's classic study of *Amanita muscaria*, and they go a step further. These good anthropologists enhance their academic, laboratory and field research with personal accounts of the trip ex-

perience. Most of them have traveled the road themselves.

While hallucinogenic plants are the tools of social and political control in primitive cultures, their use in cultures undergoing "modernization" tends to undermine the traditional priestly hierarchy, just as in modern societies their use is associated with a counterculture. Yet transcultural studies of harmaline experiences (either in natural *Banisteriopsis* or synthesized alkaloid form) indicate common characteristics: out-of-body experiences marked by sensations of flying and numbness, acceptance of physical death, and hallucinations, dominated by images with a geometric center. The reports are illustrated with over 20 black-and-white photos and drawings and amplified by scholarly references and an excellent general bibliography, making the package well worth the price of admission.

—Gary Selden

TILL DEATH US DO PART: A True Murder Mystery, by Vincent Bugliosi (New York: Norton, \$10.95). Vincent Bug-



liosi gave contemporary crime fans a classic thriller with his detailed account of the Manson cult murders and prosecution, *Helter Skelter*, a volume ranking right up there with the *British Encyclopedia* of

Murder, Tommy Thompson's *Blood and Money* and the 19th-century Kraft-Ebbing studies. But one wonders if the considerable talents of this author cum documentarist would have been deployed on his newest adventure, *Till Death Us Do Part*, had not *Helter Skelter* screamed for a sequel.

Till Death . . . is the story of Alan Palliko and Sandra Stockton, carefree Los Angelenos who have an affair and kill their respective spouses for the insurance money. The crime occurred in homicidal California, where corpses litter the roadside ditches like so many beer cans. The balls of the prosecution's case, and of the book, are provided by Palliko's best friend, who later turns stool pigeon and runs away with Palliko's true love, his first wife. They are now "happily married and residing in Glendale, California," Bugliosi tells us in an afternote.

The book is an excellent in-depth study of the investigative process that went into the preparation of the case and of the arduous prosecutorial task of proving a case on circumstantial evidence. Crime voyeurs will not find it as satisfying as *Helter Skelter*, but trial buffs will certainly love its courtroom action and glossy but thin logic as the hounds of justice bound after another violator.

—Michael Chance ☐

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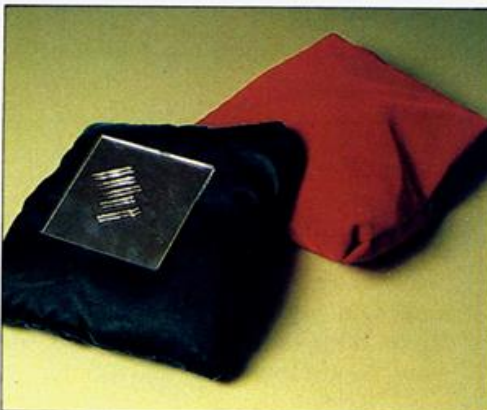
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Photos by Jack Abraham



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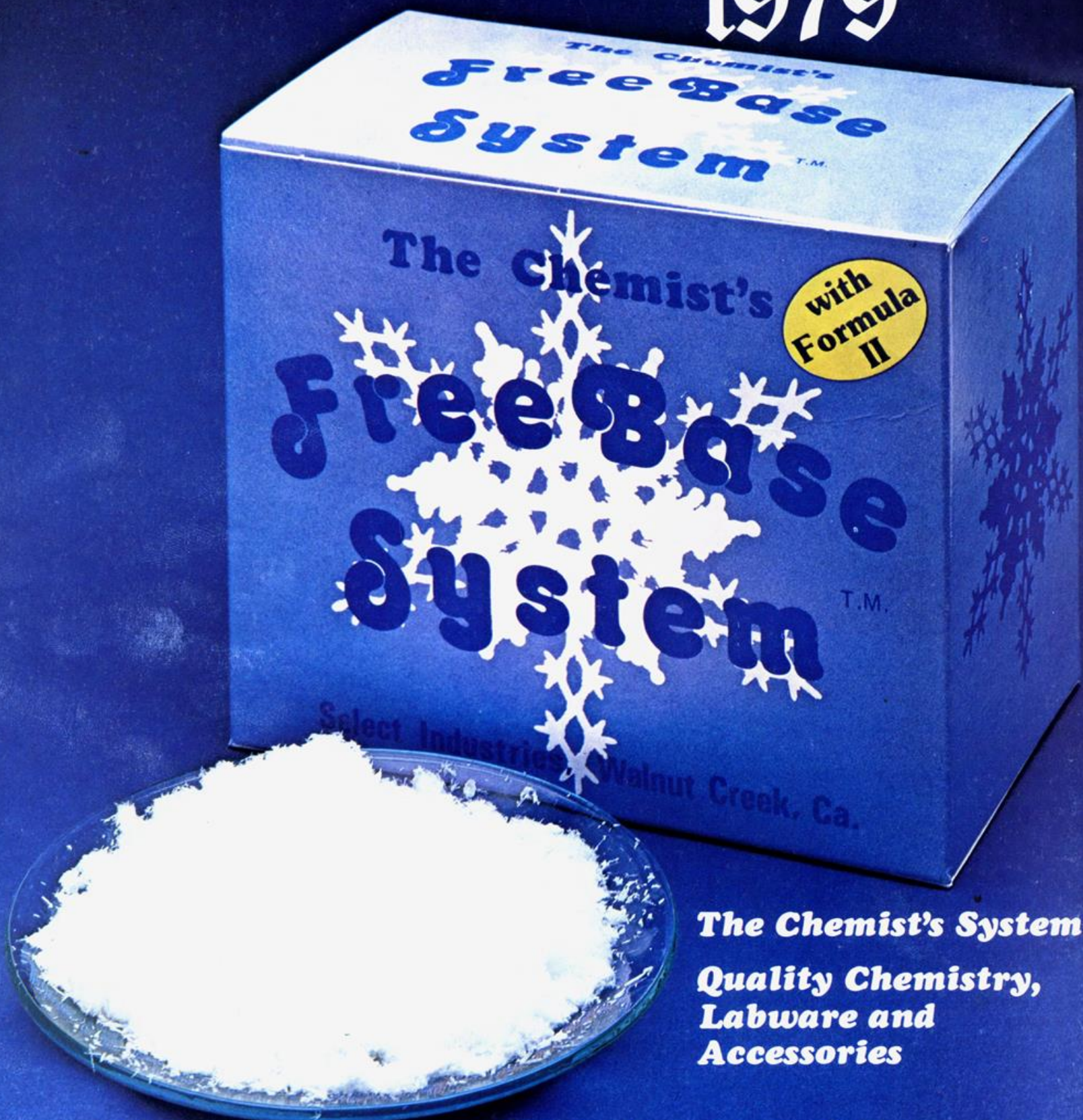
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